

13.—[PART I.]
DRIVEN
EMPALME.
urry as Federal
gin to Bark.
Family Killed by
on Gunboat.
rt Reported to
ined Carranza.
May 2.—The
of the killing of
upon the state trooper
the killing of an an-
the greatest Guerrero
in the suburbs of
the man and his wife
No Americans were
today indicated that
begins a movement
being constitution-
left occasioned
the Federal troops
go left on trains, su-
table railway equip-
ment of the Fed-
erated.
EN COMMAND.
has been many
first military zone,
State. A consular
refused for Guerrero
against the same in-
ve him from Naez
killing campaign of
some evident that
has decided to
suburb across the
the Guerrero
on the town. As
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a hill more than a
from the gunboat
heads. The constitu-
tuting toward Her-
nandez.
ing by the constitu-
tionalist has marked
Guerreros in the
city delay in attack-
ing port was due
reinforcements to
north, the desertion
because of lack of
of constitutionalist
in the mode of at-
tacking a normally
colony, largely of
H. Lantieri, gun-
nery expert of
a well known
member while other
never escaped
DY DOUTED.
Assumes That
has Just Formed
in Guerrero.
May 2.—Or-
ganized as
Constitutionalist
Army Negro today
from Carranza.
City that the
and the revolution-
ary Mexico, gave
statement issued
by Carranza.
ing by the Fed-
erated that Gen.
with Anket, was
Carranza. Hake-
ment search of
IN DEFLECTION.
to the town.
May 2.—At least
Gen. Truay An-
ket and
with Gen. Car-
ranza, who ar-
a long time, de-
Jordan said An-
ket's control
at his own control
was in progress.
hiding swinging
where prisoners
killing.
LARNER.
General Auxiliary
Gunboat Are
to the town.
May 2.—In answer
to Carranza, the
City, of pre-
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the naval
now at Topo-
tepec, Annapolis,
to the town to
with there and
to claim all the
on by compen-
of the Consti-
tution today re-
Gen. Carranza
or accept Felix
candidate for
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MEXICO.
Children An-
ket Support Re-
volution.
May 2.—
children, re-
the Forest.
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place at the
the company
the families to
the conditions
the day, re-
fuge from
Advertisement
before
on Sheet.

Happenings on the Pacific Slope.

CAPITAL TRIES SHORT BALLOT.

Only One Office at Stake in Today's Election.

Reformers Hide Behind Skirt of Sacramento Woman.

Contest Lies Between Widow and a Business Man.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.] SACRAMENTO, May 2.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Tomorrow's municipal election has many features of general interest. It will be the shortest ballot ever voted, probably, at a regular city election in this country. There is only one place to be filled, and only three candidates. Under the new commission charter which went into effect ten months ago, the only elective officers of the city and the school district are five commissioners, one of whom is chosen each year for a five-year term.

Mrs. Lucile B. Johnston, widow of a former State Printer, and prominent in women's club work, was the lowest of the five successful candidates at the first election a year ago, and is now a candidate to succeed herself. In the recent big suffragette parade at Washington, D. C., banners were carried announcing that Mrs. Johnston was the only woman commissioner in the country. She is likely to be the last, for Sacramento at least, for a while.

A WEAK COMMISSION. Mrs. Johnston is much respected and has many friends. But she has not proved a tower of strength to the new government, and the commission as a whole has proved weak. In addition to the large tax fund which must be handled by the city fathers, Sacramento has voted bonds for various purposes recently amounting to nearly \$1,000,000. The spending of this large sum—a huge one for a city of this size—is now in the hands of a few men, a lawyer, a blacksmith, a painter and a clubwoman. Sounds like some opera, doesn't it? Not one of them has ever had any extended business experience, and most of them have had none.

This board was elected by the reformers a year ago with a great burst. In some respects it is an excellent board. None of its members kept a saloon or was affiliated with public service corporations. But the trouble is that they have not been as efficient as much of anything else that has ever been. While the new charter lowered the tax rate, taxes have actually been increased by rising valuations. There has been nothing and delay in matters of the greatest importance to the city. And a strong feeling has been aroused in favor of electing a business man this time.

SERVED CITY WELL. Such a man was found in Edward J. Carragher, who served the city faithfully and well for ten years as chairman of the Finance Committee and of the Judiciary Committee in the old City Board of Trustees. Carragher has more than any other man fought the battles of the city against the corporations, and was praised to the skies by the very men who are now opposing him. Officers of the Municipal Voters' League offered him their support less than two years ago, and the League, which is now wearing its robes with alms, vociferously demanded that he run again. But he refused to be used by the reformers as their political property, and now nothing is too vile for them to say about him. In fact, the very rabidness of their attack has disgusted thousands of citizens who understand its motives.

An appeal is being made to the female voters to re-elect Mrs. Johnston because she is a woman. The response to this has been the organization of a woman's club for Carragher that is the liveliest factor in the campaign.

SAVE FROM REPRISALS. Hiding behind a woman's skirt, safe from reprisals, the reformers have snatched all bounds in the scurrilousness of their methods, and the grand jury will be asked to investigate a particularly atrocious "report" made by a cowardly secret committee of the Municipal Voters' League. Carragher has made his campaign without attacking the woman candidate, and that seems to be the tactically-accepted rule under the new order of things.

Officially, only the one Commissioner is at stake, and the work of the Commission as a whole was not supposed to be an issue when the campaign opened. But relying upon the promise of the new charter, the reformers injected the whole Commission and its record into the fight. The developments have not been to their liking. The prospects are for a big Carragher victory, and after what has been said and done, such a result cannot be regarded as other than a rebuke for the Commission. If Mrs. Johnston should win, it will be for the same reason that she won a year ago, that she is a woman, that she needs the job, and has successfully appealed to the sympathy of the voters rather than their business judgment.

SOCIALIST IN THE FIELD. The third candidate is a Socialist, who may pull enough votes to prevent a majority election as required by the charter. But Carragher's friends strongly hope for a clear majority tomorrow over both candidates.

WIDOW ON CINDER BED. Bakerfield Man Goes to Sleep on a Pile of Ashes and Is Burned to a Cisp. [BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.] YACOMA, May 2.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] An unknown man aged about 25, believed to be John N. Nelson of No. 1645 E. Street, Bakerfield, Cal., was burned to death by his own carelessness at Centralia Wednesday night. His body was found yesterday morning in the old passenger depot in the north end of Centralia.

The man had gone to sleep on a pile of cinders. He was presumably awakened by flames from the hot cinders and then rushed to death. The body was burned almost to a cisp. Coroner Newell, at Centralia, is holding the remains until identity is established. The pockets contained a Salvation Army meal ticket issued at Portland, a time card issued by the Margaret Mining Company to Joe Brown, and a notebook bearing Nelson's name and Bakerfield address.

DYING BULL A NEMESIS.

In Frantic Rage Shakes Dart from Shoulder Which Kills Spectator.

[BY CABLE AND W. TO THE TIMES.] VALENCE (Department of the Drome, France) May 2.—An infuriated fighting bull in the bull ring here today shook its head so violently in trying to rid itself of the steel-tipped darts with which the banderilleros had pierced its shoulder and neck that one of the darts was torn out of the flesh and buried among the spectators in the amphitheater. It penetrated the heart of a young man, killing him instantly. A moment later the matador killed the bull.

Fatality. A VIATOR'S HEAD IS AMPUTATED.

LOS ANGELES BIRDMAN KILLED IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Herman E. Janssen Loses His Balance in Hydro-Aeroplane and Falls into the Propeller as He Was Preparing for Test Flight Across the Bay.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.] OAKLAND, May 2.—While assisting Roy N. Francis to start his hydro-aeroplane for a test over the bay from the foot of Adeline street, about noon today, Herman E. Janssen, a Los Angeles aviator, lost his balance and fell forward into the whirling propeller of the machine. Janssen was instantly killed. His head was amputated by the propeller.

Francis made an unavailing effort to save his friend as he saw him fall by stopping the machinery, but his act was too late. Francis, Janssen and Tom Gunn, the Chinese aviator, went to the ground today to test out the hydro-aeroplane. Everything was in readiness and Francis mounted to his seat in the flying machine, and he apparently lost his footing and throwing out both arms, fell forward into the spinning propeller.

Janssen came up from Los Angeles a few days ago to aid in the test and since being here has resided on Golden Gate avenue, San Francisco. He was about 25 years old.

JUDGE CRIST STATED. Takes Place of Weller of San Francisco, Unseated by Recall Vote of Women.

[BY A. P. DAY WIRE TO THE TIMES.] SAN FRANCISCO, May 2.—With no ceremony of any kind, Wiley F. Crist, elected to succeed Police Judge Charles L. Weller, recently recalled at a special election, took his place on the bench today. The lobby of the court-room was crowded with women, many of whom had been active in the campaign that elevated Crist to the judgeship.

Former Judge Weller was made the object of a recall movement for having filed an insufficient bail in the case of a man charged with an attack upon a young girl.

JAMES BRYCE AT BERKELEY. Former Ambassador of England Is Entertained as Guest of University of California.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.] UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, May 2.—James Bryce, former Ambassador of England to the United States, was a guest of the University of California several hours today. Bryce is on his way home to England and is spending two or three days in the bay region.

The noted Briton was received upon his arrival here today by President Benjamin Ide Wheeler. He was an interested spectator at the annual drill of the university cadets.

After a brief visit to the Faculty Wheeler's company to the Faculty Club, the Doe library and the Greek Theater, he was the guest of President Wheeler at luncheon at the president's mansion.

He left this afternoon for San Francisco.

512 Round Trip to San Francisco via Santa Fe. On July 1st, 1913, leave 11:15 P.M. daily.

Any Other Tailor's \$30 SUIT in Duplicate For \$14

Giving the Benefit of My THIRD FLOOR LOW RENT has gained me the patronage of thousands of men who saved the additional charge from The High Street Rent Tailors.

IF THE CUSTOMER DON'T PAY THE HIGH STREET RENT, WHO DOES? Come and examine my large assortment of Choice Woollens and inspect the Fine Workmanship of my garments, then Judge for Yourself.

I originated the Cooney System, Cooney Tailors and Cooney Dress Makers.

Stewart THE SQUARE TAILOR

Third Floor, Exchange Building 321 W. 3rd Street, Take Elevator

Hours: 10:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M. (Sundays 12:00 to 5:00 P.M.)

SWINDLING PLOT IS UNCOVERED.

La France Confesses Part in Insurance Fraud.

Has Not Yet Told Where He Obtained the Body.

Thought to Have Been Got by Robbing Grave.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.] PORTLAND, (Or.), May 2.—With the exception of explaining where he obtained the body used as a substi-

tute, James Calvin La France, arrested at Coquille last Saturday, had made a complete confession to District Attorney Evans of how he swindled one insurance company and two fraternal societies out of \$118,000. He hardly had worked the swindle successfully than he regretted his act and realized that he had brought disgrace upon his family.

Today La France has not a penny left of the small fortune which his wife collected last summer after the finding of a body in the Clackamas River, which was identified as his.

It is now fairly well established that La France did not find the body of some lost man in the woods near the Upper Clackamas. The body was transported from Portland or some nearby town to the wilderness, where it was found by Portland fishermen.

The cadaver may possibly have been supplied by a grave robbery, the detectives believe. The condition of the body when found indicated it had been in a solution of formaldehyde.

According to La France's confession, he had no thought of an insurance swindle when he took out the first policy. The scheme came to him in January, 1912, but was abandoned for the time being, because a substitute body would be preserved too long in cold weather.

Mrs. La France knew nothing of the swindle until after she had collected

part of the insurance and La France wrote to her and met her for the first time in a lot in Portland. The couple talked until midnight, the wife upbraiding the husband, but he insisted that she must go through with the plot.

There were a thousand times when they could have arrested me, and I wondered why they did not do so," he declared.

The prisoner is charged with obtaining money by false pretenses and a similar charge is placed against the wife.

This afternoon Portland fishermen who discovered the body in the river failed to identify La France as the man who directed them to the spot last June.

SMITH-DREW WEDDING TODAY. CALIFORNIANS AT MINNEAPOLIS. [BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.] MINNEAPOLIS, May 2.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Miss Katherine Drew, who will wed here tomorrow Vernon A. Smith, son of a millionaire lumberman of Berkeley, has chosen for her maid of honor Miss Adeline Smith of Berkeley, sister of her fiancé. Carroll Smith of Berkeley will be best man. Ushers are to be Frederick Warner of Berkeley and Stanley Arnold of San Francisco.



Be sure your customer is satisfied; that's a good business principle for any man. It's ours—the only sure policy for permanent success.

You know what a selfish world this is; everybody trying to get something; more and more. We are trying to get satisfaction and we've learned that the best way to get it is to GIVE it. HART SCHAFFNER & MARX \$18 to \$40 clothes are sure to satisfy every man, tall, short, stout or slim, young or old. Material, crafting, fit, and service. Why we handle them.

—your Suit for Summer?

J. J. Silverwood
221 South Spring
Bdwy. at Sixth
—summer suits.
—easy Norfolks.
—worsted, or "roughies," the new mixtures.

MOON CARS
MOON "39"
Roadster
\$1775
f.o.b.
Los Angeles
Left Hand Drive—Center Control—Electric Starter and Lights

This Roadster with its large cowl dash offers the protection which makes it the ideal professional man's runabout, and with its electric system, perfect for ladies' use.
A HIGH GRADE, MEDIUM SIZE CAR AT A MEDIUM PRICE
BUXTON & CHILDS
F6851 PICO and OLIVE STS. Main 577

This Pianola Player Piano at \$600 has the Wonderful Metro-style and all the other patented Pianola Features.



We have received many inquiries this week regarding this genuine Pianola Player Piano at \$600. Many people have wanted to know if it has the Metrostyle, the Thermo-dial and the sustaining pedal device. To all these questions we have answered, "Yes." This is a Pianola Player Piano in every respect—giving you music such as can be obtained in no other instrument.

Southern California Music Company
332-4 Broadway
LOS ANGELES
STORYS AT RIVERSIDE—POYONA—SAN DIEGO—SAN BERNARDINO

If you desire to economize in—the first cost of your car but still be certain of having a car upon which you can rely at all times, we earnestly recommend one of our

Rebuilt Cadillac CARS
All our rebuilt cars are covered by our guarantee—THE BEST GUARANTEE WHICH CAN BE PLACED ON A CAR.
California **Don Lee** Distributors
SAN FRANCISCO 1207 SOUTH MAIN STREET
OAKLAND LOS ANGELES PASADENA 151 East Union St.

Protect Yourself
Ask for ORIGINAL GENUINE
The Food Drink for all Ages—Others are Imitations

Dr. W. F. Huddel Reliable Dentist
452 1/2 S. Broadway, Corner 5th. Over the Bank.
Smart Shoes for Women 432 BROADWAY

Dr. COLEGROVE, Dentist
452 1/2 S. Broadway, Corner 5th. Over the Bank.

The Bootery Smart Shoes for Women 432 BROADWAY

\$12. round trip
to San Francisco
Oakland-Berkely-Stockton
May 3-
Good for Return until May 17
You can stop over and visit Yosemite Valley on your return trip—
Make your reservations early
The Saint
leaves here at 5:15 daily
Santa Fe
Santa Fe City Office
334 So. Spring Street
Phone 60317 Main 738

Business: Markets, Finance and Trade.

FINANCIAL.

DAILY EASTERN CITRUS MARKET QUOTATIONS.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES)

OFFICE OF THE TIMES
Los Angeles, May 3, 1918.
The market for citrus fruit was active and steady today. The prices for the various grades of fruit were as follows:

NEW YORK MARKET OF THE TIMES, May 3.—
The market for citrus fruit was active and steady today. The prices for the various grades of fruit were as follows:

NEW YORK MONEY MARKET.
NEW YORK, May 3.—(By A. P. Night Wire.)
The market for money was active and steady today. The prices for the various grades of money were as follows:

LOGAN & BRYAN
BROKERS.
STOCKS, BONDS, GRAIN, PROVISIONS, COTTON AND COFFEE.
Members All Leading Exchanges.
LOS ANGELES OFFICE, BRADBURY BLDG.
L. N. STOTT, Manager.
Sunset Main 5410. Home 10931

MONEY WANTED
A large mercantile concern, established 15 years, rated between \$100,000 and \$250,000, desires to acquire certain agricultural lands partially for its own use and partially for subdivision. We are seeking capital to finance the deal on a basis that will mean a handsome profit to all concerned. The land is offered at about half the price that has been obtained for adjoining properties. Deal requires a considerable sum of money; might consider syndicate. S. Box 254, Times Office.

A. M. CLIFFORD & CO. HIGH GRADE BONDS
5% to 6%
SUITABLE FOR SAVINGS BANKS, TRUSTEES AND CONSERVATIVE INVESTORS
HIBERNIAN BUILDING SPRING AT FOURTH

J. J. Doran Company STOCKS AND BONDS
We Buy and Sell.
119 West Fourth Street. Phone Main 513, A5983.

Wm. R. Staats Co. Dealers in Municipal Bonds
Also Executes Commission Orders in Listed Securities
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. 445 Montgomery St.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 104 W. 4TH ST.

JNO. O. KNIGHT & CO.
All Local Investment Securities.
Members Los Angeles Stock Exchange.
433 H. W. Hellman Bldg. Bdw. 1597.
Phone A1133

WILLARD E. WINNER
Corporations, Organized, Systematized and Financed.
Correspondence Solicited. 808 Story Bldg., Los Angeles.

SAVINGS BANKS.
SECURITY TRUST SAVINGS BANK
OLDEST AND LARGEST IN THE SOUTHWEST.
RESOURCES: \$47,500,000.00
CAPITAL AND RESERVE: \$3,400,000.00
Security Bldg., Spring at Fifth. Equitable Branch, Spring at First.

LOS ANGELES TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK
Sixth and Spring

German American Savings Bank
SPRING AND FOURTH STS.

HELLMAN Commercial Trust and Savings Bank
Formerly Merchants Bank & Trust Co.
207-4-11 South Broadway

TRUST COMPANIES.
TITLE INSURANCE AND TRUST COMPANY
N.E. CORNER OF FIFTH AND SPRING STS.
Issues Policies of Title Insurance and Guarantees of Title. Its Assets Exceed the COMBINED ASSETS of all Other Title Companies in Southern California.

CLEARING HOUSE BANKS
NAME. OFFICERS.
First National Bank. J. M. ELLIOTT, Pres. Capital.....\$1,000,000
S.E. Cor. Seventh and Spring. W. T. HAMMOND, Cashier. Surplus and Profits.....\$2,000,000
Merchants' National Bank. W. H. HOLLIDAY, Pres. Capital.....\$1,000,000
S.E. Cor. Third and Spring. J. H. RAMBOZ, Cashier. Surplus and Profits.....\$2,000,000
Citizens' National Bank. A. J. WATERS, Pres. Capital.....\$1,000,000
S.W. Cor. Third and Main. E. T. PETTIGREW, Cashier. Surplus and Profits.....\$2,000,000
Farmers & Merchants' Nat. Bank. W. H. HOLLIDAY, Pres. Capital.....\$1,000,000
Cor. Fourth and Main. V. H. ROBERTSON, Cashier. Surplus and Profits.....\$2,000,000
Central National Bank. S. F. ZOMERO, Pres. Capital.....\$300,000
S.E. Cor. Fourth and Broadway. J. B. GIST, Cashier. Surplus and Profits.....\$250,000
National Bank of California. J. E. PIERCE, Pres. Capital.....\$500,000
N.E. Cor. Fourth and Spring. H. S. MORRIS, Cashier. Surplus and Profits.....\$200,000

Information About the Los Angeles Times
Daily, Sunday and Illustrated Weekly
A Guide for Newcomers, Inquirers, Subscribers and Advertisers
Agents and the General Public

CHARACTER, OBJECTS AND AIMS.
The Los Angeles Times is a newspaper of record, published daily, except on Sundays and holidays. It is devoted to the interests of the community, and to the promotion of the public good. It is a newspaper of the people, and for the people. It is a newspaper of the future, and for the future.

FOR THE OLD CAUSE AND THE OLD STANDARD
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New Times Building, Los Angeles.
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4% Interest Paid on Deposits 4%
the
American Savings Bank
Resources \$3,000,000.00
N. E. Corner Spring and Second Sts.

NAVY.
The market for navy stock was active and steady today. The prices for the various grades of navy stock were as follows:

ST. LOUIS MARKET.
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PHILADELPHIA MARKET.
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The market for money was active and steady today. The prices for the various grades of money were as follows:

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SATURDAY MORN

Do. 1st pfd.	17	18 1/2
Do. 2nd pfd.	8 1/2	9
Wisconsin Central	51	54

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The Times cannot guarantee delivery of any quantity for any of our kind containing any advertisement.

The Times will not be responsible for any loss or damage of any advertisement or any other matter sent to the Times without acknowledgment.

Advertisements should retain notices given by the advertiser for the purpose of the insertion of the advertisement without them.

The Times will not accept notices or notices of insertion or change "all kinds" advertisements.

SPECIAL NOTICES—

Our designing and architectural department is in charge of Mr. E. E. Broad, formerly Broad, Wing and Building Company, is at your service now to see our new, original designs, unapproached new and "Just a little different."

CALIFORNIA LAND & BLDG. CO.
401-7 Main Bldg.

THE HOUR FOR CLOSING MANY OF THE
rooms in the Times "Lower" section, Sunday
is a clock. Subsequent to the hour mentioned
as in commercial and domestic affairs which

SECURITY IS WELL GUARDED AND EFFECTIVE PATROLS
 OF THE "LAW OF THE LAND" ARE MAINTAINED AT ALL
 HARBORS AND MANY SUMMER-MAKING OPPORTUNITIES
 OTHER SECTIONS OF THE SHORE.

SEE TIMES COOK BOOK, NO. 4, HOW OF
 GARDENS FOR LUNDED PLANTS OF LATEST
 POSTAGE BOX CANS.

FINE OLD PUMPKIN—
 CAN BE BOUGHT AT DISCOUNTS FOR ALL
 PERSONS WHO "WISH" TO BE "GROWN"
 "PUMPKIN FOR SALE" columns OF THE TIMES
 SECTION.

FAMOUS SPANISH CHEFS HAVE COME
 IMMEDIATELY TO THE TIMES NEWS CO.
 NOW ON THE "LAW OF THE LAND" SECTION.

WELL EDUCATED, REFINED YOUNG MAN
amateur singer & skilled musician
in exchange for representation. Address A.
TIMES FRANCHISE OFFICE.

COME TO OUR MAY DAY PARTY THIS
A. bus RIL. TIMES FRANCHISE OFFICE.
the railroad, amateur-singer lady and guest
also a grand march at the Broadway Hotel,
Broadway.

RECIPES FOR COOKING EVERYTHING
Times Cook Book, No. 4. Now on sale. Price
Frasier 50 cents.

DR. EDNA L. HORTON, SPECIALIST IN G
Diseases. - Has private office at 212 W. Third
Street.

CHIMPOLOS CLEANED SATISFACTORY
 SPECIAL LOW PRICES
 801. 50148.

FLORISTS AND NURSERIES

CONSULT A PRACTICAL LANDSCAPE GARDENER
 as you would your attorney, physician, or
 lawyer and you can realize...

WILSON'S BULBARK
 West St. 715 W. 10th St.

JOBS SALE - ONE TWO-YEAR SUBURBAN
 Home; 1000 sq. ft. Valued from \$10,000
 up to \$15,000. Call for details.
 \$1250 small lot. 1115 W. 10th St. W. 10th St.
 Call Phone 4121.

FOR SALE - 1000 WASHINGTON NAYEL, G...

ARMY HALL, Main St. Los Angeles.
 Berkeley, Fresno Street 0222.
 POLYMERIZED HEMP FERTILIZERS—
 Used for lawn and garden. Write
 O. H. SCHNORREN, 118 N. Main, Berkeley
 12, California.
 PINE SALT—2000 FANNY VALENCIA, 800
 according to weight; 10000 non-year old male
 and female, 70% O. E. VAN ELYSE, G. G.
 10000.
 PINE SALT—5000 FIRST-CLASS, ONE-TON
 Valencia orange trees, 14-inch and up. El
 A. SIDAIA, Cedron. Shown phone 697.
 PINE SALT—5000 NON-YEAR ORANGE TREES
 at \$25 per thousand. Address C. F. LARSEN
 80, Cien Ventura.
 RARE 60 SELECTED VALENCIA TREES—
 standard stock, all perfect. \$1.25 each. 80774

[illegible]

PERSONAL—THE NOTE FOR CLOSING MAIL
the columns in the Times "After" section is
that it is often believed in this hour
often occur in commercial and domestic affairs
it is necessary to seek quick and effective
methods for the "After" section columns
greater targets and more money-making opportu-
nities for any other section of the Times.

PERSONAL—LENDING THE HOUSEWIFE'S
day. Can for the Times New York
in this time will provide a case.

PERSONAL—CALIFORNIA RAINS HIGH
in the number of persons present. The "T

PERSONAL-DO YOU WANT TO KNOW OF
"hot-hot" amateurism and not know? Would
you and several others like to know? Write
me to being helped, please self-correct
and possibly, benefited. For services and material
known to, but **NOT** THE FRANCE OFFICE

PERSONAL — MRS. TIFFANY, TOLETTES &
SONS, 1007 W. 11th St. has a lot of NO
WAPTON, 1007 W. 11th St. has a lot of NO
PERSONAL — MRS. JOSEPH OF CHICAGO, PA
and provide; reading SO. Rm. E. 19th
Mr. Griffin are con.

PERSONAL — THE MAGNOLIA ELECTRO-ME
Nato club, is decorated by MRS. DAVID, 7
Memphis, Ohio 66.

PERSONAL — MRS. ORA, PAYMENT, PITCH
has 5th reading in sup. 30th & SPRING.

PERSONAL — DR. NETTIE HANDED THUMP
thruout practice. BLACK ELEG

CHURCH NOTICES

THE WOL. E. WALKER, GRANT HALL, MOBILE
 Mobile, Grand ave., 11 o'clock Sunday. Sun
 1000

WANTED—
 Help, Male.

WANTED—RELIABLE BOY TO SERVET PAINTERS
 with tools and outfit. Address E. Post
 OFFICE.

WANTED—SALVAGED WITH AUTOMOBILES
 WANTED HIS MONEY. CALL AT HIS & LOW
 112 FORTUNE SALE CO.

WANTED—STRONG BOY, HIS PER MONTH
 and heart. Take Writs out to Pleasant P.
 1000

WANTED—PAINTER, YOUNG MAN, ONLY
 1000

Pack. From Various Est. and Wholesale.

WANTED—

[illegible]

highest - from paid \$10 & SPRING
Main 2027. F8000.

WANTED - ANY QUANTITY OF
Restaurant Stoves, store Stoves, or
household Electric appliances. Please
Phone L. C. SKELLS 515 & M.

WANTED-TO BUY MISCELLANEOUS
radio, cameras, guns, tools, etc. in
BROADWAY. Broadway Shaping
Shaping Wednesday eve. May 7.

WANTED - DIAMONDS, EMERALDS,
JEWELRY. A. J. HARRIS, 100
HARRY REID, 100 Grand St. N.Y.

WANTED-DIAMONDS, ANY SIZE,
all kinds. Will pay cash. HARRY
REID, 100 Grand St. N.Y.

WANTED—MEN'S CAST-OFF CLO-
thing wear, etc.; only reliable
prices. ARNOLD, Main 8748. AD13

WANTED—WOULD LIKE TO P-
collection of stamps; also old li-
used on original letters. Address M.
M. A. Neemark and Co.

WANTED—DIAMONDS. OLD G-
bought for cash. H. B. CROUCH
Rt. 44.

WANTED—TOP PRICES PAID FOR
men's good used clothing. 802

WANTED - DIAMONDS, PEARLS,
costly, pay cash, no red tape.
710 S. MID ST.

WANTED - CASH PAID FOR
THE SAN PEDRO ST. Made 116

WANTED TO BUY OR SELL
fashioned jewelry, diamonds, loose
stone collections. 614 W. SIXTH

WANTED-SHIP FOR GOVERNMENT
Navy. Address J. REYNOLDS
ave., Los Angeles.

WANTED — SECOND-HAND PAID
for all. Must be in good order.

WANTED—
Miscellaneous.

WANTED—YOU TO KNOW THAT
refugee contributed by some of
California are contained in The Times
Now on sale. Price 25c; postage 5c.

WANTED — YOU TO KNOW

three copies for James Macintosh
in The Times New Cook Book. No
fee. Postage 5c extra.

WANTED—WILL PAY GOOD RENT
on each register for 30 days.
Address preferred. HOFFMAN-MAK
Made at.

WANTED—Furniture.

WANTED-WILL PURCHASE 5 C
of furniture. PHONE 3288.
Offering \$52.50 will be made by
one submitting the best suggestion
can be most profitably invested in
improvement on another page of

WANTED — WE PAY MORE CASH for top, household goods, merchandise from in the city; any quantity. Advise. Cash advanced on commission at established auction house. **RHOADS & RHOADS, Auctioneers** Main st. Phone—26070. Main 122

WANTED—TO PURCHASE THE private residence in high-grade neighborhood and neighborhood, in Los Angeles or Alhambra; for CASH; let me

WANTED—FURNITURE WANTED
cash, furniture, household goods,
furs, stove, dishwasher, registered mail.
MAN, 112-114-116 Court st. Ph
3114.

WANTED—WE BUY ALL KINDS
and office for furs, rugs, carpets
call **ARNOLD FURNITURE CO.**
P6024, Main 2882.

WANTED—HIGHEST CASH PRICE

state and household goods; also
 plant, etc. etc. Also drivers. EASTERN
 808-418 E. First. Male 5274: A2
 WANTED — HIGHEST PRICES IN
 Furniture, office desks, stoves, etc.
 1791 417 W 7th st.
 WANTED — WARDROBE IN G
 state condition. Address A.
 FRANCH OFFICE.
 WANTED—PARTY DESIRES TO
 move rooms of furniture. PHONE

Furnished Room
TO LET—IN PRIVATE FAMILY.
Furnished room with bath; modern
equipment. Phone 35021. 4
AVE.

TO LET—SINGLE ROOM FOR MEN
with use of porch and kitchen.
within walking distance, just \$15
PHONE 52734.

TO LET—VERY FINE LARGE
facing Westlake Park, in private
with entrance from paved street.

TO LET — FURNISHED ROOM
HOUSEKEEPING, PRIVATE
PHONE, SUMMER BAY, TWO
HOME 2827.

TO LET—WESTLAKE DISTRICT
finished sunny front room in private
WESTLAKE AVE. Phone 52254.

TO LET — DELIGHTFUL, NEW
rooms in private family; one
306 WESTLAKE AVE. Phone 5112

TO LET—REX HOTEL, 318 E. N.

TO LET—FURNISHED ROOM. Gas for light privileges of bath. 602 E. NINTH ST.

TO LET—JUST OPENED. NOTE. Second st. Modern and sanitary. or to \$1.00 week.

TO LET—YOU CAN GET A FRO room for \$3 week, only 2 Broadway at 512 W. FIRST ST.

TO LET—MOTEL VENDOME. 3

TO LET—ELEGANTLY FURNISHED 3 BR. BATH, STOVE, REFR., DISHWASHER, CUPB'D, CLO., GARAGE, TABLE BOARD, CASH SERVICE. 120 S. BONNIE BRAN. Phone 3-1111.

TO LET—2 NICE FURNISHED ROOMS with private bath, all reasonable rent. PHONE 80281.

TO LET—2 CONNECTING FURNISHED ROOMS for housekeeping; nice locality. month. 508 EAST 10TH STREET.

TO LET—FURNISHED ROOM FOR 1 person. \$2 per week. 283 1/2 N. 4TH.

TO LET—FURNISHED ROOMS. 1st floor. from \$2.50 up. 283 W. 1ST.

TO LET—FURNISHED ROOM
class. \$1.50 per week. 284 E.
TO LET—\$2 WEEK EACH. \$1
furnished housekeeping rooms, bath.
TO LET—SLEEPING ROOM, WI
fast & desired. 1547 WEST 1
TO LET—ROOMS AT 510 AND
ave., one block west of Central
TO LET—SINGLE HOUSE
Attr, pleasant, class. 859 S.
TO LET—A NICE FURNISHED

TO LET—FURNISHED ROOMS F
ing. near Hamburger's. 522
TO LET—2 LARGE ROOMS, 1
parch. 1920 S. FIGUEROA. 1

SATURDAY NIGHT

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[illegible]

THE CITY AND ENVIRONS.

WHERE TO GO AND WHAT TO SEE TODAY AND TOMORROW.

THEATERS.
 "The Land and the Future."
 "The Land and the Future."
 "The Land and the Future."

SPORTS.
 "The Land and the Future."
 "The Land and the Future."
 "The Land and the Future."

Advertising.
 "The Land and the Future."
 "The Land and the Future."
 "The Land and the Future."

BRIEFS.
 "The Land and the Future."
 "The Land and the Future."
 "The Land and the Future."

THE WEAVER ROOF COMPANY.
 "The Land and the Future."
 "The Land and the Future."
 "The Land and the Future."

THE HOUR FOR CLOSING.
 "The Land and the Future."
 "The Land and the Future."
 "The Land and the Future."

THE REMOVAL OF HIS RESIDENCE.
 "The Land and the Future."
 "The Land and the Future."
 "The Land and the Future."

THE TIMES BRANCH OFFICE.
 "The Land and the Future."
 "The Land and the Future."
 "The Land and the Future."

VITAL RECORD.
 "The Land and the Future."
 "The Land and the Future."
 "The Land and the Future."

MARRIAGE LICENSES.
 "The Land and the Future."
 "The Land and the Future."
 "The Land and the Future."

BIRTHS.
 "The Land and the Future."
 "The Land and the Future."
 "The Land and the Future."

DIVORCE SUITS FILED.
 "The Land and the Future."
 "The Land and the Future."
 "The Land and the Future."

OFFICIAL DEATH LIST.
 "The Land and the Future."
 "The Land and the Future."
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DEATHS.
 "The Land and the Future."
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VENICE BRIEFS.
 "The Land and the Future."
 "The Land and the Future."
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NEWSPAPER BRIEFS.
 "The Land and the Future."
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THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.
 "The Land and the Future."
 "The Land and the Future."
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THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT.
 "The Land and the Future."
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THE MAY QUEEN.
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Myer Siegel & Co.

443-445-447 South Broadway

For Small Girls and Boys

Pretty Styles at Moderate Prices

"Dorothea" Dresses

Imported direct by us \$2.75 up

2 to 10-yr. sizes at . . . \$2.75 up

Imported—some hand-made; all hand-embroidered. French cut in white; pink or blue braid trimmed and hand-embroidered.

Pique Hats 2 to 6-yr. sizes

Made with button on crown and scalloped edge. Low priced at . . . \$1 up

Boys' Bloomer Suits 2 to 6-yr. sizes

—of white linen with sailor collar, cord and white tie, 2 to 6-year sizes. Extraordinary values at . . . \$1.50

Boys' Coats 2 to 6-yr. sizes

—in navy styles designed particularly for youngsters of 2 to 6 years of age. Prices begin at . . . \$4.50

Boys' Straw Hats—all sizes priced from 75c.

Boys' Underwear—all lines—popular prices.

Children's 25c pair Socks

All sizes and colors.

Furs Stored and Remodeled.

"The Exclusive Specialty House for Fashionable Apparel."

THE WALKER PORTLAND CEMENT

For that which will pay for itself in the long run.

It will pay for itself in the long run.

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CITY NEWS IN BRIEF.

Sorting Out the Woods.

L. A. Barrett, chief of the classification projects in the San Francisco Land Office, will be in Los Angeles today on a tour of inspection.

Barrett has in charge the work of classification now going in the national forest in California, having in view the sale of the land for agricultural purposes. He will visit the scene of the work now going on in what is known as the Cajon project in charge of Percy L. Day, will finish there within the next ten days. A. W. Mangum, soil expert with this party, has resigned his post, and will be transferred to similar work going on in Oregon. His successor is W. Helleman.

Beach Booster.

To advertise Southern California, and more particularly the beach resorts and this city, the Southern Pacific and Pacific Electric are planning to stage a band of musical instruments in the southland will be taken along and will be shown in picture theaters and operahouses at the various beach resorts.

The band of musical instruments will be accompanied by several officials of the Southern Pacific and Pacific Electric, will probably leave here Friday. The trip for the trip is now being worked out.

Bryan Thanks Women.

When W. J. Bryan reached Sacramento Mrs. Charles P. Husey, secretary of the California Women's Democratic League, telegraphed to Mrs. Regina Kilgus, vice-president of the State League, and president of the local branch there, to present the compliments of the State League officers to the Secretary of State, and ask him to do so to sustain the administration. Secretary Bryan expressed his appreciation of the compliment of the California women and said that the good will expressed by the women is cordially reciprocated by himself and the administration.

The members of the Los Angeles Harbor Board inspected the harbor this afternoon, leaving the Pacific Electric Depot at 2 o'clock, and returning early in the evening. Three cars were taken to the harbor, and the compliments of the Guy M. Rush Company. The board's program for the afternoon was to inspect the harbor, and to discuss the problem of the harbor, and to discuss the problem of the harbor.

NEW MILITARY COMPANY.

TULARE, May 2.—Formal application was filed today with the State adjutant for the mustering in of the Tulare company of the California State Volunteer Infantry, the organization of which was completed last month.

The company, which was organized by the Tulare company of the California State Volunteer Infantry, the organization of which was completed last month.

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THE PARSON IS SATIRICAL.

PREACHER OFFERS INSULT TO SANTA BARBARA WOMEN.

Because They Are Not in Accord With Him on a Local Question He Offends the Proprieties by Inviting Them to Join Him at the Bar for a Drink.

SANTA BARBARA, May 2.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] "Come to the saloon yourselves, dear ladies. It is not good for man to drink alone. Have one with us, and have it in the saloon." This invitation was extended today to twelve society women of Santa Barbara by the Rev. Theodore C. Williams, clergyman of Brookline, who is spending a few days in Santa Barbara. It was in the form of an open letter which he handed to a newspaper man for publication.

The society women to whom the letter of invitation was addressed are Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, Mrs. Isabel Strong, Mrs. Eleanor Graham, Mrs. Milo M. Potter, Miss Nina Jones, Miss Sarah Redington, Mrs. Lillian Beale, Mrs. Mary S. Whitney, Mrs. Emma W. Brody, Mrs. Lillian R. Wilson and Mrs. Mary Norton.

Their names this morning were attached to a petition published by the Santa Barbara Taxpayers' League appealing to the men and women voters of the city to vote for keeping the city "wet" at the election to be held on Tuesday, May 13. In addition to the women, 298 men signed the petition, but Rev. Mr. Williams' invitation was extended only to the recently-franchised voters. The letter of invitation follows:

"To the women of the 'Taxpayers' League':

"You have defended the liquor saloon, ladies, as a promoter of public morality, and of our sacred liberties. You have published your conviction that a wet town is necessary to people of 'education and refinement.'"

"Follow women, is this enough? Is this all you can do? What saloon in Santa Barbara do you yourselves frequent? Is there not one of these saloons in the city which is a place of refuge for the poor and the half-witted presence within its walls? How dare you withhold your help, ladies, from the honest citizen who is bearing so nobly his share of this city's expenses, striving against bigotry and fanaticism, and maintaining among us the highest standard of civilization? Will you praise and commend the saloon by your words and silence condemn it by your actions? For shame. Is not this woman's age? The women of England may be seen in the public house and your lovely sisters are the barmaids. Why not so here? Shall American womanhood leave weak America man exposed to the degrading temptations? Has she not the courage to drink by her husband's side?"

"But do not be discouraged at your past negligence. You have still a grand work to accomplish. We have conducted elsewhere. Let us have our own saloon. Let free American women assert their equality with us men. Let them drink as much and as often as you. A toast to the ladies. Remember the noble past. Remember the lovely bacchanals of classic Greece who followed the wise and good through the land and who once threw a poet into little pieces. Remember the rum punch of our mothers and the stirrup of our fathers. Come to the saloon yourselves, dear ladies. It is not good for man to drink alone. Have one with us, and have it in the saloon."

"THEODORE C. WILLIAMS, RETIRED."

The ladies, who had done so much to express their views on the saloon question, were not at all surprised at the question of prohibition. They had a right to do so, believe they were not. They were not at all surprised at the question of prohibition. They had a right to do so, believe they were not.

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THE PARSON IS SATIRICAL.

PREACHER OFFERS INSULT TO SANTA BARBARA WOMEN.

Because They Are Not in Accord With Him on a Local Question He Offends the Proprieties by Inviting Them to Join Him at the Bar for a Drink.

SANTA BARBARA, May 2.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] "Come to the saloon yourselves, dear ladies. It is not good for man to drink alone. Have one with us, and have it in the saloon." This invitation was extended today to twelve society women of Santa Barbara by the Rev. Theodore C. Williams, clergyman of Brookline, who is spending a few days in Santa Barbara.

The society women to whom the letter of invitation was addressed are Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, Mrs. Isabel Strong, Mrs. Eleanor Graham, Mrs. Milo M. Potter, Miss Nina Jones, Miss Sarah Redington, Mrs. Lillian Beale, Mrs. Mary S. Whitney, Mrs. Emma W. Brody, Mrs. Lillian R. Wilson and Mrs. Mary Norton.

Their names this morning were attached to a petition published by the Santa Barbara Taxpayers' League appealing to the men and women voters of the city to vote for keeping the city "wet" at the election to be held on Tuesday, May 13. In addition to the women, 298 men signed the petition, but Rev. Mr. Williams' invitation was extended only to the recently-franchised voters. The letter of invitation follows:

"To the women of the 'Taxpayers' League':

"You have defended the liquor saloon, ladies, as a promoter of public morality, and of our sacred liberties. You have published your conviction that a wet town is necessary to people of 'education and refinement.'"

"Follow women, is this enough? Is this all you can do? What saloon in Santa Barbara do you yourselves frequent? Is there not one of these saloons in the city which is a place of refuge for the poor and the half-witted presence within its walls? How dare you withhold your help, ladies, from the honest citizen who is bearing so nobly his share of this city's expenses, striving against bigotry and fanaticism, and maintaining among us the highest standard of civilization? Will you praise and commend the saloon by your words and silence condemn it by your actions? For shame. Is not this woman's age? The women of England may be seen in the public house and your lovely sisters are the barmaids. Why not so here? Shall American womanhood leave weak

The Los Angeles Times

XXIIND YEAR.

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 3, 1913.

POPULATION: 1,212,000 (1910); 1,212,000 (1912); 1,212,000 (1913).

N. B. Blackstone Co.

Smart Suits For Misses

\$18.00, \$25.00 \$29.50, \$35.00

The most fastidious Miss can find no fault with these new suits. They have all the hall marks of newness, of service and of style, and the variety of models is next to endless.

There are Russian and Bulgarian Blouse effects, Norfolk and plain tailored styles. Epouses, poplins, serges, shepherd checks and many other fashion-favored fabrics. In color the full range of blues is shown—Wilhelmina, Balkan, navy and China blues, also leather, tan, gray and other wanted shades. Exceptionally good looking suits are here at \$18.00, and from that on up to \$35.00.

Sizes 14, 16 and 18 years, many of which will fit small women without a stitch of alteration.

Fancy Lisle Vests

25c, 35c, 50c

We are showing Summer Vests this week that, for real satisfaction, beat any we have heretofore owned, price and quality considered.

Each line is of pure lisle thread; those at 35c and 50c are finished with real hand-crochet, the 25c ones are trimmed with splendid machine-made crochet. All are low neck, sleeveless.

25c, 35c and 50c each.

Chiffon Waists at \$4.75

These Waists were never made to sell at four-seventy-five—making alone would cost almost that.

They are of a good quality chiffon, some made over a shadow lace foundation, low cut collar edged with satin, others with a batista collar.

Blouses of Crepe de Chine, \$6.50

Plain but exceedingly smart affairs of White Crepe de Chine; long or short sleeves, epaulettes or high collar, pearl button—entirely new, \$6.50.

New Blouses of Voile, \$2.85

Several not-before-seen models; one with set-in, three-quarter mandarin sleeves, front of lace insertion and net medallion, high collar. Others show the newest in epaulettes, collar, silk bow tie, three-quarter sleeves; each is wonderfully good at this price, \$2.35.

Our Dollar Silk Stockings

Are Surprisingly Good

Of Pure Thread Silk, with good wearing lisle tops, sole, heel and toe. Shown in black, white, bronze, gold, Balkan blue, Nell-rose, gray, suede and nearly every other fashionable color, \$1.00.

Two Important Towel Items

Fine Huck Towels with neatly hemstitched ends, size 19x38, specially priced for Saturday, 35c.

Extra large and heavy Bath Towels, ends well hemmed; our regular 50c quality, at each, 40c.

318-320-322 South Broadway.

DIXBY AND ROSENBERG WOMAN ARE INDICTED.

Long Beach Man Quietly Brought Up and Bail Arranged.

Presiding Judge Receives Him at Young Men's Institute Hall and Fixes Amount at Ten Thousand Dollars—Woman Under Grand Jury Ban Already in County Jail—Investigation to Go Along.

GEORGE H. BIXBY, Long Beach multi-millionaire and former chairman of the County Highway Commission, was indicted in two separate bills by the grand jury yesterday afternoon upon a charge of contributing to the delinquency of a minor. Two indictments were also returned against Joseph Rosenberg, now in the County Jail, charging him with pandering. Judge McCormick admitted Bixby to \$10,000 bail, receiving the indicted man last night at the Young Men's Institute, No. 111 1/2 South Spring street.

The true bills were brought just before 6 o'clock and presented to Presiding Judge McCormick. After fixing bail in each instance, the grand jury left for the day, as did the judges and court attendants.

Under Sheriff Brain and Deputy Sheriff Cochran were given the indictments against Bixby and set out for Long Beach soon after court adjourned. They observed much secrecy and they made arrangements to bring Bixby into the city without public knowledge, if possible.

By previous arrangement with the defendant, who feared the publicity attendant upon his arrival in court, Judge McCormick went to the T.M.I. and remained there until Bixby arrived in the custody of the two officers.

The outside magnate covered his face and one of the officers, who threw his hat in front of the photographers as they took flashlights in the street. Bixby drove rapidly away in his own automobile. Livelihood Bixby and Joseph Mesmer went on the bond, Oscar Lawler and Sam Hocking of Gilman, Dunn & Crutcher, accompanied their client.

TO ARRAIGN THIS MORNING. The next procedure will be his formal appearance in Department Eight this morning. It is probable that the usual feat will be made in attacking the indictments and interposing demurrers.

Judge Wilbur presides in Department Eight, but owing to his numerous juvenile cases, it is possible the Bixby case will be later transferred to some other court, as was done in the Guy Eddie case.

Mrs. Rosenberg, the other indicted person, was already in the County Jail.

The grand jury inquiry will be resumed Monday. The dozen or more detectives assigned to the case say they expect to open important new lines of inquiry.

The grand jury spent the greater part of yesterday afternoon in deliberations. Several times the court reporter was called into the room. Asst. Dist. Atty. Fong and Deputy District Attorney Hamilton were to their offices and remained until summoned.

For some unknown reason there was a redraft of one of the bills, as the stenographer went to his room and typewrote some paper.

During the afternoon a small group of interested persons kept vigil in the corridors.

READY TO REPORT. About 5:30 p.m. Foreman Meek sent in word to Presiding Judge McCormick that the grand jury was ready to report.

Shortly after, seventeen members entered Department Ten and the foreman handed the indictments to the judges.

Judge McCormick scanned the true bills and then discharged the jury for the day. He issued bench warrants for Bixby and Rosenberg. The bench warrants were given to officers of the sheriff and court adjourned.

HUMANITARIAN OFFICER THERE. Humane Officer McLaughlin was the first witness called yesterday morning. It is believed he outlined

the work his society is doing in ferreting out men who ruin young girls. He was one of the chief witnesses against Guy Eddie, former City Prosecutor.

William Appel, a well-known sporting man and private detective, was called to the present whereabouts of letters said to have been written by Bixby to Kittle Phillips. Just how Appel came into possession of the letters is not known. Outside the jury room Appel declined to discuss his testimony beyond saying that he had no information of value to the inquirers.

NEW WOMAN INJECTED. A new woman witness in the person of Mrs. Mabel Mason, proprietress of a small restaurant on East Seventh street, was injected into the case. It is believed she knows certain persons who may figure in the case later on as procurers and white slavers.

While waiting on customers it is presumed she overheard conversations that the detectives deemed valuable. Constantine Riccardi, the young lawyer who represented Kittle Phillips in the Police Court when she was given a suspended sentence on a vagrancy charge, explained yesterday how the woman possessed nearly enough money to get out of town and that she borrowed some more. He denied that he gave her any money from an outside source. He said this outside the grand jury room and declined to say what he told the grand jurors.

William H. Wood, who lived at the Alhambra, also gave testimony. He is the man who was released from custody several days ago when accused of contributing to the delinquency of Irene Marie Brown Levy.

Among other witnesses were "Sandy" West, a bartender, and William Hantson, occupation not known.

MRS. PHILLIPS COMING. Word was received from San Francisco yesterday that Mrs. Phillips left that city in charge of a police officer. She will reach here today. She has promised the Chief of Police to furnish sensational testimony against Bixby.

It was her arrest that precipitated the present investigation, as she at once gave out statements which led to the raid on the Jougall apartments and the subsequent revelations concerning the actions of men and women at that place.

The Chief of Police yesterday sent a letter to the Friday Morning Club suggesting the advisability of an auxiliary investigating committee to assist in looking into alleged slave conditions in this city. He will invest the members of the committee with special police powers and afford every assistance.

Three more arrests were made in connection with the white slave inquiry—a woman and two girls, who

(Continued on Seventh Page.)

FEMININE FOOTPADS.

Man Tells Police Women Force Him to Surrender Money—Return It When He Threatens Yell.

Two women footpads who robbed a man and afterward returned the stolen money were reported to the police yesterday by James Johnson of San Pedro, who says he was stopped at Sixth and Los Angeles streets early in the morning by two women, who forced him to part with his money. After giving up \$25, Johnson says, he reconsidered the matter and threatened to yell for help unless his money were returned. Apparently impressed with the possibilities of such action, the feminine highwaymen disgorged.

Mrs. George C. Haseltine, No. 1052 Florida street, reported to the police yesterday the disappearance of her husband, who left his home April 24 and has not been heard of since. Mrs. Haseltine says her husband had several hundred dollars in his possession at the time he left and she fears for him. Haseltine told his wife he was going to a freight depot to see about some furniture. She did not reach the depot. Haseltine, according to his wife, is not a drinking man and she can offer no reason for his disappearance.

W. B. Long, No. 2361 West Thirty-first street, reported to the police yesterday the theft of his automobile from his garage, early in the morning. The thief tried a padlock off the door and made way with the machine without arousing any of the occupants of the house adjoining.

Other indictments against Batchelder.

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Parents Become Alarmed and Ask Police to Search for Their Son. Postcard from Pomona Last Week Heard from Him—Had Considerable Money on His Person.

J. A. Currie, said to be a wealthy insurance man of San Francisco, is seeking information concerning the whereabouts of his son, Robert M. Currie, who came to Los Angeles two weeks ago and has not been heard of since.

The young man holds a responsible position with the Frank R. Peterson Company, wholesale grocers of San Francisco, and is said to have had considerable money in his possession at the time of his disappearance. Friends in this city have been besieged with telegrams from the parents of the young man asking assistance in locating him.

Young Currie, who lives with his parents at Fruitvale, a suburb of Oakland, arrived in Los Angeles on the steamer Harvard on April 12. The parents received a post card dated April 14 and mailed at Pomona, since that time nothing has been heard of the young man either by his parents or friends. J. H. Marrow, a local insurance man, with offices at 231 W. Hillman building, a friend and business associate of the elder Currie, said yesterday that the boy did not drink and had no bad habits.

"Bob had been working hard for a long time and his employers suggested that he needed a vacation," Marrow said yesterday. "He came to Los Angeles with plenty of money and with a round-trip ticket home. He intended to stay only two weeks and his job is still waiting. The fact that he has not written or gotten into communication with his people, considering his model habits, is a source of much worry to his parents who fear for his safety. The boy has been in no trouble of any kind and there appears no feasible explanation for his disappearance."

W. J. Batchelder, A director of the defunct Cleveland Oil Company, snapped just before he entered the United States District Court room and pleaded guilty to using the mails to defraud many innocent investors in that concern. He was fined \$5000 and paid it in cash on the spot.

"Dark" House Alight.

LYCEUM THEATER BLAZE CREATES A CAFE PANIC.

FIRE in the Lyceum Theater building at No. 225-227-229 South Spring street, between 11 o'clock and midnight last night resulted in a loss of approximately \$10,000, caused a panic in the Rathskeller Cafe and blocked traffic for an hour and a half.

Flames shooting to the top of the building illuminated the sky for

Water, which caused most of the damage, deluged the interior of the building coming down the stairs in torrents and flooding the interior of the theater proper. Attaches of the theater announced at midnight, however, that no real damage had been done to the interior of the playhouse.

Damage totaling several thousand dollars was done to the Lyceum Bar at No. 225 South Spring street, the O. L. Wuerker jewelry house at No. 223 and offices in the Theater Mechanics Association building at No. 231.

Three firemen were slightly injured. Carl Finley fell fifteen feet from the roof of the theater to that of the adjoining building, dislocating his hip. R. G. Sechrest received lacerations of the hand and hand. Hendrickson sprained his wrist.

Dick Ferris, the theatrical manager and promoter, created a furor in saving manuscript and valuable papers from his office facing South Spring street on the second floor. While the exact cause of the blaze has not been definitely determined reports from various persons who are employed in the building, say that it started in the dynamo room and in the elevator shaft on the top floor.

The Charles M. Wood offices are located in the building and it is feared that valuable papers were ruined.

The building was for years known as the Orpheum Theater building and the name was changed when the Orpheum sought new quarters.

The blaze was discovered by Patrolman Lawrence and Harry Ogden, who turned in the alarm. Scores of merry-makers were dining in the Rathskeller at No. 224 1/2 South Spring street when Proprietor Mathewson quietly announced that there was a fire in the theater building and that the diners might leave the restaurant without paying their checks if they so wished.

There was a rush for the door and in less than half a minute the restaurant was cleared. No damage was done there, however, and many of the guests returned to complete their midnight dinners after the fire lines were withdrawn.

(Continued on Second Page.)

PLEADS GUILTY; PAYS THE CASH.

Five Thousand Dollars Fine Gets Batchelder Off.

First of the Cleveland Oil Cases Disposed Of.

Ill Health Saves Swindler from Penitentiary.

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LAST DAY OF CAMPAIGN.

Effort to Raise Fund for Social Service Hospital Will Close With Luncheon This Evening.

In the campaign for \$250,000 for the Social Service Hospital the aggregate amount collected up to the time of making reports yesterday was about \$70,000, the result of the day's canvass being \$224,16. According to the original schedule, the campaign will close this evening at 8 o'clock with a luncheon at the Hotel Westminster, when 300 volunteers workers and 1000 nurses are expected to be present.

Today the campaign will take on the color of a red brick, real nurses from all the hospitals taking up the scheme to sell paper bricks at \$1 each, appropriately inscribed as a souvenir of the occasion. It is believed that at the wind-up at the luncheon there will be some great surprises.

When?

MODEL IN HABITS YET DISAPPEARS.

COMES HERE ON VACATION AND IS GONE TWO WEEKS.

Parents Become Alarmed and Ask Police to Search for Their Son. Postcard from Pomona Last Week Heard from Him—Had Considerable Money on His Person.

J. A. Currie, said to be a wealthy insurance man of San Francisco, is seeking information concerning the whereabouts of his son, Robert M. Currie, who came to Los Angeles two weeks ago and has not been heard of since.

The young man holds a responsible position with the Frank R. Peterson Company, wholesale grocers of San Francisco, and is said to have had considerable money in his possession at the time of his disappearance. Friends in this city have been besieged with telegrams from the parents of the young man asking assistance in locating him.

Young Currie, who lives with his parents at Fruitvale, a suburb of Oakland, arrived in Los Angeles on the steamer Harvard on April 12. The parents received a post card dated April 14 and mailed at Pomona, since that time nothing has been heard of the young man either by his parents or friends. J. H. Marrow, a local insurance man, with offices at 231 W. Hillman building, a friend and business associate of the elder Currie, said yesterday that the boy did not drink and had no bad habits.

"Bob had been working hard for a long time and his employers suggested that he needed a vacation," Marrow said yesterday. "He came to Los Angeles with plenty of money and with a round-trip ticket home. He intended to stay only two weeks and his job is still waiting. The fact that he has not written or gotten into communication with his people, considering his model habits, is a source of much worry to his parents who fear for his safety. The boy has been in no trouble of any kind and there appears no feasible explanation for his disappearance."

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“DEFENSE” FUND,
WHO FATTENED?

Social Organizer Throws a
Great White Light.

Centrell's Exposures Must
Open Eyes of Dupes.

Explains Why the Dynamite
Trial Was a Snap.

Edward Adams Centrell, formerly State organizer of the socialist party, in this letter addresses the dupes in the Socialist ranks who put their hard-earned dollars into the keeping of Job Harriman and Clarence Darrow, who fattened upon their credulity. He graphically describes the series of “let-downs” that came to the socialists in the last municipal campaign.

LOS ANGELES, May 2.—[To the Editor of the Times:] There is one aspect of the matter now under consideration that we must not overlook. When Darrow was employed as chief counsel in the McNamara case, he was paid a retainer fee of \$50,000 with the understanding that he would receive \$100 a day and expenses while the trial lasted. Passing for the time the question of previous knowledge of McNamara's guilt by Darrow and Harriman it is known that when the defense lawyers had their first meeting with the transcript of testimony in their hands there was not a lawyer of them who did not know that so far as a legal defense of the McNamaras was concerned the case was absolutely hopeless. How do we know this? Darrow's own words are sufficient answer.

After the tragic denouement of December 1, Darrow was asked: “How long have you known these facts?” His answer was: “Oh, I don't know. I have known what the State had against us for a long time.” On the day the McNamaras were sentenced, December 8, 1911, a typewritten statement signed by Darrow was given to the press. In this statement he says: “From the first there was never the slightest chance to win. If the State had put its case we could not even put the defendant on the stand to deny the facts.”

SHOAF'S STATEMENT. In this connection Shoaf's statement is significant. It will be remembered that in explaining the reasons for his disappearance he said: “I then talked with Johannes and Job Harriman and other people here. Darrow said the case was hopeless and the other attorneys with the exception of Harriman were ready to admit defeat. I saw that McNamara and his lawyers would probably get guilty. I was given to understand that some such result would come.”

The case against more than four months previous to the confession. Now, if “from the first there was never the slightest chance to win,” why did the trial go on? Here is the answer: “With Darrow, the dragging on of the trial meant \$100 a day with expenses paid. With Harriman it meant assistance in his political campaign. I know from personal knowledge that hundreds of dollars from Socialist locals came to him through the State office. Hundreds of dollars were sent to him directly. The McNamara case was but a fraction of what he received from the organized working class of this country. It will be remembered that even after the time when the case was considered hopeless, interviews were out in which it was stated that the defense fund was running low, and the working men and the working women of the United States were urged to send in their contributions. Labor unions assessed their members and sent in thousands of dollars. Prominent meetings were held by Socialist organizations; money was collected and sent to Harriman and Darrow, and all this time they knew what the State had against them. I have said that the first let-down of our Socialist campaign in Los Angeles was the White House. But if the first let-down was our first let-down, it certainly was not the last. State Secretary Meriam had made a few things about the reasonable methods of Harriman, Irvine and Bronner in handling the campaign funds. He knew that there was something rotten in the State of Denmark, and had refused to renounce the membership of California in an appeal for more funds.

IRVINE. The Irvine scandal (a girl case) then broke upon us. It is not my purpose to go into this matter. If it were to do so, it would hurt some people who have already been hurt beyond measure. I will, however, call attention to the fact that during the present campaign Irvine has spent several weeks in Los Angeles. But the Arab, he folded his tent and moved slowly away. We did see the announcement of one meeting in one of the Los Angeles churches, where he talked on the subject of “What is Religion?” This was a mistake. The Harriman management should have hired the Temple Auditorium and had Irvine give his famous lecture on “Fasting Up to Date.”

There is an old saying to the effect that it never rains but it pours. The deluge of that campaign came upon the McNamaras confessed guilt. That came as a bolt from the sky, and the shock, the chagrin, the humiliation, the sense of defeat, the sense of wrong, mingled in a consciousness of some impending doom. We had been led to believe we had been deceived. I saw faces which I saw strong men weep. Now after the lapse of time, Irvine is supposed to heal all wounds, none of us cannot recall the feeling of indignation and rage. In the morning incidents of those days a things stand out. There is Darrow, like some Uriah Heep, a “double,” so meek, so hurt with the revelation of the McNamara's guilt, and yet, so innocent, so immaculate, so pure from intent to deceive. Harriman—well, Irvine has told the story. The thing he did was characteristic of the man. Irvine has told how when they saw the crowd in the street, they jumped into the automobile and got away. For hours the campaign speakers waited to get a word from him and when he finally

CITY TO TAKE
WATERWORKS.

Private Companies Unable to
Serve Patrons.

Negotiations Under Way to
Acquire Two.

Board Believes All Should Be
Wiped Out Soon.

The question of the ultimate disposition of the eighteen private water companies now doing business within the city limits and the manner of providing service to those now served by these companies was again brought up at yesterday afternoon's meeting of the Board of Public Service Commissioners. Complaints to the Public Utilities Board, transmitted to the Water Board, indicate that some of the companies are unable to supply water to their customers regularly. In some cases it was stated householders have been unable to get a drop of water from their faucets for days. Members of the board agreed that the matter is becoming so serious that immediate temporary relief must be given by the city department and a general plan to wipe out all the companies must be put in operation soon. Chief Engineer Mulholland believes about \$1,000,000 will be needed for that purpose, although the companies have indicated that their selling price will aggregate more than that.

The Public Utilities Board, in a communication to the Water Board yesterday, stated that 90 per cent. of the complaints from water users come from the districts served by the Hawthorne and Glendale Consolidated lines. The board considered taking over the Hawthorne system at last week's meeting. It being understood at that time that the city would not have to pay anything for it. Later, when an effort was made to fix a price, the matter was referred to Chief Engineer Mulholland, who reported that the system is practically worthless.

As the result of a conference yesterday between the Public Service Commissioners and officials of the Long Beach Water Company it was agreed by the latter that a resolution will be submitted to the Long Beach City Council Monday night, authorizing the sale of the Terminal Island system, or all that part of the Long Beach system now within the limits of Los Angeles, upon the payment of \$100,000 per acre of land.

Check for Over Thirty-three Thousand Dollars is Received—Monthly Plan of Payments is Chosen—General Petroleum Bonds Show Strength.

A payment of \$23,232 due on the option for the control of the Union Oil Company, acquired by the General Petroleum interests, was made Thursday, according to official information from the Union Oil Company. The General Petroleum interests had the choice either of making the payment in cash or by the rate of \$100,000 a quarter or monthly at the rate of approximately \$23,232 a month. They have chosen the latter method so far as the payment made April 1 was also \$23,232.

The money was received at a local bank and was placed to the credit of Robert Watchorn, who transferred his option to the General Petroleum interests. Watchorn is at present in New York on business connected with the Union Oil Company. The General Petroleum has another payment of \$23,232 to make June 1, and may pay either \$100,000 July 1 or continue to make payments monthly at the rate of approximately \$23,232.

The prompt payment by the General Petroleum of the money due on the option, should, it is believed, put the question on the rumors which were in circulation of an unusual extent yesterday.

BONDS RECOVERED.
RUMORS QUIETED.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)
SAN FRANCISCO BUREAU OF THE TIMES, May 2.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] General Petroleum 6 per cent. bonds recovered a point and half of the recent losses occasioned by the report originating in New York that the company would default on its interest. Any one who has made the most cursory investigation of this company would have known, if only from the enormous earnings being put back into its properties, that there was not the slightest foundation for the rumor. When the interest was met today there was no longer any excuse for the report and the bonds began to come back.

The company also made its regular monthly payment of \$23,232 to the option to purchase the Union Oil Company. The required payments on this option are \$100,000 per quarter, divided into monthly payments until the time for the full exercise of the option.

The well of the General Petroleum that was put down through the lower oil stratum in the Lost Hills field is flowing 500 barrels a day of 31-gravity oil. This, with the last well, which has settled down to about 300 barrels, gives the company about 1400 barrels of new production. These two wells alone should add about \$1200 a day to net income, as oil of that gravity is worth at least 25 cents at the wells.

The syndicate organized to handle the \$2,000,000 6 per cent. short-term collateral trust notes of the Union Oil Company, composed of the William R. Staats Company and Torrance, Marshall & Co., reports that between \$600,000 and \$650,000 have been sold.

MAY RESULT FATALEY.
Society Woman's Electric Auto Struck Old Man and Scattered Broadway Pedestrians.

On a rampage, a society woman's electric auto seriously injured one man and scattered pedestrians in a run last night, when, after running over Stephen Taylor, aged 70 years, of Hawthorne, it leaped the curb at Second street and Broadway and was not brought to a stop until it had started traversing the sidewalk. Taylor was knocked down by the car, driven by Mrs. John O'Brien of No. 249 South Mentor avenue, Pasadena, and as he arose was again bowled over and the machine passed over his body. He was taken to the Receiving Hospital, having sustained bruises and lacerations which may, because of his age, result fatally. Mrs. C. J. McCormick of the Maryland Apartments, Pasadena, was in the car with Mrs. O'Brien. The latter says she rang her bell and repeated the victim to get out of the way, but he loitered and was struck.

WOMAN KNOCKED TO PAVEMENT,
Sustaining Severe Injuries, Taken Home—Several Other Accidents.

Mrs. E. Connor, No. 5114 Harold way, was struck by a wagon and knocked to the pavement yesterday at Broadway and Seventh street, sustaining severe injuries. She refused to go to the Receiving Hospital and was taken home by friends.

Lacramento Lajo, No. 607 Mission road, was taken to the Receiving Hospital yesterday suffering from cuts and bruises sustained when he stepped in front of an automobile driven by E. F. Fortner. The machine was not stopping fast at the time of the accident and to that fact the injured man probably owes his life, as he stepped directly in front of the car.

W. P. Larson, an iron worker living at No. 325 Brent street, fell from a scaffold while working on a building at No. 440 South Broadway yesterday, and was taken to the Receiving Hospital, where he was found to have sustained a deep cut over the right eye and a dislocated shoulder. Larson is an employee of the California Ornamental Iron Works.

Mrs. A. E. Pickering, No. 2911 Budlong avenue, reported to the police the disappearance of her son, Harold D. Pickering, 15 years old, who was away from home a few days ago and has not been heard of since.

WITH KNIVES AND BOTTLE.
Quarrel About Broken Bracelet Said to Have Led to Assault on Young Woman by Waitresses.

Miss Clara Freeman, 19 years old, living with her mother at No. 207 Aliso street, is in a serious condition at her home as a result of the alleged concerted attack on her of three waitresses employed by the girl's mother in a small restaurant. The young woman was cut above the right eye and sustained numerous stab wounds about the body in what she describes as a pitched battle in the kitchen of her mother's home.

According to the young woman's statement the trouble arose over an accident wherein a bracelet belonging to Micaela Jimenez, one of the waitresses, was broken. Miss Freeman was called in to look at the bracelet and inadvertently dropped it to the floor, breaking the clasp. The owner at once

SAWTELLE BOOSTERS.
The route to be followed by the boosters will be through Sherman, Hollywood, Glendale, Eagle Rock, Pasadena, Monrovia, Azusa, Glendora, Claremont, Fontana, Puente, El Monte, San Gabriel, Alhambra, South Pasadena, and Los Angeles.

At some of the stops speeches will be made and a point-to-point boosting literature will be distributed.

MANY PREFER COUNTRY HOMES and freedom and ease which go with them. Southern California is famous for its poultry ranches. Why not buy one and live close to nature? See the paying poultry propositions advertised on from day to day in the “Poultry Ranch” columns of The Times “Liner” section.—[Advertisement.]

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VILLE DE PARIS
New Coats
For Children
6 to 14 Years
\$6.50 to \$20

Women who enjoy seeing their children correctly and smartly dressed will especially appreciate our showing of new coats and dresses for girls from 6 to 14. A very nobby coat of black satin is shown in the accompanying illustration. The collars and cuffs are of white moire. Bulgarian type of coat with black satin sash effect. Among the popular styles of coats in spring woollens are the plain red and plain green coats. The red coats have black velvet or moire collars and cuffs, patent leather belts. Also nobby coats in black and white shepherd checks, trimmed with a touch of color.

Girl's Tub Dresses
For Ages 6 to 14
\$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50

This large and diversified assortment includes a variety of up-to-date models, made from gingham, chambray, percale and rep.

Party and Dancing Dresses
For Girls 6 to 14
Priced from \$10.00 to \$25.00

A very attractive collection of dresses, in white voile, marquisette, Henriette and pretty lingerie effects. Artistically designed and tastefully trimmed.

Latest Ideas in Neckwear

Our extensive assortment includes white, ecru, black and Bulgarian colored effects, in fashion's latest ideas. Hand and machine made neckwear, including large and small collars, cut and collar sets, stocks, jabots, stocks with jabots, chemisettes and silk novelties. Special mention is made of our

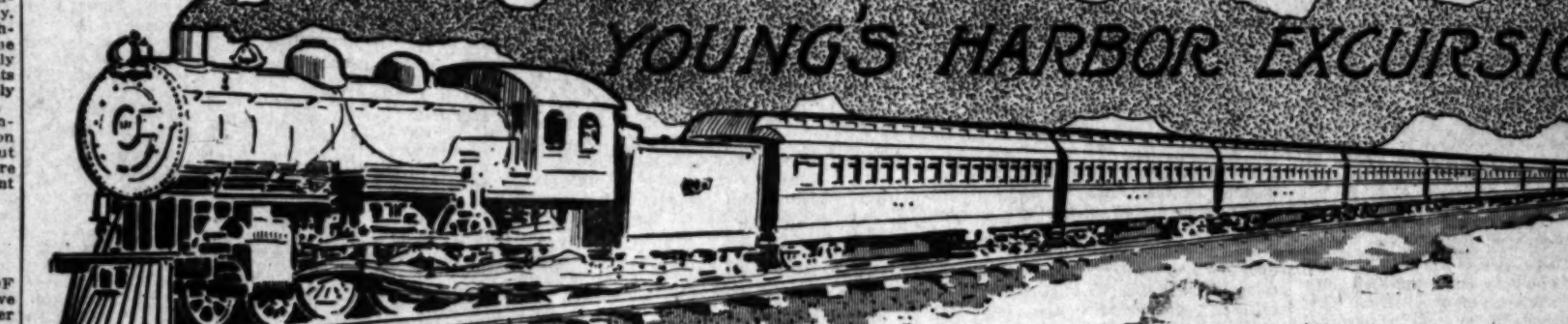
Excellent Assortment of Neckwear at 50c

Comprising net chemisettes, net stocks, hand-embroidered linen stocks, hand-embroidered riding stocks, jabots in net, batiste, embroidered or lace trimmed. Velvet or silk bows, some in dainty floral effects, clothing with a touch of Bulgarian color or buttons.

A dainty piece of neckwear imparts beauty to the plainest waist.

S. NORDLINGER & SONS.
DIAMOND MERCHANTS.
631-633 South Broadway.

TREE GUM KILLER
Pat. March 4, 1914, in Pat. Office, U.S.A.
Remedy for the fruit growers. Write for sample, with 2c postage.
Small Can, \$1.00; 6 for \$5.00
Large Can, \$2.00; 6 for \$10.00
WATERBURY CHEMICAL CO.,
427 Turner St., Los Angeles, Cal.



Two Special Trains of Southern Pacific Palatial Coaches Leaving the Arcade Depot at 10 o'clock
Tomorrow—Sunday, May 4, for Industrial White City, the
Long Beach Harbor Tract
Round Trip of 40 Miles, Including a Good Lunch, 25c
Grand Musical Programme by McKee's Jubilee Singers and Orchestra

This will be our last excursion before the formal opening of Industrial White City, which will take place May 11. Join us and enjoy a fine day's outing, and at the same time see the fastest selling harbor property that has ever been placed on the market in the harbor district.

Real Harbor Lots
\$150 to \$400

In less than four weeks we have sold upward of 200 lots in Industrial White City. We are still selling them at pre-opening, pre-improvement prices. It's your chance to get something good—something that will enhance in value from 25 to 50 per cent. by the day of the formal opening—something that will enhance in value from 100 to 500 per cent. by the time the Panama Canal is opened.

If you wait until after the opening, when all the street improvements, sidewalks and curbs have been completed, you will regret it, for these prices will not be available then.

Regular Excursions Every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday

CALL AT OUR OFFICE, 314 CENTRAL BUILDING, AND GET YOUR TICKETS. If you can't call, phone us and we will send them to you.

Home Phone A5627
Sunset Main 9500
J. W. YOUNG & CO.
SPECIALIZING HARBOR PROPERTY
314 CENTRAL BUILDING
Corner of Main and Sixth Sts.

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 EVERY MORNING IN THE YEAR.
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OFFICE:
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LOS ANGELES (Loco Ahng-hay-ah)
 Entered as Second-Class Matter of Class II.

WHERE MEMORY FAILS.
 Let's see, how many were there in the Light Brigade? Girls to the right of them, girls to the left of them—ah, now we remember—"rode the six hundred."

A BAD EXAMPLE.
 The Crown Prince of Germany believes that war can be abolished. Perhaps not, but young men in such prominent positions should not advertise their doubts on this delicate subject.

NOT ON FREE LIST.
 We had something in The Times Thursday about the American Baby Health Contest Association. It would seem that there is at least one infant industry well protected by even the Democratic tariff schedule.

NOT HIS FAULT.
 A Pasadena man is charged with giving false valuations amounting to \$50,000 in a trade of Oregon property for a ranch in Southern California. We cannot imagine why he should underestimate his property to this extent. Of course no California ranch could possibly be overestimated.

A DELICATE SITUATION.
 The Democrats of the Legislature refuse to call on Mr. Bryan as Johnson's guest and engaged quarters for his reception by themselves at the Sacramento Hotel. This was neither fine courtesy nor good diplomacy, but perhaps our Democratic brethren are not to be blamed for finding the Progressive atmosphere unbearable.

NOT TO BLAME.
 Congressman Hobson, who is sometimes a hero, at other times a politician, and always a champion klutze, warns California that America is not a watch at present for Japan on the Pacific Coast. As much as we regret the present attitude of this State, we must resent any intimation that California is responsible for the most imperfect defense of the Pacific Coast.

A STERN JUDGE.
 Everybody has heard about stern judges ever since they were knee high to a duck, and perhaps no one knew just why the courts have had such a hard name. At last it is explained. An occupant of the bench in New York severely chided a pretty young woman because her skirt was high enough to reveal two or three inches of fascinating all hose. Such a revelation ought never to be wasted on a judge of so little appreciation.

TO BE INVESTIGATED.
 An attempt has been made by barbers of Trenton, N. J., to raise the price for trimming Van Dyke beards. This is a crime against society. The price on Van Dykes is already almost prohibitive to this style of beauty. In the name of all that is ornamental and appealing to masculine vanity, we protest. The attention of the Interstate Commerce Commission should be called to this diabolical attempt of tonsorial artists to restrain good looks.

AN APPROPRIATE SIGN.
 In the improbable event of a war with Japan there would be some personal property of the subjects of the Mikado that they could dispose of for cash or approved credit. For instance, over the door of a Japanese barber shop, on East First street in this city, there is a sign reading "Assault."

FOUR STEAMSHIPS.
 The exclusion of railroad-owned ships from the Panama Canal has no terrors for the railroad king, James J. Hill. The limitation does not extend to the owners of railroad stock. Mr. Hill bears in mind the ancient adage—

"Wipe the devil around the stump.
 Every crack will make him jump."

He has ordered four large passenger steamers from an eastern shipbuilding concern at a cost of more than \$15,000,000.

Mr. Hill expects extraordinary results from the canal opening and is devoting his loose change to securing a share of those results.

His steamers will have no traffic arrangements with the Great Northern Railway Company. Of course not. They will be "private pigeons" of J. J. H.

A TARIFF STORY.
 Home products and the right kind of tariff protection can be well illustrated in the difference between a dollar spent on best sugar and the same amount expended for the cane product. Pay a dollar to the grocer for the former article and it describes a circle, going to the California wheeler-dealer, manufacturer, the farmer who grows the beets, the laborer in the fields and back to the grocer. Buy cane sugar and it goes to the cane refiner outside of the State, and mostly outside of America. Across the sea one may imagine, not the American beet grower directing his well-paid American labor, but the big Cuban plantation owner who employs brown men who are paid a mere pittance and who wear a single cotton garment with free wool growing on the top of their heads. Let the consumer eat white sugar made in a white man's country where white men's wages are paid and let Congress act accordingly.

A FOOLISH AND WICKED BILL.
 The effect, if not the purpose, of the workman's compensation bill, now pending at Sacramento, will be to drive the small employers of labor out of business and concentrate manufacturing in large establishments. The railroad companies, the great iron works, the mining companies, the smelting furnaces, the great hotel companies, the cotton fabrica, the large building corporations which take contracts for the erection of skyscrapers or blocks of bungalows, the great dairies of the city may be inclined to disregard rather than antagonize the workman's compensation law because the risks they incur will be spread over hundreds of employees, and the percentage of loss from injury to workmen will be light.

But the builder of a bungalow, the proprietor of a laundry, a tailor's shop, a team, a small restaurant, a plumber's, a plasterer's, a painter's, or a carpenter's shop or any one of the small firms of industry where two or three or four men or women are employed may be driven into bankruptcy by an accident which would not inflict a serious loss upon the employer of a hundred hands.

A careless cook leaves a gas cock unturned. Bye and bye an explosion occurs which injures the delinquent, and the employer must pay damages which might wreck a year's income. An analogous accident in a great hotel with similar injuries to an employee might be compensated with a week's income. A hired teamster falls off his seat and has a leg crushed under the wheels. His employer, who owns only that one team, must support him, it may be for life. If the employer owns twenty teams the cost of the injury will not bankrupt him. A man employed in the mechanical department of a great city daily is caught in the machinery and loses an arm, and the bank account of the owners of the journal will not be seriously depleted. A similar accident, with similar results, in the office of a country weekly would compel the journal to suspend publication. The owner of a mine hiring three or four men, one of whom falls down a shaft, may be mulcted in damages equal to the value of his mine, while with the mining company employing a hundred men the money loss of a similar accident would not lessen the dividends.

Illustrations of the unjust working of the law might be multiplied. It is inequitable. It seems to be the purpose of the State Legislature to place upon the statute book any foolish measure demanded by the labor unions, trusting to the courts to annul such laws.

But not every employer disastrously affected can afford the cost of an appeal to the courts. In the meantime the effect of the measure will be to deprive of employment workers who cannot find a place in large establishments, and to substitute large monopolies for employers of limited resources.

The workman's compulsory compensation act is a foolish and wicked bill. It ought not to pass. Again and yet again The Times once more beseeches the members of Holy Hiram's plunderbund to adjourn and GO HOME.

WE SHOULD TAKE NO RISKS.
 Every man who opposes the "get-together" movement in Los Angeles would seem to be willing to imperil the peace, order, progress and prosperity of our city. It is possible to conceive of the calamitous consequences that would follow the election of Job Harriman and a Socialist Council!

It would blight public and private credit as a heavy frost in June would blight growing fruits and flowers. It would make no difference whether bonds for public improvements were voted or not, for nobody would buy the bonds, and the improvements could not be made.

A Socialist Mayor and Council would be pledged by their platform and authorized by the four charter amendments, which our steamed Progressive contemporary favored, to increase taxation to provide money to turn the city of Los Angeles into a huge co-operative commonwealth with city hotels, city apartment houses, city restaurants, city department stores, city bath houses, city barber shops, city bootblack stands, city laundries, city iron works, city breweries, city saloons, city bakeries, city nickelodeons and city brass bands, with a job for every Socialist, and an opportunity for every non-Socialist to pack his trunk and leave a city where every avenue to employment would be choked with I-Won't-Work-for-Harriman's. Hurrah for Harriman. Property is robbery. Let us despoil the robbers and divide their iniquitously-acumulated wealth.

The followers of Socialism are mostly iridescent dreamers who are touched a little in the upper story. But there is nothing insane or iridescent about the leaders. Harriman and the members of his plunderbund know exactly what they want and they are reaching for it as stealthily and as surely as Job reached for the \$15,000 which he obtained from deluded workmen and women for defending dynamiters who pleaded guilty.

Every man and every woman, whether Republican, Democratic, Progressive or Prohibitionist owes it to the city in which he lives to go to the polls on Tuesday next at whatever cost of time and trouble and vote for the ticket headed by Sherk and Stephens.

And every honest Socialist who is not willing to have his principles expounded and his organization misused by a gang of political plunderers will either vote the "get-together" ticket or stay away from the polls.

A CATCH-AS-CATCH-CAN TARIFF.
 The Democrats in Congress have discarded the Taft plan of a scientific adjustment of the tariff upon the basis of the difference in the cost of production at home and abroad and adopted a catch-as-catch-can plan that is likely to prove unsatisfactory to both protectionists and free traders.

In some manufacturing industries the use of labor-saving machinery has almost eliminated the necessity of employing high-priced labor. In the making of steel, for instance, machinery does all the work from the time the ores are mined until the finished frames or rails are stacked upon cars for shipment. In steel mills, in structural iron, in typewriters, in sewing machines and in harvesting machinery the labor cost is according to Congressman Ayres of New York—not more than 15 per cent of the total cost of the finished article.

In such cases, assume that the skilled workman is paid 50 per cent. higher wages than is paid abroad; a tariff duty of 5 per cent. ad valorem would be more than adequate protection, for there would be the additional protection of the ocean freight charges.

But this is not the case with other articles, such as manufactures of woolen, for instance. Beginning with the raw material the western sheep owner pays his hands in wages and subsistence not less than \$40 per month, while the herder in the Argentine receives \$7 a month wages, and food that costs no more than \$5 per month. Wool is freighted from Buenos Ayres to Boston for half the cost of freighting it from Denver, or Reno, or Boise to Boston. The factory operative in New England receives from 50 to 100 per cent. more wages than the factory operative in Manchester or Belgium. Machinery is used in making woolen goods, but it is a safe estimate that 50 per cent. of the cost of the woolen garment is for wages paid to labor, from the herder to the factory operative, and while a duty on steel goods of 5 per cent. would equalize the labor cost of production between Europe and America, it would require a duty of 100 per cent. to equalize the cost on flannels, blankets and carpets.

These facts have not been taken into consideration in the making of the Wilson-Underwood tariff bill. There has been no attempt at discrimination, only an all-around undoing of anything and everything that the Republican party has done, an all-around destruction of every protected industry in the land.

Making It Fit.



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UNDERWOOD ON LEMONS.
 A pathetic oratory may be in order at a camp meeting, in a mortuary address, or in a speech to a sympathetic jury, but it is altogether out of place in a legislative body. Such is not the opinion of Congressman Underwood, for in a speech on April 23 on the pending tariff bill he indulged in the following lachrymose remarks concerning lemons:

"You taxed lemons 1 1/2 cents a pound in order to force the American people to buy their lemons from California and pay the inland freight rate so they might drive out of the American market the lemons grown across the water in Sicily. You did that for them. That is the way you wrote this tariff and fixed the difference in cost at home and abroad, with what result? You raised the price of lemons in every hospital in the United States; you raised the price to the poor and to the dying in their beds to satisfy the greedy market of the California fruit producers." (Applause and sobs on the Democratic side.)

The Times is not in possession of reliable information as to the use of lemons in detail. But it is strongly of the opinion that more lemons are used in cocktails, punches and other forms of liquid damnation than are sucked "by the dying in their beds." It believes that a reduction of 1 1/2 cents a pound in the cost of lemons would benefit nobody but the grocers of Sicilian lemons and the Dago fruit importers of New York City. It would not decrease the quantity of lemon juice squirted upon their raw oysters by the poor and lowly, or compel the prudent housewife to surrender the making of lemon pies, or require the majahs of Mr. Underwood's district to relinquish the dash of lemon juice in their matrimonial cocktails.

Lemons will average about six to the pound. One lemon will suffice for two glasses of lemonade or soda water, a few whisky sours, or six cocktails. A reduction of 1 1/2 cents per pound on lemons would lessen the cost of lemonade or lemon soda water about one-eighth of 1 cent per glass, of whisky toddies one-sixteenth of 1 cent, and of cocktails one-twenty-fourth of 1 cent per drink.

Would the saloon-keepers and soda fountain proprietors charge one-eighth or one-twenty-fourth of a cent per glass less for the drinks they served because lemons were admitted free of duty? and how would they make change? Would they pay to the patron who had purchased a cocktail for 30 consecutive days a rebate of 15 cents, or would they pocket that sum which to quote the language of Congressman Underwood—"was wrested from the greedy man of the California lemon producers?"

UNCLE WALT.

The Post Philosopher.

There are so many helpful books, the books that truly pay, the useful books that drive the spooks of grief and care away. It's foolishness and worse, gadsbooks, to pass away the time a-reading books that treat of crooks and fifty brands of crime. So many books are merely foam, made for the passing hour; and every time you read at home should have a lifting power. The stuff you read should help you meet your duties everywhere; impel your feet along the street with vim to do and dare. Your books should help you do your grind, and to your labors wait; and make you kind, and make you blind to other people's faults. Your books should teach you what is right, and also what is wrong, and help you fight like armored knight, with battle-cry and song. They should make you a happy place, your wife the joy in chief, with not a trace upon her face of weariness or grief. So do not soak your spongy head in rubbish day by day, but read instead the books that spread some light upon your way. Read hefty books that hit the spot with fierce and forceful stroke; or turn your thoughts away from rot to truths that fairly smoke.

WALT MARION.
 (Copyright, 1912, by George Matthews Adams.)

NOYES ON PURPOSE OF POET.

In this age the spirit of controversy seems to permeate everywhere, even in the arts, which for the most part have been free heretofore. It is therefore interesting to hear that perhaps the most famous of the younger English poets, Alfred Noyes, author of "Drake," "The Enchanted Island," "Sherwood," etc., confirms in a new way the old principle that poetry should be non-controversial.

"You cannot have," said Mr. Noyes, "a Conservative or Radical poetry. Poetry cannot possibly be limited to party interests. It is universal. I am aiming at the combination in my poetry of law and liberty. The prose writer has to set himself a narrow aim. He is fighting your thought for law. And he sees things in the light of his passion. But the poet is always to survey things in harmony and link them together in his affirmations, which have a universal import and significance."

"Let me put it this way: The poet looks at things, as it were, from the center, and sees, perhaps it would be better to say feels, the whole universe of being co-ordinated and linked in harmony. Science and philosophy work in the opposite direction, from the circumference to the center. The multiplicity of details obscure the vision which the poet looking from within obtains more clearly. All great poetry proceeds from that central source of harmony from which the great metrical cosmos itself proceeds. The rhythms and cadences and harmonies of poetry correspond to the swinging tides and wheeling stars. I conceive that the function of poetry is to bring us into communion with that harmony which is the basis of the universe."

Turkish Fashion Notes.

[H. G. Dwight, in the May Atlantic:] The nails of Mistress Hyacinth are almost always reddened with henna—and very clean. The henna sometimes extends to her fingers as well, to the palms of her hands, or even—if she happen to be advanced in years—to her hair. There is no attempt to simulate a youthful glow. The face is plentifully applied to make a rich coral red. In other points of fashion Mistress Hyacinth is more catholic than her sisters of the West. What the ladies of Paris wear must be worn by the ladies of London, St. Petersburg, New York, or Melbourne. But no such slavishness obtains in Thrace, where every village seems to have modes of its own. Mistress Hyacinth seems to prefer a good baggy trouser, cut out of some figured print, with no lack of red about it. Over this she should wear a street shapeless black mantle that often has a long sailor-collar, and she covers her head in various ingenious, but not very decorative, ways.

The consort of Mistress Hyacinth, as is general in the East, is outwardly and visibly the decorative member of the family. He inclines less to bagginess than she, or than his brother of Asia. He affects a certain out of trouser which is popular all the way from the Bosphorus to the Adriatic. This trouser, preferably of a pastel blue, is bound in at the waist by a broad red sash which also serves as pocket, bank, arsenal and anything else you please. Over it goes a short souze jacket, with more or less embroidery, and round my lord's head twirls a picturesque figured turban with a tassel dangling in front of one ear.

FRENZIED RELIGION.

BY HARRY BOWLING.

The gods directed my steps, one pleasant evening, into the Arroyo Seco, a few furlongs below Highland Park, into one of the sweetest pieces of sylvan scenery in our southern wonderland. Rest and peace seemed embodied in this woodland dell. Yet here I witnessed one of the strangest outbursts of emotional lunacy ever indulged in under the guardian angelship of religion. Without criticizing the motives of those who promoted this gigantic "revival," let me set down simply the methods used and the results attained.

Through the trees, laurels and wild lilacs loomed a large tent, opaquely yellow in the encircling gloom. The sawdust and the smells vaguely suggested a circus. Gas torches and flaming oil lamps increased the illusion. On first entering the tent a fairly quiet and orderly congregation of perhaps a thousand or more people, I observed, were indulging in an emotional, but not outrageous, form of religious ceremony. The back benches were occupied by a few society visitors, who were evidently looking for some mild sensation. On the platform in the rear of the tent were massed some hundred or so of performers, indulging in a strange, monotonous dirge. It quivered between one or two minor-tones and rose and fell like the incantations of wild medicine men or tortured apes. Addressed to the ecstatically ordered congregation of perhaps a thousand or more people, I observed, were indulging in an emotional, but not outrageous, form of religious ceremony. 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GIANTS LOSE OUT WITH TWO GONE IN SEVENTH.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

PHILADELPHIA, May 2.—Most of the action in today's game between Philadelphia and New York was confined to the seventh inning, Philadelphia winning 4 to 2. Seaton and Demaree battled until the seventh inning with one run against each. Then two passed off Seaton and Demaree's single filled the bases. McCormick, who batted for Demaree, singled, scoring two runners. Crawford went in to pitch in the home team's half. With two out, Philadelphia won the game on Killifer's single, a pass to Crawford, who batted for Seaton. Peckert's double and Knabe's single. The score:

NEW YORK	R	E	R	P	A	E
1	0	0	0	0	0	0
2	0	0	0	0	0	0
3	0	0	0	0	0	0
4	0	0	0	0	0	0
5	0	0	0	0	0	0
6	0	0	0	0	0	0
7	0	0	0	0	0	0
8	0	0	0	0	0	0
9	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total	0	0	0	0	0	0

PHILADELPHIA	R	E	R	P	A	E
1	0	0	0	0	0	0
2	0	0	0	0	0	0
3	0	0	0	0	0	0
4	0	0	0	0	0	0
5	0	0	0	0	0	0
6	0	0	0	0	0	0
7	0	0	0	0	0	0
8	0	0	0	0	0	0
9	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total	0	0	0	0	0	0

BOSTON RAPS ALLEN HARD IN THE NINTH.
(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)
BOSTON, May 2.—Boston won the series with Brooklyn today by hammering out a 4-to-1 victory in the ninth inning. The score was tied at the end of the eighth, after a fine pitcher's battle between Tyler and Allen. With two on base in the ninth Mann smashed out a long liner to center just as the home runner started a double steal. Stengel was coming in fast to back up an expected throw to second and the ball shot over his head for a clean-up home run. The score:

BOSTON	R	E	R	P	A	E
1	0	0	0	0	0	0
2	0	0	0	0	0	0
3	0	0	0	0	0	0
4	0	0	0	0	0	0
5	0	0	0	0	0	0
6	0	0	0	0	0	0
7	0	0	0	0	0	0
8	0	0	0	0	0	0
9	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total	0	0	0	0	0	0

BROOKLYN	R	E	R	P	A	E
1	0	0	0	0	0	0
2	0	0	0	0	0	0
3	0	0	0	0	0	0
4	0	0	0	0	0	0
5	0	0	0	0	0	0
6	0	0	0	0	0	0
7	0	0	0	0	0	0
8	0	0	0	0	0	0
9	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total	0	0	0	0	0	0

PIRATES AT LAST WIN FROM THE CARDINALS.
(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)
PITTSBURGH, May 2.—(Special Dispatch.) After suffering five straight defeats Pittsburgh scored out St. Louis this afternoon by getting long hits off Orner at the right time, although the game was either side until it was over. Hendrix was rather wild, but kept his line fairly well scattered and since St. Louis runners were left on base. The score:

PITTSBURGH	R	E	R	P	A	E
1	0	0	0	0	0	0
2	0	0	0	0	0	0
3	0	0	0	0	0	0
4	0	0	0	0	0	0
5	0	0	0	0	0	0
6	0	0	0	0	0	0
7	0	0	0	0	0	0
8	0	0	0	0	0	0
9	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total	0	0	0	0	0	0

ST. LOUIS	R	E	R	P	A	E
1	0	0	0	0	0	0
2	0	0	0	0	0	0
3	0	0	0	0	0	0
4	0	0	0	0	0	0
5	0	0	0	0	0	0
6	0	0	0	0	0	0
7	0	0	0	0	0	0
8	0	0	0	0	0	0
9	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total	0	0	0	0	0	0

RICHARDS GOES TO PENN.
Olympic Star Makes Great Showing at Hazy Carnival, Then Is Captured.
(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)
PHILADELPHIA, May 2.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) Alvin Richards, the Olympic high jumper, who took first place in this event at the Penna. fair last Saturday, will enter Pennsylvania next fall. Richards is at present a student at the Brigham Young University, Utah, an institution with the reputation of a normal school, and as he graduates this June, he will pursue his studies at Pennsylvania and brought the good news to the Pennsylvania track team when the Red and Blue athletes were taking their daily workout on Franklin field. Richards is the greatest high jumper in this country today and prior to his wonderful performance at the Olympic games, when he cleared the world's best with a leap of six feet four inches, he was practically unbeaten. He won the event at the Pennsylvania relay at six feet two inches and under the tutelage of Mike Murphy should have little trouble continuing his wonderful work.

COBB AND CRAWFORD SWITCH BATTING ORDER.
(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)
DETROIT, May 2.—(Special Dispatch.) Ty Cobb, famous center fielder, and Sam Crawford, his side partner on the Tiger team, have switched places in the batting order to keep peace in the team. By switching Cobb to fourth position, or the clean-up post, and having Sam third, Manager Jennings is trying to promote harmony. Last year Crawford and Cobb had many words. Both insisted they were right. Cobb, a wild base runner, kept signalling Crawford on the hit-and-run, and Sam says he was compelled to hit at night with balls. If the play went through, all was well. If it failed Cobb and Sam had words. Hence the change.

OFF FOR EUROPE.
W. D. Howard, the local Winton agent, received word last week that Mrs. Elizabeth Piccirilli, who has been wintering in California, would ship her Winton Six to Europe and make an extensive tour of the continent. E. D. Dupuis is also planning a summer trip abroad in his Winton Six and R. Young shipped his Winton six last week and within a month will be on his way seeing the British Isles and Europe from a Winton.

BASEBALL GUIDE COUPONS

The Times will give away

Reach's Official Base Ball Guide

FOR FREE

PRESENT THIS COUPON AT THE COUNTER IN THE TIMES BUILDING OFFICE, FIRST FLOOR, AND RECEIVE YOUR FREE COPY OF REACH'S BASEBALL GUIDE—ABSOLUTELY FREE.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

Club	W.	L.	P.	P.
Los Angeles	17	11	2	.597
Oakland	15	13	2	.526
San Francisco	14	14	2	.500
Sacramento	13	14	2	.481
Portland	11	15	2	.423

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS.

Oakland, 5; Los Angeles, 1.
Portland, 14; Venice, 2.
San Francisco, 15; Sacramento, 1.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Club	W.	L.	P.	P.
Chicago	13	5	2	.722
Philadelphia	12	6	2	.667
New York	7	6	2	.526
St. Louis	8	7	2	.526
Pittsburgh	9	8	2	.526
Boston	4	10	2	.286
Cincinnati	5	13	2	.278

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Club	W.	L.	P.	P.
Philadelphia	11	3	2	.774
Cleveland	9	4	2	.692
Washington	9	4	2	.692
Chicago	13	4	2	.750
St. Louis	8	11	2	.423
Detroit	5	13	2	.278
New York	5	13	2	.278

WITH THE MINORS.

Club	W.	L.	P.	P.
Philadelphia	11	3	2	.774
Cleveland	9	4	2	.692
Washington	9	4	2	.692
Chicago	13	4	2	.750
St. Louis	8	11	2	.423
Detroit	5	13	2	.278
New York	5	13	2	.278

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

Club	W.	L.	P.	P.
Philadelphia	11	3	2	.774
Cleveland	9	4	2	.692
Washington	9	4	2	.692
Chicago	13	4	2	.750
St. Louis	8	11	2	.423
Detroit	5	13	2	.278
New York	5	13	2	.278

ASSOCIATION RESULTS.

Columbus, 6; Minneapolis, 12.
Indianapolis, 5; St. Paul, 2.
Toledo, 5; Kansas City, 2.
Louisville, 7; Milwaukee, 2.

WESTERN LEAGUE.

Rock City-Denver game postponed.
Wichita, 3; Topeka, 5.
Lincoln, 4; Denver, 5.
St. Joseph, 3; Omaha, 11.

COLLEGE BASEBALL.

At Chicago—University of Illinois, 3; Northwestern, 2.
At Lafayette—Purdue, 5; Wisconsin, 4.
At New Haven—Yale, 4; University of Washington, 10; Georgetown, 10; Bucknell, 4.

NORTHWESTERN LEAGUE.

Club	W.	L.	P.	P.
Vancouver	13	14	2	.481
Victoria	5	10	2	.333
Seattle	10	10	2	.500
Konkuk	5	10	2	.333

CALIFORNIA LEAGUE.

Club	W.	L.	P.	P.
San Jose	7	13	2	.349
Fresno	3	11	2	.222
Batteries	3	11	2	.222
Lewis, Moss and Hoffman	3	11	2	.222
At Vallejo—	3	11	2	.222
Vallejo	3	11	2	.222
Batteries	3	11	2	.222
Killip and Christensen	3	11	2	.222
Lewis, Lagoria and Cook	3	11	2	.222

THREE-I LEAGUE.

Davenport, 3; Bloomington, 1.
Peoria, 3; Springfield, 6.
Danville, 12; Dubuque, 6.
Decatur, 6; Quincy, 1.

CENTRAL LEAGUE.

Springfield, 12; Terre Haute, 2.
Carleton, 2; Ft. Wayne, 4.
Grand Rapids, 5; Evansville, 4.

SOUTHERN LEAGUE.

New Orleans, 1; Memphis, 1.
Atlanta, 2; Birmingham, 1.
Chattanooga, 2; Nashville, 2.
Mobile, 4; Montgomery, 2.

COTTON STATES LEAGUE.

Meridian, 4; Chickadee, 4.
Columbus, 2; Jackson, 2.
Pensacola, 1; Selma, 2.

TEXAS LEAGUE.

San Antonio, 11; Dallas, 5.
Houston, 1; Fort Worth, 2.
Galveston, 2; Ft. Worth, 2.
Beaumont, 4; Waco, 2.

SOUTH ATLANTIC LEAGUE.

Jacksonville, 6; Macon, 1.
Charleston, 7; Albany, 1.
Savannah, 5; Columbia, 6.

WHITE SOX MAKE IT FOUR STRAIGHT OVER TIGERS.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

DETROIT, May 2.—Baltimore's long double to center in the ninth after Borton had beaten an infield tap by inches, broke up a red-hot pitcher's battle today and gave Chicago the fourth straight game of the present series. The score was 4 to 1 and it was Detroit's eighth consecutive defeat. In the eighth with Crawford on third and one out, Gainer fanned and Deal filed to Mattios. In the ninth with High, who batted for Blanneg, also on third waiting to score, Crawford popped weakly to Weaver. Both teams scored in the fourth. Lord tripled and Borton's single brought him home. The score:

CHICAGO	R	E	R	P	A	E
1	0	0	0	0	0	0
2	0	0	0	0	0	0
3	0	0	0	0	0	0
4	0	0	0	0	0	0
5	0	0	0	0	0	0
6	0	0	0	0	0	0
7	0	0	0	0	0	0
8	0	0	0	0	0	0
9	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total	0	0	0	0	0	0

DETROIT	R	E	R	P	A	E
1	0	0	0	0	0	0
2	0	0	0	0	0	0
3	0	0	0	0	0	0
4	0	0	0	0	0	0
5	0	0	0	0	0	0
6	0	0	0	0	0	0
7	0	0	0	0	0	0
8	0	0	0	0	0	0
9	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total	0	0	0	0	0	0

ATHLETICS TAKE YANKEES' NUMBER.
(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)
NEW YORK, May 2.—The Athletics won another close game from the New York Americans here today, the score being 6 to 5. Manager Mack used four pitchers to land the game. Honch, who started, was very wild, leaving six bases on balls before he was taken out in the fourth inning. Bender, who finished the game for the Athletics, was invincible until the ninth, when the New Yorkers scored their fifth run on a pass, a single and a sacrifice fly. The score:

PHILADELPHIA	R	E	R	P	A	E
1	0	0	0	0	0	0
2	0	0	0	0	0	0
3	0	0	0	0	0	0
4	0	0	0	0	0	0
5	0	0	0	0	0	0
6	0	0	0	0	0	0
7	0	0	0	0	0	0
8	0	0	0	0	0	0
9	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total	0	0	0	0	0	0

NEW YORK	R	E	R	P	A	E
1	0	0	0	0	0	0
2	0	0	0	0	0	0
3	0	0	0	0	0	0
4	0	0	0	0	0	0
5	0	0	0	0	0	0
6	0	0	0	0	0	0
7	0	0	0	0	0	0
8	0	0	0	0	0	0
9	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total	0	0	0	0	0	0

PHILADELPHIA	R	E	R	P	A	E
1	0	0	0	0	0	0
2	0	0	0	0	0	0
3	0	0	0	0	0	0
4	0	0	0	0	0	0
5	0	0	0	0	0	0
6	0	0	0	0	0	0
7	0	0	0	0	0	0
8	0	0	0	0	0	0
9	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total	0	0	0	0	0	0

NEW YORK	R	E	R	P	A	E
1	0	0	0	0	0	0
2	0	0	0	0	0	0
3	0	0	0	0	0	0
4	0	0	0	0	0	0
5	0	0	0	0	0	0
6	0	0	0	0	0	0
7	0	0	0	0	0	0
8	0	0	0	0	0	0
9	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total	0	0	0	0	0	0

BRITISH POLOISTS HOPE TO TAKE CUP.
LONDON, May 1.—Although the loss of Buckmaster from the English polo team is regarded as a great misfortune, it seems that the team is really strengthened by the substitution of Lockett. One of England's best known polo experts said today: "I would not for a minute make any reflection on Buckmaster or Frerke, but I really believe the team is better than the former four. Buckmaster and Frerke have long been known as splendid players, but youth will be served and Rittson, Edwards and Chappie are full of life and action, while Lockett, even if not so brilliant, is still a very reliable man. I feel the chances of winning are much better than they were before and I expect to welcome the cup back to England. Frerke is not thought to have a chance to play in America. He tells me he is very much pleased with the team and expects to win the cup, though he realizes the fight will not be easy. Neither he nor Buckmaster will make the trip. The team will leave on the Oceania May 7 and the ponies are to leave when they have played for the India team in the coronation cup game.

WHITE TO MEET THOMAS.
CHICAGO BUREAU OF THE TIMES, May 2.—(Special Dispatch to the Times by Federal Wire.) Charlie White is going to meet Joe Thomas once more. The pair signed today after accepting an offer of promoter Torricelli of New Orleans and the match will be staged in the southern city May 15. Torricelli is in communication with John Dundas, Federal (Wireless Line) Charlie White is going to meet Joe Thomas once more. The pair signed today after accepting an offer of promoter Torricelli of New Orleans and the match will be staged in the southern city May 15. Torricelli is in communication with John Dundas, Federal (Wireless Line) Charlie White is going to meet Joe Thomas once more. The pair signed today after accepting an offer of promoter Torricelli of New Orleans and the match will be staged in the southern city May 15. Torricelli is in communication with John Dundas, Federal (Wireless Line) Charlie White is going to meet Joe Thomas once more. The pair signed today after accepting an offer of promoter Torricelli of New Orleans and the match will be staged in the southern city May 15. Torricelli is in communication with John Dundas, Federal (Wireless Line) Charlie White is going to meet Joe Thomas once more. The pair signed today after accepting an offer of promoter Torricelli of New Orleans and the match will be staged in the southern city May 15. Torricelli is in communication with John Dundas, Federal (Wireless Line) Charlie White is going to meet Joe Thomas once more. The pair signed today after accepting an offer of promoter Torricelli of New Orleans and the match will be staged in the southern city May 15. Torricelli is in communication with John Dundas, Federal (Wireless Line) Charlie White is going to meet Joe Thomas once more. The pair

FIGHT OFFERS FOR DUNDEE.

Many Promoters Would Tempt the Italian.

Prefers Kilbane Again or Ad Wolgast.

Very Warm Roast Handed to J. Kilbane.

The last of Johnny Dundee's fight family has departed from Los Angeles. Dundee, himself, is on his way to New York where his baby daughter, Lucia, is critically ill. Scotty Monteth left last night for Albuquerque, where Young Marino, the most recent addition to the Dundee stable, is to fight Bonnie Chavez. Earl Mohan, the Dundee trainer, also left last night for Medford, Ore., where he is to be the guest of Bud Anderson at a big banquet.

The return of Dundee to Los Angeles depends upon the fight offers that come to him. Since the Kilbane affair he has been in demand all over the country. Within the last twenty-four hours, the following offers have come to his manager:

To fight Charley White twenty rounds in New Orleans. Artell in Butte, Mont. Olin Kirk in Albuquerque. He has also an offer from the McMahon brothers to fight in New York, opponent not named.

PREFERS WOLGAST. Dundee's preference would be to fight either Ad Wolgast or Johnny Kilbane in Los Angeles, July 4.

Although the little Italian is very sore at Kilbane, the latter has a little championship that he has. Wherefore, Dundee's manager has made an earnest plea with Uncle Tom McCarey for a return engagement with Kilbane. July 4. Monteth speaks bitterly of the fight.

"Johnny was broken-hearted over the outcome of his fight with Kilbane," said Monteth last night as he was going to the train.

"He has fought over a hundred fights and the two he had with Kilbane were the only ones in which he was criticized. Johnny knew that the fans were not enjoying the fight and did his very best to stir things up. Dundee is the kind of a boy who likes to have the people standing on their chairs and yelling with delight."

"He almost cried when he came back to his corner."

"I can't make this guy fight," he told us. "He won't do anything but lay me like a plaster and hold on."

FIELD OUT HIS CHIN. Several times during the fight, Dundee put both his hands down and held out his chin, leaving himself wide open in order to tempt Kilbane into a real fight. He only got Kilbane started once and then it only lasted for a few seconds, when Kilbane grabbed him again.

"Even at that Dundee would have won if the fight had gone on two more rounds. From the seventeenth round, Kilbane kept glancing at the indicator which calls the number of the round. He was getting anxious."

"It is about a stand-off with us whether we get Kilbane or not," said Wolgast for July 4. It matched with Wolgast, we would get somebody who would fight. If Kilbane, we would get another champion at the featherweight championship. Uncle Tom is working on both fights for us.

"If we fight Kilbane again, however, it will not be on the same terms. For this fight we got just half Kilbane's share of the purse (Kilbane's share was \$5000; Dundee's, \$2500). Another time, we will insist upon receiving an equal share."

HOCKEY MATCH TODAY WILL CLOSE SEASON.

The hockey season will terminate this afternoon, after the match between Manual Arts High and the Y.W.C.A. clubs. The cup game of the National Netball trophy and the ladies' hockey championship of Southern California. The "bully off" will be at 2:30 o'clock on the campus of Manual Arts High.

These two teams are making a strenuous fight as to which shall take second place in the tournament just concluded. Manual Arts High at present are in second place, just one point ahead of the "Christian" team, by going through the entire season without a single defeat are this year's pennant winners.

The Y.W.C.A. will enter an exceptionally strong team to oppose the pennant-holders for second honors. Mrs. Stirked, Mrs. Farquhar and Mrs. Harrow will be on the firing line, and with Miss McCall and Miss Miller playing their best, Manual Arts will have all they can handle.

The line-up for this afternoon's match will be as follows: Y.W.C.A.: Mrs. Margaret, Mrs. D. Gray, Miss P. Brook, Miss Edna Handley, Miss Lorraine Handley, Mrs. R. Farquhar, Mrs. D. Harrow, Mrs. Stirked, Miss G. Brack, Miss J. McCall, Manual Arts High: Miss Marie Crosby, captain; Miss P. Smart, Miss Grace Sealing, Miss Gladys O'Leary, Miss Francis Ray, Miss Violet Dunn, Miss Arista Staley, Miss Violet Johnson, Miss Ethel Barnes, Miss Emma Hill.

In the absence of H. Mansfield, captain of the Los Angeles Hockey Club, J. F. W. Allan will act as referee.

MDERMOTT WINS BREAST STROKE TITLE.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.) CHICAGO, May 2.—Michael McDermott of the Illinois Athletic Club won the National Amateur Athletic Union breast stroke championship for 1917 last night in 2:15.5, a mile in 18:46.4, bettering the record held by the club of 18:52.

WORTH STOPS BOAT.

CALGARY (Alberta) May 2.—(By A. P. Night Wire.) Arthur Polky, who had been in the city for a few days, was stopped by the police on the eighth round. Polky and Luther McCarey are to meet here on May 24.

NORTHERN TENNIS STARS FOR PASADENA COURTS.

BY R. A. WYNNE.

ARRANGEMENTS were closed yesterday by representatives of the Pasadena Board of Trade to have William Johnston and John Strachan, the two crack tennis players of San Francisco, come to Pasadena Saturday.



day of next week and play off the finals in the all-comers' men's singles of the Ojai tournament.

These two men won through all competitors to the finals after having put to rout the best players in the state, at the Northridge affair, and when all other matches were over it was too dark for the finals and most important event of the tourney to be played off. It was then decided that the two men should play their match off in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco.

Yesterday a telegram was received from William Johnston, champion singles player of California, accepting the Pasadena offer for himself and John Strachan and also volunteering the information that Strachan and Griffin, who hold the state's doubles championship, would accompany him, and that his doubles partner, Ella Fottrell, would also come.

The matches which are to be carried on the course of the Hotel Maryland, and will be the final attraction to a tournament of three days' duration which is being arranged.

The Pasadena Board of Trade is planning a spring festival for Saturday of next week, somewhat on the plan of the big Tournament of Roses on New Year's Day. There will be a pageant of vehicles beautifully decorated with flowers, which are particularly abundant at this time of the year in Pasadena.

A committee in charge of the tournament will announce tomorrow the various events which are to be carried on. It is expected that there will be men's doubles, men's singles, and a mixed doubles event. Several cups have been offered for the winners of the different events.

It is also stated that efforts will be made to make this event an annual one in Pasadena and to establish a perpetual challenge cup which will be on a par with any similar cup offered in the state.

Southern California players will be invited to attend and already the entire membership of the Mt. Washington Tennis Club has entered for both.

Vanity Ball.

HUNS FACE TIGERS IN CRUCIAL TEST OF SEASON.

BY PAT MILLIKEN.

Occidental and Pomona are waiting the word that will start them on their battle this afternoon at Bear Park. The game is the second of the season for these two teams. Pomona, being the winner in the first clash two weeks ago.

All week long the men on each club have been putting in great licks in preparation for the final test this afternoon. This game may spell O-U-T for the losers and so each team will try all they know to come out with the bacon.

Reports from Pomona are to the effect that their strong men are really for the battle and their lives. Coach "Dutch" Shutt has been directing about three hours' work every day, the principal part of which has been hitting practice. And it is the hitting on which the team depends the most. On which the team at the present has an average of .370. This would probably strike terror into the hearts of any pitcher except those out at Occidental.

TIGERS BURNING GRIT. The Tigers haven't rested from their labor since the start of the week. All the men seem to understand that this game means life or death. They are preparing accordingly. Duffy Day is the most energetic one of the entire bunch. He is everywhere, stirring up that old fighting "grip."

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BRITISH PONIES ON THE ATLANTIC.

(BY CABLE AND A. P. TO THE TIMES.) LONDON, May 2.—Forty-five ponies valued at \$100,000 for the use of the British polo team in their attempt to win the international polo cup at Meadowbrook, L. I., in June, were loaded safely today on the Minneapolis, which leaves tomorrow for New York. Thirty-two grooms accompany the ponies.

Picato's manager, George Easton, no sooner heard this than he had a check in Tom McCarey's hands to cover the bet that Scotty Monteth, manager of Dundee, called for.

Picato, like his brothers, Frank and Charlie, has made good here in Los Angeles for several years past and each and every one of the boys have shown a constant improvement.

We have had a lot of these so-called eastern fighters boxing in Los Angeles and Vernon, and very few of them have made good.

McCarey seems to think that he must have new faces every time he starts with one of his boxing shows. This is all very well as long as they make good.

But from the cheese boxers we have had sent out from the East in the past year, it is high time that we give our own boys a show to exhibit their talent, and we have quite a bunch on the Coast that can produce the goods.

Babe Picato holds a ten-round draw with Bud Anderson, who is matched to meet Joe Mandot the latter part of this month.

A match between Babe Picato and Johnny Dundee would be far more interesting than the Kilbane-Dundee fight was.

Give our home talent a show with these eastern boys and you will be giving the fans what they pay for.

The Stork Is Busy. Johnny Dundee, Johnny Kilbane and Tommy Murphy are three fighters which the stork has furnished with girls. On each occasion the fathers were away from home when it happened. Each of these boys are great homers and are very proud of their children. It is a pity that they were not all boys, so we might, in about twenty years from now, have a good bunch of champions.

To hear each tell of what his girl can do is a treat. They make as much fuss over their babies as they do over their records as boxers. If we leave each tell of what his girl can do in the fighting game there will never be any such thing as race suicide. Go to it, boys.

Monieth Goes to New Mexico. Scotty Monieth left last night for Albuquerque with Young Marino, who is matched to meet Benny Chavez, the little bantam champion of New Mexico, on the 8th inst. The winner will meet Battling Chico on May 26. Chico is managed by Earl Mohan, trainer of Bud Anderson.

Off for Oregon. Earl Mohan left for Medford, Ore., last night on the invitation of Bud Anderson, who is anxious to introduce him to the Medford sports, who hold a high regard for his ability as a trainer who put Bud into the ring in 50 per cent better condition the second time he met Kaye Brown than when he met him first.

After Wolgast. Manager of Johnny Dundee, deposed a \$1000 bet for a match with Ad Wolgast at 133 ringside. The "hot man" is on the level, if nothing else, and means business. He really thinks that Dundee can beat Wolgast, and his money is good. All he is waiting for is an answer from Tom Jones or Wolgast. Tom McCarey is looking favorably upon this match and it should surely be an interesting one, as both boys like to box it from the start, and know nothing about stalling.

JEST TAKES STAKES. NEW MARKET (Eng.) May 2.—[By Cable and A. P. Night Wire.] The One Thousand Guinea stake was won here today by J. B. Joel's three-year-old filly, Zest, ridden by Danny Maher. Tasset was second and Frue, third.

It was no easy matter, that decision. Woodcock was a cup figure in the evidence and each player distinctly remembered something quite different. But it subsequently transpired that Woodcock was talking of a different hole, and Cole actually did win the match by 2 up and 1.

Other Matches. Valentine and Bradner will play today and the winner will have to meet that conquering hero, Robert Devereaux. Any way, Robert seems to be a lucky man just now. It means "known to fame," too, which is a very encouraging sort of name to possess.

All the other matches will be played off today and the tournament, which has been entirely successful, happy and enjoyable all round, comes to an end. There will be a grand complimentary dinner to the heroes this evening. That means all the prize winners, and H. M. H. Woodcock, the hero of the tournament, who managed everything so well. In fact, it was largely his anxiety about other people's matches, which prevented him from showing his own golf to the best advantage—so they say. Although, as a matter of fact, he played well in that match against Phillips and nothing but that staggering array of three—six in the first ten holes—could have beaten him. Well, Tatum has avenged him—likewise in three.

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Kansas City Convention De-
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Torpedo Destroyers and Torpedo Boats Play Tag in Darkness on San Pedro Coast.

SAN PEDRO, May 2.—Cruising under cover of darkness in the channel of this port last night the cruiser California was hit four times by torpedoes, and a fifth narrowly missed the great black hull as it went whirling past in battle one Whitehead torpedo is enough to send the largest battleship to Davy Jones's locker.

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"I don't know what to say about this," declared Ranney yesterday. "In fact I want you to go as light as you can. At present I don't know the attitude of the Santa Fe officials towards me. I will not admit any delinquency but at the same time I want you to make it clear that I do not blame any officer of our company for causing any of these accidents."

Just then the dinner bell sounded and Ranney, who generally dined at some fashionable club, hurried away for his plate before he was hit by a hungry crowd of guests without food since the noon before.

He appeared utterly depressed and the tears stood in his eyes as he told of the discomforts of jail. He said he was sure his wife would cling to him despite all reports of alleged wrongdoing.

When he entered the jail he had \$25 on his person. He will use this for special food and other comforts allowed by kind-hearted Jailers. Ranney declined to outline how he could embezzle from the railroad company and seemed to take much pleasure in the report that his fellow-employees were much astonished at his arrest.

OTHERS IN IT.

That Ranney was not the only beneficiary in the alleged peculations by which a sum variously estimated at from \$60,000 to \$100,000 was lifted from the Santa Fe's exchequer, is the theory on which officials of the railroad are now working. This was intimated yesterday by W. H. Brewer, assistant to Acting General Manager Hibbard, who, however, refused to go into details. As for the sum that accrued to Ranney and his accomplices, if he had any, there is no way of telling until the work of auditing the company's books for the past six years is completed. This work is now under way.

"We can't say how much was taken, further than that large sums had disappeared the past six years," stated Brewer. "It is a big job to audit all the books of the company. Just what this audit will reveal is uncertain, though it is probable that it will show a number of interesting things, probably clues to others who may have participated in the steal."

L. B. Jones, auditor for the Santa Fe Coast lines, in whose office Ranney was employed as chief clerk, was through whose department he carried on his peculations, yesterday refused to see newspaper men, saying that he was too busy. Neither would he be acknowledged inquiries.

That the diverting of funds occurred in the company's auditing department, the department that is supposed to stand between the company's

Bixby Indicted.

(Continued from First Page.)

were placed in the female department at Central Police Station last night.

The prisoners are Mrs. Minnie Mullenfield, proprietress of a rooming-house at No. 122 East Fifth street; Sylvia Vail, 17-year-old girl who says her home and parents are in Salt Lake City, and Nellie Lorimer, 15, who was arrested in the Browne apartments, Seventh street and Ruth avenue.

All the prisoners are booked as "suspects."

Mrs. Mullenfield, a matronly-looking woman of perhaps 50 years, was arrested most of the evening, and Receiving Hospital physicians attended her.

"I will tell my story, all I know, to the Chief of Police," she declared last night.

Whatever Mrs. Mullenfield has to tell she refuses to make public save through official channels. She maintains that she operated her business "as straight as any one can run a hotel," and that she never violated the law to her knowledge. This is the first time, she declared, that she has ever been in trouble, although she has been conducting rooming and boarding houses for twenty-two years.

She denies emphatically that her hotel was a rendezvous for men and women of ill-repute or that she ever acted as a "mother" of girls to men who called at her place.

Sylvia Vail, apparently timid, blonde of type and of school-girl appearance, at her apartment, where she was sitting on the veranda of the Mullenfield place attending Harry Mullenfield, the invalid husband of the older prisoner. Mrs. Mullenfield said last night that her husband is dying. Miss Vail declared that she is innocent of any connection with the white slave case, that she knows no men in Los Angeles, has no sweetheart here, and has been sick and is convalescing from an operation several months ago. She telegraphed her mother in Salt Lake City last night.

DIFFERENT TYPE.

Miss Lorimer is of a different type than the Vail girl and preceded her sister to the jail by the statement:

"I'm in trouble, but that's no indication that they'll get anything out of me to bring others into trouble."

She says she came from Nevada several months ago and that while she knows many men in the city and visitors at her apartment, where she resided alone, the owners of the place are in no way connected with her associates or herself.

"I have to go home the grand jury of course I'll go," she says. "That's all there is to it."

TALKING WALKING "NEWSIE."

REDLANDS, May 2.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] "Fiddle" Ryan, a newsboy who says he is walking around the world to win a prize of \$10,000, now up by the business man of Edmonton, Alberta, his starting point, arrived here today after a hike of 47 miles from Palm Springs over the desert.

Since he started, Ryan says he has covered Canada, Eastern United States and Mexico, travelling 12,511 miles. He has been on the way one year and five days. In Mexico he was four days a prisoner of war. When he started, Ryan had six competitors, but they all quit. To win the prize Ryan must visit the principal cities of every civilized country in the world inside of five years, earning his way, the purpose being to advertise Edmonton. He will reach Los Angeles tomorrow or next day.

GREET MAY WITH DANCE.

South Pasadena Society Welcomes Month with a Brilliant Social Event—Short News Stories.

SOUTH PASADENA, May 2.—Brilliant in every respect was the second annual dance and May party given by the South Pasadena chapter, Order of Eastern Star, last evening. Mrs. W. D. Newer, who had charge of the decorations, adorned the hall in May baskets filled with the pink and white Mamm Cochet roses. Hosts and hostesses for the evening were Mrs. Harriet Packer, Mrs. Will Jacobs, Mrs. Cora M. Marx, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Byers, Manchester, Mrs. W. D. Newer and Dr. E. Johnson. In the banquet hall, where refreshments were served, the tables were redolent with American Beauty roses.

A feature of the evening was the Maypole dance given by twenty young girls, the ribbons representing the colors of the Star, four for each point, blue, yellow, white, green and red. The pole was of bamboo, covered with pink and white roses. Those giving the dance were Catherine and Rebecca Patterson, Dorothy and Gladys Carter, Fannie Robinson, Dorothy Seabree, Gladys Newer, Eugene Axtman, Martha and Ruth Thompson, Cornelia and Velma Gates, Ruth Clemons, Virginia Humason, Model Green, Elsie Nimyer, Isabelle Ockell, Laura Standinger, June Iman and Pearl Olney. The latest orchestra of Los Angeles furnished delightful music for the dancing, and 150 guests were present.

Another May Day party was that given by Mrs. Thomas Tompkins of Pasadena avenue, to the members of the primary class of the Baptist Sunday-school. The little guests were taken to and from their homes in automobiles, and games were played on the lawn, and dainty refreshments served. In the afternoon they were taken to the Pasadena Hospital, where they presented patients with May baskets filled with flowers.

NEWS BRIEFS.

That the Southern Pacific Railway will commence operations on the lowering of its tracks in South Pasadena to grade, is the substance of a communication just received by R. A. Moore, the letter stating that the work will begin May 4. The lowering of the grades will affect the track from Foothill street to Rollins street, along which portion the roadbed is above grade.

The twenty-six little orphans whose retreat was the Oakhill Faith Orphanage, just inside the city limits of Los Angeles, and over the hill from South Pasadena, and which was burned to the ground, will pass the summer camping in tents on a vacant lot on the site of their recent home.

AN EXPLOSION AT THE GAS WORKS.

An explosion at the gas works caused a loss of several hundred dollars and some severe injuries to three workmen. The fire started in the exhaust house. A quantity of gas had escaped and an electric spark set it on fire, and an explosion and fire quickly followed. James and W. B. Parrish, workmen, were badly burned about the face and hands before they could get out of the way, and George Douglas, superintendent at the plant, was badly injured by having a brick wall fall upon his foot and ankle. Santa Barbara has sent word to the secretary of the local Chamber of Commerce that there will be no Fourth of July celebration in that city, but that Santa Barbara will shut up shop and help this city celebrate the day and the bridge and Courthouse dedication.

The postoffice at West Salico, this county, has been discontinued, according to advice from the department at Washington. The people of that section are now served by the rural delivery from this city.

DANCING IS INDORSED.

Majority of the Membership of Trinity Church in Redlands Declares for the Social Pastime.

REDLANDS, May 2.—Dancing and card playing under proper chaperonage and guidance were given official approval by the members of Trinity Church at their annual meeting last night, a vote on the subject resulting seven to one in favor. The matter came to a vote through the objection raised by a few of the members to using the parish house for such purposes by the young folk of the church. The minority, however, gracefully to the will of the majority, so that the church authorities know definitely now just what the church members think about the matter.

VETERANS' GROWING OLD.

A little incident that pathetically reveals the growing infirmity of the old soldiers has come to light through the action of the local camp of the G. A. R. in asking the City Council to take charge of this year's Memorial Day exercises. Rev. M. B. Smith, who acted as their spokesman, said that the old soldiers are dying so fast and so few of them are physically able to carry the burden of a Memorial Day celebration that they want a responsible organization to assume the task.

They also want to feel assured before they pass away that a responsible organization will be the steward of the celebration every year, as the exercises are not so much for glorifying the veterans as an object lesson in patriotism to the young.

NEWS BRIEFS.

What appears to have been a successful method of advertising Redlands has just been carried out by the Chamber of Commerce in sending out orange blossom bouquets in the shape of a bouquet to people in the East. The bouquets are placed in corrugated paper boxes and decorated by parcel post. Hundreds of Redlands citizens have been buying them and sending them to friends.

An exchange of properties by which J. A. Merritt acquires from E. B. Coats the El Hogar apartments at the southwest corner of Olive avenue and Grant street, has just been closed. Mr. Merritt is giving in exchange 133 lots of land in the mouth of Live Oak Canyon. The combined value of the two properties is about \$32,000.

ANAHEIM.

ANAHEIM, May 2.—The spacious lawn in front of the Fremont School building was this afternoon blooming with pretty girls and tiny tots who gathered to celebrate with a round of May Day festivities. The event was arranged by the students of the grammar schools, the programme being under the direction of the various teachers. The dance were given, including the May Pole dance, Hop dance, Highland Fling, Hungarian and minuets.

FULLERTON BRIEFS.

FULLERTON, May 2.—A strong petition to the Supervisors has been signed asking for the appointment of J. E. Parker, principal of the Fullerton Grammar school, as a member of the county board of education to succeed F. Walker of Anaheim, whose term has expired.

Work has been started by contract of Frank Benchley, on a \$1000 residence for E. A. Fuller in the Gregory subdivision on N. Spadra street.

The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company has received permission from the State Railway Commission to establish an exchange at Placentia. Construction work will begin as soon as the necessary material can be placed on the ground.

A runaway youngster named Evans, having escaped from the detention home in Los Angeles, was arrested in Fullerton by Marshall French, who took him back to the city and turned him over to the proper authorities.

Glen E. Biles of Pasadena and Elsie F. Williamson of Fullerton, well-known and popular young people, were married at the home of the bride in Fullerton, Wednesday.

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\$1 Folding Doll
Cocoon 74c

— Semi-collapseable carts with all steel frames; brightly finished metal wheels.

its \$1.29

the manufacturer just
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SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1913.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Capt. C. R. Kitchinghouse and family called from Seattle yesterday on a pleasure cruise to Puget Sound and the Alaskan coast.

GENERAL EASTERN. The East continued in a heat wave yesterday that began the day before and is likely to last into Sunday. New York reported the mercury at 87 degrees. Flagstaff, Ark., with a maximum temperature of 104 degrees was the hottest spot yesterday in the United States.

In an announcement of the East Island and Missouri Pacific Graham, 6000 shrimps will be offered on auction in New Orleans, at the same time as that day is observed from other

MILLION HEARTS
GRIEF-STRICKEN

FORMER OFFICIAL CUPID IS SUMMONED BY CHAIRON.

Celinger's Famous Marriage License Clerk Succumbs to Fraudulent, Contests in the Thought That Most of Folks He Author-

**STAGE DEBUT
AT EIGHTY-NINE**

**VETERAN WILD MAKE INITIAL
BOW AS COMEDIAN.**

Former Friend of Massachusetts,
Isaac, Chopin and Gurnea,
Himself a Historical Character

SOON OPEN

TOPEKA (Kan.) May 1.—[Ex-
clusive Dispatch. Facing the prospect
of a wheat crop of more than
120,000,000 bushels—the lowest esti-
mate based on Secretary Coburn's re-
port of average yield per acre—

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New Times Building, First and Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

HUSBAND OVERLOOKS

Lola M. Kreis was practically banished from the city yesterday when Judge Wilbur turned her over to her husband, who is employed near Monterey. Mrs. Kreis received a suspended sentence of one year in jail for having contributed to the dependency of Ross Bunker, aged 16. She was then placed on probation for three years.

UNDELIVERED TELEGRAMS

There are telegrams at the Western Union office for Dr. A. Burgess, George Mark, Isaac Pickering, Ethel Edwards, H. W. Short, Mrs. Horace Bowman, A. M. Villarreal, J. D. Elson, R. L. Payne, Thomas Macrae, Ida L. McGarity, H. R. Sanford, E. E. Wright, Joseph Kenda, Leroy Fallon, Ely Branson, Mrs. Georgia V. Baker, Emeterio de la Garza, L. J. Fowler, C. O. Johnson, Eva Scott.

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Illustrated

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JAN. 6, 1912, AND J.

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Los Angeles Illustrated

Under the Editorial

HARRISON G.

Regular Weekly Issue

BY THE WEST

AND IN THE HEART OF

How Many Will Vote

MONDAY, May 5, Angeles a primary corps of city officials outcasts ordered out at election. There are about voters who have a right the election next Monday as important as it could whether the city is ing the next term by no business men or by cr the shame of the comm wisecracks are counting than 50 per cent. of al If 100,000 citizens part mary election it will make patriotic citizen when a bond election nearly \$18,000,000, only 50,000 votes were cast, so-called American citi do their duty.

An Expansive Term

THE central business geles is not only a expanding term. A h Pico and Figueroa stre been leased for ninety rental consideration be supposed the purchase and apartment building the business center of practically Temple Blo business center reach low First street, and old Plaza, the whole a Los Angeles, Main and corner referred to-abo from the Plaza, geogra the old pueblo and pra the city at this tir months ago, in answ dressed to the editor where the business ce be eventually, the jou Pico and Figueroa." will be, if ever. In Fr of the Seine, practica consists of an area of about thirteen and a a half miles. This telation of more than mile, and the whole partment in 1906 was Los Angeles as it is larger than that of t Seine. If there is ad the Seine Inferieure, square miles, or abo square, and with a p the year referred to in the two departmen and county of Los A

THE TIMES MAGAZINE.
ESTABLISHED DEC. 5, 1897. REORGANIZED
JAN. 6, 1912, AND JAN. 4, 1913.

Dedicated to the development of California and the Great Southwest, the exploitation of their marvelous natural resources and the word-painting of their wonders and beauties. Popular descriptive sketches, solid articles along in fact, statement and information; brilliant sketches, correspondence, poetry and pictures; the House, the Garden, the Farm and the Range.

California in tone and color; Southwestern in scope and character, with the flavor of the land and of the sea, the mountains, canyons, slopes, valleys and plains of the "Land of Heart's Desire."

An independent weekly vehicle of present day thought, explanation and description; a journal of views, opinions and convictions; the steady champion of liberty, law and freedom in the industries, holding up the hands of all good men and women, without distinction, who are honestly seeking to better their condition in life and to save the cause of home, country and civilization.

The Illustrated Weekly, being complete in itself, is served to the public separate from The Times news sheets when required.

To Contributors: In submitting matter for publication in the Illustrated Weekly, you are advised to retain copies of your writings. Manuscripts accompanied by postage will be returned if not found available; but otherwise the return is not guaranteed.

For sale by newsdealers: 10 cents a copy. With the Sunday Times, \$3.50 a year; without, \$2.60 a year. THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, Publishers, New Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Entered as second-class matter January 6, 1912, at Los Angeles, Cal., under Act of March 3, 1879.



Under the Editorial Direction of
HARRISON GRAY OTIS.

Regular Weekly Issue Over 91,000

BY THE WESTERN SEA,
AND IN THE HEART OF THE SOUTHWEST.

How Many Will Vote?

MONDAY, May 5, will be held in Los Angeles a primary election for a full corps of city officials to succeed the incumbents ordered out at the recent charter election. There are about 175,000 qualified voters who have a right to participate in the election next Monday. The occasion is as important as it could be, the stake being whether the city is to be governed during the next term by normally conservative business men or by cranky Socialists. To the shame of the community, the political vicissitudes are counting upon a vote of less than 50 per cent. of all the voters. Even if 100,000 citizens participate in this primary election it will still be a matter to make patriotic citizens blush. Recently, when a bond election was held involving nearly \$18,000,000, only a little more than 10,000 votes were cast, leaving about 125,000 so-called American citizens who refused to do their duty.

An Expansive Term.

THE central business section of Los Angeles is not only an expansive but an expanding term. A lot on the corner of Pine and Figueroa streets 168x120 feet has been leased for ninety-nine years, the total rental consideration being \$2,000,000. It is supposed the purchase is made for stores and apartment buildings. Thirty years ago the business center of Los Angeles was practically Temple Block, and the absolute business center reached but very little below First street, and not at all above the old Plaza, the whole area being confined to Los Angeles, Main and Spring streets. The corner referred to above is about two miles from the Plaza, geographically the center of the old pueblo and practically the center of the city at this time. Some eighteen months ago, in answer to an inquiry addressed to the editor of The Times as to where the business center of the city would be eventually, the journal answered, "About Pine and Figueroa." Let us see when this will be, if ever. In France, the Department of the Seine, practically the city of Paris, consists of an area of 185 square miles, or about thirteen and a half by thirteen and a half miles. This territory contains a population of more than 20,000 to the square mile, and the whole population of the department in 1906 was 3,848,618. The city of Los Angeles as it is today covers an area larger than that of the Department of the Seine. If there is added the Department of the Seine Inferieure, with an area of 2448 square miles, or about fifty by fifty miles square, and with a population of 863,879 in the year referred to above, we should have in the two departments about what the city and county of Los Angeles would be if consolidated.

The total population in the two departments is 4,716,497. But, somebody will object, Los Angeles is not Paris, and will not have the population of the French capital in fifty years. The Times answers, Why not? In 1886 the population of the Department of the Seine was 2,961,089. The population of the Department of the Seine Inferieure in 1886 was not much less than in 1906. So the increase in the twenty years was almost entirely confined to Paris, and amounts to but little less than 900,000. If in twenty years Los Angeles does not add a million to its present population it will have to stop growing. That's all. At the rate of growth now, when the next census is taken the city of Los Angeles will contain a population of a million, and then the central business section must be about twice what it is now.

A Practical Proposition.

THE great aqueduct to bring water to Los Angeles is practically completed. It will furnish a supply, not only above the needs of the present population of the city for domestic purposes, but above the needs of a population of a million. The question is being discussed what to do with the surplus. The water supply will be exactly like the little boy's apple, which after he got done with it had no core. There is a pressing demand for more water than the aqueduct will bring. The question of how to dispose of it should be answered. "In the most practical way." It should be a case of "first come, first served," and the territory contiguous to the city ought to have the first call. The main reservoir will be at the head of the great San Fernando Valley, constituting the Macley ranch of 4000 acres, Pacoima 7350, Mission lands 5300, Fernando 19,250, Chatsworth 30,900, Providencia 27,400, Calhoun 30,000, Glendale 17,900. Then passing east of the city we have Pasadena with an area of 7500 acres, South Pasadena 2250, Alhambra 3800, Balldown 5400, and San Antonio 5000, a total of about 160,000 acres. In an article on this page appear some figures concerning the city of Paris and its environs. The area of the territory described above is not much larger than that of the Department of the Seine, with its great population of nearly 4,000,000. There will be within twenty years in the city of Los Angeles and its environs 2,000,000 people, perhaps 3,000,000. Already the Fernando people are knocking at the doors, or rather trying to raise the water gates, to get a supply of this water. They are supposed to pay for it and pay for its distribution. It is a pretty sure guess that before the twenty years are up all this territory and a good deal more will be within the limits of Los Angeles city and county, and every drop of water that comes through the aqueduct will be needed right at home.

Progress Everywhere.

REFERRING to an article on this page touching the aqueduct water, it is noteworthy that the increase of population around Glendale and in other parts of the San Fernando Valley is at an enormous pace. The Pacific Electric Railroad Company is planning now for a second line to serve the people of Glendale and Tropic, two suburbs of Los Angeles, thousands of whom come to the city constantly. The railroad company is estimating the expenditure of \$100,000 for the building and equipping of the new line. In estimating time one constantly overshoots the mark in connection with this Great Southwest and the country by the Western Sea. Ten years ago the population of Tropic and Glendale was a mere handful of people, rural in character, engaged in the cultivation of fruits and vegetables. Van Nuys was unknown, Owensmouth unthought-of, and Fernando a sleepy old pueblo of the type of long-past days. Today the whole valley is seething with intense activity from Tropic all the way to Verdugo Pass and on up to La Crescenta, to which place a new electric railroad line has just been opened, and in the other direction up to Fernando, reached also in the last month by the electric cars which have resurrected the old place and given it a tremendous impetus. There is scarcely a week that this department has not to mention Van Nuys, a city today built out of a barley field of two years ago, and Owensmouth, a barley field a year ago and now a bustling community.

A Resourceful Section.

WHEN last January the severest frost ever experienced in Southern California hit the whole section, the question was where citrus-tree stock was to come from to provide for the extension of the

groves. The nursery stock in Southern California was supposed to have been nearly all killed. Southern California, like the business center of Los Angeles, is an expansive term, and any calamity that reaches the whole district must be miraculous. As a matter of fact, in many parts of the section the shipment of oranges to date falls very little below the normal, showing that large areas escaped not merely destruction but serious injury. Up to the San Joaquin Valley the effect of the frost was scarcely noticed, and from Porterville half a million orange trees will be shipped during the season from the nursery rows. They are going out at the rate of 20,000 a day to all sections of Southern California and Arizona. They come from the upper mesas which escaped the frost, and small trees are selling for \$1.50 apiece.

The Land of All Delight.

OF COURSE this headline refers to California. It could not apply to any other place on earth. And it is not only the Land of all Delight but it is the land of delight for all. We like that idea hatched out the other day at Santa Barbara to create a series of fetes reaching from Puget Sound to San Diego and covering the whole year as well as the whole coast. These festivals will be different at different places, and will occur at different times of the year. Of course Southern California, the full bloom and blossom of the western country, gets the first call, with its rose festival at Pasadena on New Year's Day. This will be followed by the rose festival in Portland, Or., in June, another "fixture" of some years standing. San Francisco comes in October, with its Portola festival, begun last year and to be repeated next October. In the meantime we may look to San Jose and Santa Clara county, with their Blossom Week not to be put after cherry week in old Japan. Santa Barbara is to fix its own date and fete, and so is San Diego. By the way, San Diego is to have an overflow from the Panama-Pacific Exposition, and it is encouraging to read that seven of the buildings are to be of a permanent character. If San Francisco is wise, a dozen of the buildings at the exposition will be of a permanent character, and thus furnish a permanent nucleus for the annual Portola festival. The population of the United States numbers close to 100,000,000 most intelligent people and possessed of more average wealth than any others in the world. Probably 250,000 Americans a year cross the Atlantic to play in France, Italy, Switzerland and all over Europe. Outside of antiquities there is more to be seen on the western shores of America than in all the rest of the world put together. The American people are turning their minds more and more from excessive money-making to reasonable money-spending. This will continue, and our leisure class will multiply very rapidly. They will come to the Coast if we will only amuse them. They have the Grand Canyon of Arizona, the Yosemite Valley, the Big Trees, the Yellowstone Park, and the new Glacier Park, natural wonders surpassed nowhere on earth, if even matched. There is Puget Sound, absolutely the most beautiful sheet of water on the globe, and from Mt. McKinley to Mt. Whitney there are a dozen magnificent snow-capped peaks and mountain regions presenting a grandeur of scenic attraction which Europe has nothing to compare with.

There's a Sensational Thrill.

A DISPATCH from New York by way of Chicago which reached The Times of April 26 informs a waiting world that there are negotiations pending for the transfer by Mexico to the United States of Lower California and all that strip of Mexican territory north of the twenty-sixth parallel of north latitude and between the ninety-eighth and one hundred and sixteenth meridians west longitude. The area involves 250,000 square miles of mother earth and carries with it about 4,000,000 of the population of Mexico. It seems a difficult story to believe, in view of the fact that the Constitution of Mexico makes it a capital offense to alienate a square foot of the territory of the country. But the condition of Mexico is so disturbed that a little matter like the Constitution need not stand in the way of almost anything. Our government is not moving in this, the reported negotiations being conducted by a syndicate of capitalists who are to furnish Mexico with \$30,000,000. The Mexican government is in sore need of funds and might do almost anything to obtain the sinews of war.

"Column Forward!"
A RECORD OF INDUSTRIAL
PROGRESS.

With a new record made in April in the amount of money put into buildings in the city of Los Angeles, accompanied by a similar activity in all the surrounding towns throughout Southern California, with bank clearings up to the record if not making a new one, and with more new people coming into the section than ever before, the story is told concerning progress and development in the heart of the Great Southwest and along the shores of the Western Sea.

Those living around Santa Monica Bay and up to The Palms are planning a new link in the great national boulevard, to be one of the finest in our highways, to cost \$500,000. Santa Monica is spending \$750,000 in street work.

The California Woolen Manufacturing Company has begun actual work on the construction of the new woolen factory at Long Beach, two buildings to cost from \$150,000 to \$200,000.

The Highland Home ranch, 146 acres, at Beaumont, has been sold for \$125,000, the largest sale recorded in that section excepting that of the Porter ranch, which brought \$150,000.

The Modern Woodmen of the World of the city of Los Angeles, with a membership of 7000, are planning a new home on South Olive street near Pico to cost \$50,000.

A ten-acre orange grove at Redlands has been sold for \$45,000.

Plans are being drawn for a new theater on Broadway near Ninth street, to cost \$75,000.

The James ranch of 72,000 acres in Fresno county is about to change hands, and will be subdivided.

At El Segundo a watch is being kept for the arrival of a big tank steamer coming around the Horn from the shipyards for the Standard Oil Company. It is called after the town and is one of six.

The Sentinel Heights Water Company, capitalized at \$1,000,000, with a bond issue of \$1,000,000 added, has been organized to furnish water to a district around Inglewood, and the capital stock is all paid in.

The Odd Fellows of Los Angeles are planning a new hall which promises to be one of the handsomest temples of the order in the West at a cost of \$150,000. The site is on Flower street and Twelfth, and cost last January \$100,000.

The city authorities of Long Beach have recommended the following bond issues, six in number: One for a sewer system, \$350,000; one for the horseshoe pier, \$400,000; City Hall, \$200,000; Belmont Heights pleasure pier, \$50,000; an incinerator, \$35,000, a total of \$1,035,000. The city has now a population of 30,000.

Contracts have been let for the building of twenty-four residences at a cost of \$75,000 in the Angeles Mesa Tract, southwest of Los Angeles.

At Placentia a Valencia orange grove of twenty acres has been sold at \$50,000, and in the foothills of La Habra Valley a five-acre ranch has been sold for \$18,000.

In one transaction, eight lots at Hollywood have been sold at \$43,840, and the new buyer proposes to erect two apartment-houses to cost about \$80,000 apiece.

A forty-eight-year lease has been made on a lot 130x160 feet on Main street near Ninth, the total rental consideration being \$650,000.

Changing Political Fancy.

The baby is a darling, but 'twould take a millionaire To buy the things he wants, so what's the use? No sooner do I raise the funds to get a teddy bear Than the little rascal wants a teddy moose! —Judge.

EDITORIAL.

Be Considerate—Keep Cool.

NOW that the warm—the very warm, not to say hot days are crowding hard upon us, when temper and perspiration come to the surface as naturally as water does not run up hill, we have reason to put a guard upon ourselves, for this is the time of year of temperamental skidding. We go down the street mopping our necks and faces, red to the hair roots, and swearing that if we get enough money in bank we'll go to Alaska sure. But we don't mean it. We'd rather be roasted by the Los Angeles sun than bask in Arcadian days anywhere else in the country. Why? Because we know the peculiarities of our climate cut here so well. Any temporary rigor from which we may suffer we are sure will not last very long, and we also know that we are not liable to violent changes such as those with which other communities are afflicted. In the midst of the greatest heat a little breeze will spring up from we know not where, pouring balm upon the sizzling forehead and the likewise sizzling grouch. And if it doesn't we know that we do not need to spend a few hundred dollars to get some place where it is cooler. Anything from 5 cents to a few dimes will dump us out into some spot where the ocean breezes may blow over us, or where the wind may sweep down in some cool canyon in the cleft of a mountain. You don't need an automobile to get to these places. Quite a number are accessible from the car lines—unless you are the sort of person who will allow his limbs to become ossified in preference to walking half a block to find comfort, and who looks upon a small knoll as a mortal affront to human legs.

But what we started out to say is, be considerate of yourself as well as of others in the warm weather. Remember that every time you get "mad" your blood is heated that much more. Take it easy, keep in a good humor, and drink plenty of cool water. This promotes perspiration, and perspiration cools the body. If the girl who waits upon you in the store moves like a snail, try to remember that perhaps she needs a drink of water, or a good deep breath of the out-of-doors. Make a virtue of necessity, and sit still and cool off yourself, and get into an adorable state of mind. The better your thoughts the bigger the chances for some friend to roll up with his machine, to ask you for a swift, cooling spin into the suburbs. Be calm, be considerate, and keep cool.

Ghost Terrifies a Family.

[Minneapolis Journal:] Wausau, Wis., has a spook. Clad in ghostly vestments, surrounded by a mist that throws out a dimly burning phosphorescent glow, its intangible presence in the dead of night moves about the domicile of Harry Sipes, making weird noises and playing pleasant little tricks, such as rapping loudly on doors and throwing the sleeping members of the family out of bed.

Twice has the head of the Sipes clan retired to his couch, after locking his door, and twice has he been thrown bodily out of bed, awakening to see the form of the ghost "flox" out through the keyhole. Night before last the specter made its third appearance and so disturbed was Sipes pere that he ran hatless and coatless for three blocks bellowing lustily for the watch. Three policemen who kept watch last night failed to see the spook, but are hopeful he will appear tonight.

A Puzzled Missourian.

[Jamesport Gazette:] Will someone explain why some people who are invariably late at church need no bell to call them to the moving-picture show on time?

A Plea.

For the silent world about us,
Voiceless on their own behalf;
That can never utter speeches,
Raise a cry, or frame a laugh!
Patient laborers in our service,
Docile to our hand and word—
For the mighty debt we owe them
Must the payment be deferred?
Horse and oxen, sheep and cattle,
Answer each one to our needs,
Feed us, clothe us, bear our burdens,
Shall we not repay their deeds?
Ours the speech, and theirs the silence!
Ours control, and theirs the good!
Shall we dare to still deny them
Every help beneath their load,
Fountains on the ways they travel,
Food and rest, when work time ends?
Spare your blows and spare your curses,
They can feel, as you feel, friends!
Now in the immediate present,
Help their cause as best you may.
Do not pause, and wait, and linger!
For their sakes, begin today.
Keep an eager watch about you!
Seize the chances as they come.
Brothers! ours the gift of speech is;
Help God's creatures that are dumb!
—[Una F. Curran, in Our Dumb Animals.]

The End of the Shower.

The shining drops of rain come slowly down
As crystal gems from God's own jeweled hand,
And from behind the cloudbank's silver crown
The sun rays gild with splendor all the land.
Each blade of grass is like a silver spear,
And far more fair than pearls wet sand-stones gleam,
While in bright pools of water far and near
Are mirrored scenes fair as a seraph's dream.
Now falls the rhythmic patter of the rain
And free from clouds the gleaming sun-shine fair,
While blazes all the scintillating plain
And new-born splendor fills the earth and air.
With what a vibrant touch of freshened life
The tender plants unfold fresh healed from blight!
While trees and fields with bursting songs are rife
As all the birds proclaim their new delight.
—[George Lawrence Andrews, in New York Sun.]

Reluctance.

Out through the fields and the woods
And over the walls I have wended;
I have climbed the hills of view,
And looked at the world, and descended;
I have come by the highway home;
And lo! it is ended.

The leaves are all dead on the ground,
Save those that the oak is keeping
To ravel them one by one,
And let them go scraping and creeping
Out over the crusted snow
When others are sleeping.

And the dead leaves are huddled and still,
No longer blown hither and thither;
The last lone aster is gone;
The flowers of the witch-hazel wither;
The heart is still aching to seek,
But the feet question, "Whither?"

Ah, when, to the heart of man,
Seemed it ever less than a treason
To go with the drift of things,
To yield with a grace to reason,
And bow and accept the end
Of a love or a season?

—[Robert Frost, in Youth's Companion.]

His Name.

She ransacked every novel,
And the dictionary, too,
But nothing ever printed
For her baby's name would do;
She hunted appellations
From the present and the past,
And this is what she named him
When they christened him at last:

Julian Harold Egbert
Ulysses Victor Paul
Algernon Marcus Cecil
Sylvester George McFall
But after all the trouble
She'd taken for his sake,
His father called him Fatty,
And his schoolmates called him Jake.
—[Minna Irving, in New York Times.]

HUMOR.

[Judge:] "The ducky," says a Southern Congressman, "although proverbially improvident, sometimes has his weather eye open."

"In Mobile one day I gave a quarter to a colored youth who had done me some trifling service. The coin was handed back to me. 'Excuse me, boss,' said the negro; 'yo' knows I don't want no pay fo' what I does fo' yo'. Yo' jes' gimme dat ole suit of clothes yo has on.'"

[Judge:] Wiseman: I see that a woman election inspector in California, late at the polling place because she stopped to frizzle her hair, was violently angry because her place had been filled.

Cynicus: A few more incidents like that will convert me to equal suffrage.

Wiseman: Why?
Cynicus: Well, in all the world's history there never before has been anything that would teach woman that time flies at the toilet.

[Youth's Companion:] "I want a piece of meat without any bone, fat or gristle," said the bride, on her first trip to market.
"Yes, ma'am," replied the butcher. "I would suggest that you take an egg."

[Judge:] "What kind of a man is Squire Simmons, anyway?"

"Well, I'll tell ye. You've seen them snowstorms along airily in the winter, when there's a good deal of wind, but not much sleighing? That's the sort he is."

The latest appreciation of Shakespeare by his fellow townsmen is reported in the Washington Star.

In Stratford, during one of the Shakespeare jubilees, an American tourist approached an aged villager in a smock, and said:

"Who is this chap Shakespeare, anyway?"

"He were a writer, sir."
"Oh, but there are lots of writers. Why do you make such a fuss over this one, then? Wherever I turn I see Shakespeare hotels, Shakespeare cakes, Shakespeare chocolates, Shakespeare shoes. What did he write—magazine stories, attacks on the trusts, popular novels?"

"No, sir; oh, no, sir!" said the aged villager. "I understand he writ for the Bible, sir."

[St. Louis Republic:] Sitting behind him she was watching and admiring his long, even, smooth, muscular strokes. Now was her chance.

"Oh, Mr. Swankins, George, how well you paddle your own canoe!"
"Think so, Miss Smithers, Clarice; just as we are now could you trust me to take you down the stream of life—just you and I, together?"

[Judge:] A young lady reporter on a country paper was sent out to interview leading citizens as to their politics. "May I see the gentleman of the house?" she asked of a large woman who opened the door at one residence.

"No, you can't!" answered the woman decisively.

"But I want to know what party he belongs to," pleaded the girl.

"Well, take a good look at me," she said sternly. "I'm the party he belongs to."

[Dallas News:] "A soft answer turneth away wrath. A tactful one, by the same token, saves many a man his job."

The speaker was George W. Perkins. He continued:

"I once had occasion to rebuke a young clerk for inefficiency. I may have been too severe. The lad, after all, was faithful and willing, despite a certain element of stupidity in him."

"At any rate, he silenced me very well indeed—as a matter of fact he raised himself both in my esteem and my payroll—when he answered distressfully to my rebuke:

"Look here, Mr. Perkins, the trouble with you is that you want all your men to be as clever as you are yourself. But if we were all as clever as you are yourself, where then would you be?"

[Judge:] A Canadian woman wanted to show her Chinese servant the correct way to announce visitors, and one afternoon went outside her front door, rang the bell, and made the man usher her into the drawing room.

The following afternoon the bell rang, and not hearing him answer it, she went to the

door herself. To her surprise, he was standing waiting outside.

"Why, Sing," she asked, "what are you doing here?"

"You fooler me yestddy. I fooler you today," was his reply.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] "My grandpa lived to be awful old—he was almost a hundred!" boasted one small boy.

"Huh! My grandpa was older's than that the other one."

"How old was your grandpa?"

"He ain't dead yet—yah, yah!"

"But my grandpa, he died of old age."

"So did mine."

"Aw! You said your grandpa ain't dead."

"He ain't. But he's had that twice and got over it!"

A Pig With Only Two Legs.

[Portland Oregonian:] Two-legged pigs are common enough of the human race, especially found on the street cars, but a two-legged pig is seldom seen, but one freak in the pig family is owned by T. Stubblefield, a resident of Kenton, who brought the animal from Eastern Oregon. The animal weighs 150 pounds and is normal in every way, except he has only two front legs. His hind quarters, where his hind legs ought to be, if nature had slipped a cog somewhere, tapers down near nothing.

In spite of the lack of two hind legs the pig is able to get around lively in a crawling fashion. At times he manages to stand on his two fore feet, but cannot "gate" freely that way. In order to help this pig where he is defective two wheels are strapped to his hind quarters supporting his body, and by this means he can move rapidly, and rather enjoys this curious pendage. He is a common white spotted hog, and his appetite is always good.

Cannot Stop a Woman Talking.

[New York Times:] Morris Klein, a student of the Bronx, appealed tearfully to Magistrate Murphy in the Morrisania court to enjoin a woman neighbor from talking so much. Klein said that the woman lived next door to him and that she started six in the morning to talk to the neighbors at large and was generally going to top speed throughout the day and until after midnight. Sleep, according to Klein was unknown in his block.

"I am but a magistrate with no supernatural powers," declared Magistrate Murphy. "To stop a woman from talking is beyond the province of human power. Time has proved that it can't be done."

Klein declared that he would call upon the Supreme Court. If he failed there, he declared that he would have to move.

Found Alligator in Her Bed.

[Hartford Courant:] When Miss Lillian A. Welsh, a pretty schoolteacher of New Norwalk, Conn., pulled down the covers on her bed last evening she found a very frisky young alligator there. One look was enough and with a lusty scream Miss Welsh mounted to the top of her bureau yelling "Put it out!"

The family promptly summoned the department. By the time the firemen arrived the real trouble had been ascertained and Miss Dorothy Smith, Miss Welsh's sister teacher and chum, who owned the alligator, had returned the reptile to its cage.

Scared Out of His Trousers.

[New York Sun:] A carload of 40,000 pounds of dynamite at Seattle bound for Alaska, was used as a bullseye target by boys and shot so full of holes that the car of the car was riddled and splintered. The fact that the dynamite was packed well at either end of the car is believed to be the only thing that saved an explosion.

Lead bullets were found imbedded in the wooden boxes around the dynamite. The car was left on a side track three miles out of the city and boys thought it empty. The dynamite exploded the 40,000 pounds would have shaken down buildings within a radius of three miles and probably broken all the glass in Seattle.

The Natural Explanation.

[Judge:] Prosecuting attorney (testifying): You say the candidate wasn't running for alderman or councilman or for any office; then what was he running for?

Witness (stupidly): I dunno—'less he might be he seen a cop comin' round the corner.



IT SEEMS to the Eagle tribe that the dance or Nature knew what when it created man. If man a fruit tree or of a thoroughbred stock it would have puzzled his catalogue him. A nurseryman to guarantee his stock and if "come true to kind" the nurse his business. If he sells a pig it turns out to bear plums he worse orders, and if a stock he colt for a Percheron and it proves a mustang his business is ruined. The Eagle tribe is always right and no one ever mistakes the barnyard fowl or an old goose, one ever called an Eagle "a duck" features of the Eagle tribe are same in every member of the tribe. Eagle eye and hooked beak to spread of his tail feathers and end of his sharp talons. So hawk tribes, and even the little tomtit are never mistakable kind of feathered thing.



WEARING seems to be like. No end of a stylish said "damn" with serene in the ordinary course of other day, and when I said "I thought I was alluding to her" said he was quite well, thank Of course, in these days of I don't see why a really nice should not say damn if she will I come to think of it, it is a leading interest to an otherwise colorless conversation.

The Swear Test.

DESIDES, the swear test is excellent one. Some people "something awful" and mere prestige thereby. Others, Young men will do well to listen and tone of their goddess future before taking any last step.

For instance, when I heard distinguished mamma say: "F don't be a fool, Maria," at the recently, I promptly reconstructed toward her young and better Petunia. If, thought I, do it with a more distinguished must transfer my affections. It would be rather awful, you a woman who could not swim and good breeding.

I played a round of golf recently and I must say that lacks a good deal in act charm, her swearing is all desired. There was an incident about it that was very captivating with her clothes, too. Important that discriminating select suitable swear word their gowns. Blue calls for and mild, while cerise would a vivid exclamation on a Almost any characteristic remark would do for ye needs imagination, and blue genuine feeling.

HUSBAND OVERLOOKS.

Lola M. Kreis was practically banished from the city yesterday when Judge Wilbur turned her over to her husband, who is employed near Monterey. Mrs. Kreis received a suspended sentence of one year in jail for having contributed to the disappearance of Rosa Bonciani, aged 16. She was then placed on probation for three years.

Kreis agreed to take his wife, overlooking past offenses. While on probation previously he provided a good

UNDELIVERED TELEGRAMS.

There are telegrams at the Western Union office for Dr. A. Burges, George Mark, Isaac Pickering, Ethel Edwards, H. W. Short, Mrs. Horace Bowman, A. M. Villarreal, J. D. Elsom, R. L. Payne, Thomas Macrae, Ida L. McGroarty, H. R. Sanford, R. E. Wright, Joseph Kossis, Leroy Pallen, Ely Brannon, Mrs. Georgia V. Baker, Emeterio de la Garm, L. J. Funder, C. O. Johnson, Eva Scott, Addie Wiles, Mabel Freeland, Albert

231 S. Broadway

Opp. City Hall



SEEMS to the Eagle tribe that Providence or Nature knew what it was doing when it created man. If man had been a bird tree or of a thoroughbred strain of bird it would have puzzled his producer to guarantee him. A nurseryman is required to guarantee his stock and if it does not come true to kind the nurseryman loses his business. If he sells a peach tree and it turns out to bear plums he will get no orders, and if a stock raiser sells a cow for a Percheron and it proves to be only a mongrel his business is ruined.

The Eagle tribe is always true to strain, and no one ever mistakes the Eagle for a fowl or an old goose, and no wise man ever called an Eagle "a duck." All the members of the Eagle tribe are exactly the same in every member of the tribe, from his head and hooked beak to the furthest tip of his tail feathers and to the very end of his sharp talons. So it is with the Eagle tribe, and even the little lark and the hawk are never mistakable for any other kind of feathered thing.

The other night as I sat on my aerial on the granite tower listening to the wires as they hummed their various stories from all over creation, "and part of Texas," to make

up for next morning the great religious journal, exponent of all civilization, which bears the image of the Eagle bird, among these stories was one that made me laugh. I had heard his name often before but never connected him with a story coming out of the United States Senate. That body has appeared to the mind of the Eagle to stand for all that is most dignified in human life, and among the characteristics of dignity is sobriety. There is no disputing this statement, for no drunken man, under any circumstances, ever conserved any particle of dignity in his person, conversation or movements.

But there are several kinds of intoxication, and they all take away more or less from the dignity of the individual. There is intoxication in speech, and no man ever "exalted" too much in his verbiage preserved his dignity. There is sobriety in dress, and no man whose wardrobe is marked with "excess" could possibly bear his dignity well upon him.

We have all heard in years past of a citizen from the State of Illinois known as J. Ham Lewis, whose costume always flamboyant as a rainbow and "drunk as a fiddler's fool" has made him a thing to laugh at, not only where he was seen, but wherever his name was mentioned. J. Ham is ambitious as well as sartorial, and his great ambition has been to be a United States Senator. Well, at last he has got into that quondam "august assembly" once graced by the presence of men like Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, George F. Edmonds and W. B. Allison, not to mention men of lesser lights. And if the spirits of the "great statesmen of the past" were hovering around the Senate chamber when the name of James Hamilton Lewis, Senator from Illinois, was called, they must have chuckled. The Eagle can

imagine Stephen A. Douglas saying to himself as he looked upon this bizarre "counterfeit presentment" as a Senator, "surely the people of my own State of the present day are all suckers right enough, or they would not have sent this product of the man-milliner's art to represent them in the Senate, where I once appeared."

Some philosopher is authority for the statement that the tailor makes the man. A philosopher of olden time said "manners make the man and want of it the fellow. All the rest is leather and prunella." Now if the tailor makes the man then is it not a logical conclusion that the man must be an old woman, for J. Ham seems to have wasted more time on his "makeup" the day he appeared in the Senate than La Comtesse Du Barry did on the evening of her presentation at Versailles in the court of Louis XV. The Du Barry's coiffure on that occasion was the highest achievement of the hair-dresser's art, the artist being the renowned Leonard, and the coiffure of La Comtesse on that occasion made the hair-dresser's reputation for all the rest of his life. The Du Barry's suite of blond locks was part of her wonderful attraction, and so was J. Ham's. They were plentiful as a big furze bush on an Irish mountain side and as fiery golden in their appearance. His necktie just made the United States flag look sick and embodied all the glories of all the national flags of the earth mingled in one kaleidoscopic effect. So the eye proceeds down the senatorial person along the waistcoat that looked like a California mesa when the poppies are in bloom. His shirt was silk in fabric and pink in color, his stockings, if I remember right, were blue and of course were silk. It made the Eagle chuckle thinking of an old rhyme, heard for ages past, running as follows:

"Did you ever see the devil dressed
All in his Sunday's best?
His coat was red and his breeches blue
With a hole behind where his tail came through."
Perhaps the last part of the description of the dress of His Satanic Majesty would not apply to the dress of the Senator from Illinois. But surely the Illinois statesman must have looked more like the creature that accompanies an Italian and his hurdy-gurdy to gather up coppers in the streets, than like the Senators of the olden time whose "statesmen's clothes" were always "a suit of solemn black" as somber as Hamlet's and cut after the fashion known as a double-breasted Prince Albert as to the coat. There are a certain order of animals that are always flamboyant in their get-up. It is perfectly proper for a species of trout to be striped like a rainbow, and the bird of paradise has a right to look like the aurora borealis in the midnight sky. The plumes of the birds of paradise, like the crest of the egret, are the undoing of that bird, but the fantastic wardrobe of the Illinois Senator has been the making of the man. The Eagle has never heard of him in any connection excepting in that that takes him to the tailor's shop. The barber shop he never visits, for his whiskers which are pink have never felt the razor's touch. They are as luxuriant as those of the Indiana Senator named Kern and brighter in comparison than the mid-day sun compared with the darkest midnight that ever hung over Egypt.

Yours for the Sartorial Senator.

The Eagle
HIS MARK



WEARING seems to be getting lady-like. No end of a stylish society dame said "damn" with serene indifference as the ordinary course of conversation the other day, and when I said "The devil!" she thought I was alluding to her husband and said he was quite well, thank you.

Of course, in these days of equal rights I don't see why a really nice, refined girl should not say damn if she wants to. Now I come to think of it, it is a good way of ending interest to an otherwise tepid and colorless conversation.

The Swear Test.

RENTS, the swear test is a really excellent one. Some people can swear something awful and merely add to their swag thereby. Others, again, can't. Long men will do well to listen to the call and tone of their goddess's swearing in before taking any hasty, irrevocable action.

For instance, when I heard a certain distinguished mamma say: "For God's sake, let's be a fool, Maria," at the bridge table recently, I promptly reconsidered my attitude toward her young and beautiful daughter Petunia. If, thought I, Petunia cannot do it with a more distinguished air than that I must transfer my affections without delay. It would be rather awful, you know, to own a woman who could not swear with éclat and good breeding.

I played a round of golf with Miranda recently and I must say that while Miranda and I must deal in actual beauty and charm, her swearing is all that could be desired. There was an indefinable cachet about it that was very captivating. It went well with her clothes, too. It is very important that discriminating maidens should select suitable swear words to tone with their gowns. Blue calls for something cool and mild, while cerise would seem to need a vivid exclamation on a fortissimo note. Almost any characteristically Main-street remark would do for yellow, but green needs imagination, and blush rose calls for passion feeling.

Now if, without a censor to protect them,

Girlish Emphasis.

SO FAR, the girls, sweet flowers of tender spring, favor the more commonplace swears like "hell," "damn," "devil" and "infernal." The matrons, on the other hand, run to blasphemy. That is the worst of importing one's gowns from Paris. One is so apt to import the customs of the country, too, and a mild form of blasphemy—the Mon Dieu and the Sacre Coeurs—is always rather modish in France.

Still, I would humbly point out that the French language lends a certain chic thereto which is missing in plain American. "Mon Dieu," while being quite unequivocal, is really much more refined than "Oh, Gee," which adds specious hypocrisy to sacrilege. Both mean the same, of course, in the end. The mode seems to be for greater emphasis. Thus, where the beautiful princess formerly said "You be blown!" she now casually remarks "Damn you!" and goes on with the game. Where the gracious young duchess would have remarked "Such a bother!" she now snaps "Simply hellish!" in a well-modulated voice.

Tres chic. These little conversational adornments lend the women an attraction just when their conversations needed it most. Once again is our yawn deferred. But even modish swearing loses its attraction after a time.

The Dramatic Censor.

SO THEY have abolished their dramatic censor at last over in England. Such a pity, because the old chap fulfilled a very useful position in preventing the people, bless 'em, from being made uncomfortable. Many people were under the impression that the Lord Chamberlain censored plays in order to keep the stage moral, but anyone who, like myself, has ever witnessed any of the banned plays will readily see that this was all a mistake.

Besides, did not the dear old chap license musical comedy after musical comedy—and each one more showily, indecently, inane and immoral than the last.

I saw three plays that had been banned by the censor while I was in London (it is a bit of trouble, but one can always get round those little orders!)—one of Granville Barker's, one of Galsworthy's and one of Shaw's. In each case the realism was so intense and immorality was so painfully unpleasant that one really could not call them immoral plays. One was driven to virtue through sheer luck if nothing else. They had a most unpleasant effect upon me. Stirred my conscience as it had never been stirred before, jagged my self-righteousness, lashed my complacency until I felt as though I had passed through a very trying cross-examination and come out worst. I did not enjoy myself at all, but I was fascinated—and moved.

Now if, without a censor to protect them,

the British public is prepared to pay for and patronize that sort of thing I shall begin to think that the Trust the People slogan has something in it after all. But I am afraid they are much more likely to prove faithful to the old indecent, immoral form of gaiety. But either way the censor was superfluous.

The Resumption of Suttee.

THEY have been reviving the suttee rites in India again and it is reported two widows have duly been burned alive in order that they might follow their husbands at the soonest convenient moment, and incidentally cease to encumber the earth.

It seems a drastic way of removing widows, no matter how tiresome they may be. I know several widows myself who are responsible for quite a deal of trouble in the world, but I should hardly care to suggest the suttee idea. Still, one can but regard with a certain wistfulness the peculiar superiority of the customs of the ancient races in many things.

The fact is we agree entirely with suttee, but we have not the courage of our convictions. We know that widows are dangerous, a genuine menace to many a good man. They are rarely good-looking—a heinous offense in a woman whom, obviously, even the gods despised. Frequently they are not even useful.

In fact, take them all in all, the world would be far and away better off without widows. To do them justice, they seem to recognize this themselves and do their level best to obviate it by taking a second plunge in matrimonial waters. But that only means that some good man sinks with her. Such a pity.

If, instead of tinkering with the Japanese, who are a useful, honorable race and have no personal designs upon us, our Legislatures at Sacramento would devote a little time to this much more serious question of widows—I honestly believe I'd vote for 'em. As it is, widows are allowed to wander at large, wear a crepe placard, play on our sympathy, menace our liberty, get special prayers in church and special privileges from insurance companies, receive pensions, interfere in their late husbands' business, boss the children, and wear becoming half-mourning. Old widows are not so bad, but young widows are the very dickens.

I give you my word, I get nervous and lose every last ounce of my usual debonaire manner directly I am left alone with a widow. A beautiful debutante, a debuffed jeune fille, a clubwoman, a society hostess, a culture lecturer, or even Mrs. Haffner-Ginger, leave me comparatively unmoved, but a widow! Nay, nay, take her away.

The Bridge Club.

I SEE there is a bridge club for sale. The proprietor assures us that it is a per-

fectly respectable affair run on clean lines, with a membership of 150 of the Very Best People. That it is a good paying proposition and that the only reason he wants to sell it is that he is getting too old to be charming, and charm is essential in the proprietor! Sounds quite racy. Should like to see a list of members.

Still, it doubtless is perfectly respectable if he says it is. For my part I cannot conceive of bridge being anything else. I have always decided that I shall take to bridge in my old age, when I have just enough wits left to become a really first-class player. For those who have nothing else to live for bridge must be a veritable god-send.

Harmony from Life.

[London Daily News:] Futurism in music, or the art of making horrid noises, is the next thing the artistic world has to face. The originator of the idea is M. Luigi Russolo, whose vocation is that of a painter. His idea is to have "symphonies of human life," composed of a multiplication of the everyday sounds which go to make up the daily experience.

Beethoven and Wagner, he says, have stirred our hearts for a good many years; but now we shall take infinitely more pleasure in listening to the combinations of familiar sounds which mean so much to us in our daily life. We shall, he is sure, soon prefer an imitation of a motorbus in full cry or the wail of a tube lift to the most lauded passages in the "Heroic Symphony" or the "Pastoral."

It is easy to see that M. Russolo is an ingenious gentleman, and his ingenuity in conceiving his idea is no greater than his cleverness in carrying it out. He has already partially completed the task of inventing a number of instruments to produce his effects. Those he has already manufactured will imitate to the life the sound of escaping gas, the gurgling of water in a pipe, the snuffing of a motor-car exhaust, the thud of pistons, the harmonious effect of a tramcar running at a high speed on a badly-laid track, the flapping of flaps, the noise of shop doors closing, the bustle of a large crowd, and the tender cadences of an underground railway train.

He has others "on the stocks," but is suspending operations to write a symphony entitled "Pantheon—Place Courcelles," which may possibly be adapted for London audiences under the name of "Bank to Shepherd's Bush." Thus it seems that if the new idea becomes popular concert goers will eschew programmes and simply go to Queen's Hall, for example, armed with an L.G.O. monthly guide. All the conductor (of the orchestra) will have to do will be to announce to the audience: "Service 6," or "Service 20," as the case may be, and then strike up.

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Noted Men and Women of the Southwest.

Fulfillment of Prophecy of a Mysterious Voice.

By a Special Contributor.

THE AX OF DEATH.

WE WERE bound from Guayaquil for San Francisco with a cargo that showed cocoa on our clearance papers. A few of us knew that some of the boxes contained precious metal that had not been declared. We had worked up the coast from Miquique, where we had picked up some more, and were sailing deep.

We carried a single passenger when we went off, a newspaper man of the name of Lucien McHenry, who had gone to Venezuela and drifted from there all over South America. His home was in San Francisco and he wanted to get back to God's country. During the three months he had spent in Guayaquil he had learned quite a bit about the place, particularly concerning Lizette Marceau, the daughter of a certain Frenchman there.

McHenry moved his quarters to the "Amie T" as soon as he closed a deal with Capt. Sentile and we turned one of the small boats over for his use. We were scarce clear of the harbor when he came up to me in the ship's eyes. He was as white as a ghost and as nervous as if he had seen one.

"I saw a dinky government tug back there, with steam up," he said, jerking his thumb toward the shore. "Her captain wouldn't have any authority to stop you, would he?"

I stared at him in surprise. His words made me think of the part of our cargo that had not been declared and they made me uneasy. This smuggling business was new to me and I didn't approve of it.

"What's on your mind?" I snapped.

He laughed nervously.

"It isn't the same thing that seems to be on yours," he replied. Then as I scowled, "Oh, I know what you've got in some of those cocoa cases, but that is none of my business and I can keep my mouth shut as long as you do the same about my affair."

He stood there staring back toward Guayaquil for some time. Then he faced me again and snapped out these words:

"There is no use in trying to fight. I've got to tell someone before I go mad, and you're the only person aboard ship I trust."

I think McHenry wasn't exactly certain that I was going to take the statement, but I told him for all his queer ways. So I decided to hear what was on his mind. I glanced about and made certain that none of the crew was within hearing.

"Get it off your chest," I said.

He hesitated for a moment, studying me closely. Then he began with the air of a man who faces the inevitable and knows it. And this was the story of Lucien McHenry:

He had drifted into Guayaquil and met this little Marceau. She was attractive and he was lonely. It became the most natural thing in the world to visit her home, which he did very often. With him it had been simply a case of friendship. With her—he had been too selfishly happy to seriously consider the case from that angle.

As I said before.

People began to comment on the visits of the American and the girl's father came to McHenry and, point-blank, asked him what were his intentions. This was something of a lacer, and McHenry, realizing what he was up against and jockeying for an opening, made the error of not giving a straight answer. The Frenchman went into a rage, ordered McHenry out of his home, and promised to thrash him within an inch of his life if he ever showed his nose about the place again.

The affair might have ended right there, so far as McHenry was concerned, if he had used any brains at all, but, of course, he didn't. He made two mistakes. First, he was known to the girl under an assumed name and, second, he had given her a locket. This locket, which opened with a hidden spring, contained his picture and a few other things that, once they were discovered, would leave absolutely no doubt as to his identity. He had intended to get back the locket before sailing, but the twist matters had taken knocked his plans higher than a crow's nest.

To leave the locket behind was out of the question. How to get his hands on it was a problem. You see, McHenry had a real respect for Lizette's father and his promise. The outcome was that he did just what such

an addlepate would do—he made up his mind to force an entrance into the house during the night and steal the thing.

The first part of his plan worked to perfection. The night before sailing proved ideal for his purposes and he got into the house and as far as her room unobserved. She was asleep and he was lucky enough to land the locket without awakening her. He toptooed out of the room and started down the hall toward the rear window by which he had entered. Then his luck broke. Someone stepped out of an open doorway and seized his arms. McHenry tried to break and run for it, but he was held securely as in a vise. Without uttering a word, his captor dragged him down the hall to the stairs and then to the floor below. By this time he had discovered the man's identity and the fact that he had an ugly rawhide quirt. He was Lizette's father.

"I've been wondering if you would be fool enough to come back for your punishment," he said grimly, and all the strength seemed to go from McHenry, leaving him as helpless as a child in the Frenchman's hands. The rawhide sang through the air and bit into his back.

Then McHenry went mad with terror. To cry out meant arousing the household, to take his beating was too horrible to be thought of. He struggled and twisted, but the Frenchman held him in his vise-like grip. A second time the quirt bit into his back, the end stinging his cheek. A third time it landed and then with a great red light before his eyes he lifted his hands and his fingers closed about the other man's throat.

The grip on McHenry's shoulder loosened and the quirt dropped to the floor, but his fingers tightened their terrible hold. As they struggled he could feel his opponent growing weaker. He caught, as in a dream, the gasp that had been intended for a scream. Then the Frenchman went limp in his hands and slipped to the floor in a tell-tale heap.

A Ghostly Prophecy.

Sick with fear, McHenry sank to his knees and pressed an ear to the man's chest. He listened for what seemed an eternity for a heart beat, but heard nothing. He heard steps above him, then a woman's voice chanted in French:

"When the tree falls before the ax of the woodman who is to say that its spirit shall not return to him and demand payment?"

Stifling the awful desire to scream forth his terror, he shook the grinning thing before him. Then with a sob he pitched to his feet.

He had killed a man!

How he made his way out of the house, across the city, and at last to the docks McHenry did not know. The boat in which he had come ashore floated where he had left it, and no one was in sight. He tumbled into it, cast off and drifted for a while and then rowing like a demon, reached the ship. He had hidden in his cabin until sunup when the sound of the screws told him we were off. Then he had come to me.

This was McHenry's confession, but, terrible as it was, there were two sides to it and he was already paying the penalty of his deed. He had not killed in cold blood and knowing what would face him if he were sent back, I could not bring myself to turn him over to the authorities. I told him to hold his tongue and agreed to put him ashore at the first port in California.

All that day my thoughts kept wandering back to McHenry and his story. I began to wish that he was on any ship in the world but ours, for such men never bring good luck to a vessel and, with that undeclared stuff in the hold, there was enough on my mind without a man killer, even though he had done the act in self-defense, so to speak.

To make things worse he couldn't get a grip on his nerves to save his soul. He went about ship like a man who feels something following him that he cannot lay his hands on, and every few minutes he would use the glasses as if he expected to make out a pursuing craft of some sort.

The next morning he came up to me and when I looked at his face I had the ugly feeling that he was doomed to pay for what he had done sooner than I had expected.

"We have changed our course," he muttered, pointing at the compass.

I replied that we had as Capt. Sentile wished to touch at the Galapagos. McHenry

went a pasty white and trembled so that he had to support himself on the rail. When he could speak he stammered a single word: "Why?"

"In heaven's name how am I to know why?" I answered gruffly. "He is captain of this vessel, not me. Ask him."

He leaned toward me, his eyes wild and strange.

"You haven't forgotten that I know what's in the cases, have you?" he muttered. "I reckon that if the captain's plans have anything to do with me he might be persuaded to change them if he knew that. Eh?"

It made me hot and then cold all over to look at him and see what fear was doing to him. I told him that Capt. Sentile knew nothing so far as I was concerned, and he slouched away forced to accept the case as I presented it to him and not a little ashamed of his actions, I think.

Unmanned by Terror.

He came to me the third time in my stateroom that evening as I was trying to enjoy a pipe before turning in. It was almost unbearably hot with the door and ports open, but he insisted on closing them. When he had done this he dropped into a chair at my table and buried his face in his hands. After a while he looked up and I saw that he had not been crying, which is a terrible thing with a man in his mental condition.

"All day I have been thinking about what that woman sang," he said, in a tone as unlike his own as mine. "I have tried to figure out what it means and I can't do it. I can't do it," he repeated hopelessly.

"There may not have been any voice; it probably was your nerves," I insisted a bit roughly, for it wasn't the easiest thing in the world to see the man suffer. "Have some Scotch and be off to your berth. We will hit California before you know it. We should make the Galapagos some time tomorrow."

He shivered as if a cold draught had caught him between the shoulders.

"I'm dreading that," he said dully.

I poured out a stiff drink and he tossed it off like water, but it didn't seem to have the least effect on him.

"There are trees there," he kept repeating to himself. "And that means the spirit of the tree will find me."

Ravings? I would like to have thought so, but I knew better. I was quite aware of the fact that constant brooding can rob a man of his reason, but McHenry's suffering was too real to answer it in that fashion. He was as sane as I was. I crossed over and clapped him on the shoulder.

"You think too much," I said, a little huskily I guess. "Perhaps, after all, it would have been kinder to have sent you back to Guayaquil and let you fight it out there."

He sank back in his chair.

"If I had only dared to stay," he groaned. "If I had only felt that I could prove I had never meant to kill him," he shuddered at the words, "but I was afraid—afraid, and I am still, always, afraid."

It was a full hour before I had him quieted down so that he would leave me and go to his cabin. I had talked to him as I had never talked to anyone before in all my life, and when he left I pitied him from the bottom of my heart.

We sighted land the next morning and at noon were swinging at half anchor about a quarter of a mile from shore. Capt. Sentile went ashore to see a trader whom he knew—I fancy it had something to do with part of our cargo—and McHenry and I took chairs under the awning I had stretched over the stern.

The Spark of Hope.

The weather was perfect, one of those lazy, listless afternoons when a man is absolutely happy if he can smoke and loiter and loiter and smoke eternally. Besides, McHenry was more like himself than he had been since we left Guayaquil. He told me a lot about his home in Frisco, how he had drifted into the newspaper game, the part he played at the time of the earthquake and how he had wandered over South America. He was an easy talker and he had the art of telling a yarn without always keeping the first person in capitals.

"I suppose everyone who has ever had any luck at all has a girl somewhere," he

said at last. "You know what I mean—a girl of the right sort."

I nodded. There had been one for me, once.

"Well, I've had one just the same as thousands of other lucky devils," he went on with a little catch in his voice. "The funny part of it is that she isn't waiting for me like they do in books. We had—she told me the truth about myself when I last saw her and it hurt. That was one reason I was glad of the South American assignment."

He paused for a few moments, gazing off beyond the island, a sad, wistful smile on his face. I didn't say anything, for there are times when it doesn't mean anything to speak. I simply sat and wondered at the change that had come over him.

"I've been thinking a good deal about her today," he continued, after a time. "Maybe I am going to have a chance to tell her I was a fool and am sorry and maybe I'm not—I'm not certain. Anyway I'm not going to take any chances on letting her know." He drew the locket that had been the cause of all his troubles and a sealed envelope from his pocket and held them toward me. "In case I don't," he swallowed a lump that came up in his throat—"In case I don't land you might send these to her, if you don't mind doing that for me. The address is on the envelope."

I have often wondered since that afternoon if McHenry knew what was going to happen. I am certain that by that time he understood what was back of the chant he had heard in Lizette Marceau's house. As it was, I tried to scoff at the idea, but he insisted that I take the locket and the letter and give them back in case he was able to return them himself. There was nothing else to do so I took them. Then I had an unpleasant thought and I aired it.

"See here," I said sharply, "you're not going to make a fool of yourself after getting this far, are you?"

He caught my meaning and looked up in surprise.

"I've killed once," he said slowly. "That is sufficient for any man's life, isn't it?"

Capt. Sentile came aboard about sundown and announced that we would not weigh anchor until morning. I watched McHenry out of the corner of my eye to see if the statement had any effect on him, but he was quietly smoking his pipe and staring toward the shore as unconcerned as if he hadn't heard a single word.

Our meal might have been a pleasant affair if I hadn't been oppressed with the feeling that something was going to happen. Things were too much like the lull before a storm to please me. McHenry told story after story until we went on deck for our cigars. Then he sank back into his shell and stared up past where the awning had been at the heavens.

It was fairly late when Capt. Sentile, who had thoroughly enjoyed his task of talking away the evening, yawned, stretched and announced that we might sit the night out if we saw fit, but that he was going to turn in.

"Pleasant dreams and good-by," said McHenry, and though the captain didn't seem to sense the last two words I did and they made me shiver.

As soon as we were alone McHenry turned toward me.

"I am going to ask another favor of you," he said in a low tone that couldn't have been heard a dozen feet away. "Do you mind sitting up with me until midnight? It is not more than an hour."

Somehow I knew what was on his mind. He was thinking of the trees on the island and what that woman had chanted. It was enough to send a sane man mad, but I couldn't leave him. We both lighted fresh cigars and sat there, each waiting for something that he did not fully understand.

What little breeze there had been earlier in the evening had died out and the air had become still and heavy. Once the moon dodged behind a thundercloud and left us in inky darkness. And there we sat, neither of us saying a word.

The Ax of the Wood Chopper.

It must have been shortly after midnight when McHenry leaned forward as if he were listening for something. He remained

(CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE)

ELISABETH FLINT.

he is known as one of the
of all and is connected with
than a score of enterprises
altitude. He is a director of
national Bank and of the First
of Redlands. He is president
Company of Los Angeles, he
in the Consolidated Realty
vice-president of a big build-
association. In amusement
broughly well known, being
the Los Angeles Driving Club
of the Los Angeles Athletic
others. Mr. Christopher is
al estate and other interests
which would require at least
the dollar mark before it
He owns a large interest in
building and others. But his
holding is on the corner
twenty-first street, where his
facture candy and icecream
a block and in this are em-
with his places of entertain-
200 hands. Mr. Christopher
in every way, little given to
it, but for a man who came
about a quarter of a century
modest capital, his present
loudly for the man's capac-
in as a man of integrity as
ness, for to hold his way
les business men requires
in every sense of the word,
twypw wyy yy yvadiwy

discouraged Them.

rumor:] A woman who re-
from a European trip had
experience at Frankfurt-on-the-
ing from a cab at the
made a mistake, fell and
although a necklace which
broken. Ready hands an-
g the pearls, "and," so she
"I thought the incident
ri appeared at my board-
ing and handed me one
ch had not been found by
is. She received what I
table reward, and was
two boys appeared, each
and I was still endeavor-
atters when an old woman
pearl. Each finder re-
and was told to keep
and. That was the surest
them that mine were not
at further demonstrations
be disregarded."

Desert.

mountains

at,

role shadow,

of velvet;

snow peak gleams

ruby,

against the sky,

ent as a jewel.

ongs for the heights,

the cool mountain air,

and throat for cold water.

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ight to the eyes.

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ELISABETH FLINT.

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Wanted.

THOUSAND

SOON OPEN

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO TH

TOPEKA (Kan.) May 2.—[Ex-
ve Dispatch. Facing the prospect
of a wheat crop of more than
110,000,000 bushels—the lowest esti-
mate based on Secretary Coburn's re-
port of acreage and condition—the

Hall

SUMMARY.

GENERAL EASTMAN. Who had been
advised to be sent to the Philippines
the day before and to be sent to the
Philippines. He had been advised to
be sent to the Philippines. He had been
advised to be sent to the Philippines.

MILLION HEARTS
GRIEF-STRIKEN.

FORMER OFFICIAL CUPID IS SUM-
MONED BY CHIRON.

Chicago's Famous Marriage Li-
tense Clerk Succumbs to Pres-
sion. Contact in the Throats
That Most of Union He Auth-

STAGE DEBUT
AT EIGHTY-NINE.

VETERAN WILL MAKE INITIAL
BOW AS COMEDIAN.

Former Friend of Washington
Lost. Chapin and General, and
Himself a Historical Character
Who Can His First Year for Lin-

Wanted.

Barbarities of the Mexican Revolution.

By Frank G. Carpenter.

A Bloody Nation.

TRAVELS AMONG THE AZTECS PAST AND PRESENT.

CANNIBALISM IN THE DAYS OF MONTEZUMA—A STONE ON WHICH THOUSANDS DIED—THE AZTEC GOD OF WAR—QUEER FEATURES OF AZTEC SCIENCE AND CIVILIZATION—AN INDIAN EMPEROR WHO WROTE LIKE MARCUS AURELIUS ON LIFE AND DEATH.

From Our Own Correspondent.

MEXICO CITY.—Mexico might be called a land of blood. It was so in the days of the Aztecs. It was so many times during the days of the Spaniards, and it has been so during these terrible days of Madero and Huerta. In this letter I write of the bloody times of the past. I have just come from the National Museum, where I have photographed the Sacrificial stone which was in use when Cortez came, and which was one of the bloodiest shrines upon earth.

I say bloody shrine, and I mean it. This stone, so small that it would not fill the parlor of a flat renting for \$30 a month, has been the site of more battles than any other spot of its size in the world. Upon it have flowed streams of blood greater than those of the recent war between Bulgaria and Turkey, and all the deaths of the present revolution here are nothing in comparison with those who have died on this block of granite. It was upon it that the Spaniards saw the Aztecs kill their captured brothers. The fight between the Spaniards and the Mexicans was at its height when Cortez saw the Aztec priests lead the Spanish captives up the steps of the mighty mound which stood just above where this stone now rests and lay them upon it, preparatory to cutting out their hearts. The captives were stripped to their waists and Cortez could tell them by the contrast of their white skins against those of their copper-colored masters. The Spaniards' heads were adorned with feathers, and they were made to dance as they went up. As soon as they were stripped, their naked bodies were laid upon this stone. Then came a flash of the knife and a moment later the priests held up their bloody hearts and threw them to that horrid idol, the Aztec god of war, which you may see here against the wall in this same museum.

The archeologists are now working on the history of these ancient times. They are finding new tablets bearing hieroglyphics and the exploration is going on among the ruined cities as far south as Guatemala. I have already written of the work our archeological society is doing at Quirigua. That relates to the Mayans. The Aztecs came later and we have better information as to them. Their records show that 72,000 captives were killed on this sacrificial stone in one day. That was shortly before Columbus discovered America. The prisoners were selected by lot, and they formed a procession about two miles long. In one of the buildings near the Teocalli, the great altar of the Aztecs, the Spaniards with Cortez found 136,000 skulls, taken from those who had been thus killed. Among them were men, women and children.

On the Sacrificial Stone.

But let me tell you how the stone looks. We know it is authentic, for the records say that it was thrown down by Cortez, and thus became a part of the ruins of Montezuma's capital. That was over 400 years ago. The stone lay buried for more than three centuries, but about 100 years ago it was dug up, and the authorities ordered it to be broken to pieces, that it might be used for paving the city. One of the priests objected, however, and it was saved, and its rim is covered with carvings. In to the Aztecs. The stone is perfectly round.

There is nothing that brings one closer to the center of the top is a hole as big as a tin wash basin, with a groove running out to the rim. That hole was used to catch the blood of the victims which flowed over through the groove into a great stone bowl which also is here to be seen.

The Aztecs had a ritual concerning their sacrifices, and the most distinguished of the captives were often given a chance to fight for their lives. Separate and apart from the stone of sacrifice was a gladiatorial stone with a ring in its top, upon which the captive, stripped to the skin, fought un-

der the eyes of the King and other spectators. He was chained to the stone and given a wooden sword and shield. Thus equipped he contended with a soldier, who was armed with a sword of obsidian, a glass-like substance made from a kind of volcanic lava. The obsidian weapon had a razor-like edge, and the contest consequently was very unequal. Nevertheless, the wooden sword sometimes prevailed, and the man won his freedom. If he failed or was wounded his body was carried to the stone of sacrifice and there offered to the war god of the Aztecs.

Aztec Cruelties Past and Present.

Standing beside this stone and looking back into the past, the cruelties perpetrated by the rebels of today in some of the moun-

tain districts are not strange. The stories have not been published in the American papers, but they come from reliable sources.

An Aztec God.

The idol in whose honor much of the sacrificing took place was the god of war and of bloodshed, whose chief representation is here in the National Museum. This is a block of stone nine feet in height covered with carving. It represents a squat figure with a great flat head, out of the top of which peep two cylindrical eyes, above four little horns which serve as the noses. The mouth is large and the head rests without a neck on the shoulders. This statue stood not far from the sacrificial stone when Cortez, in company with King Montezuma, first saw it. It was then covered with gold and studded with jewels. Golden serpents

whenever drought, plagues or other calamities came.

Maximilian was also interested in such investigations and encouraged them. There is no doubt but that a great many interesting things still lie under the Aztec capital. Every time a new excavation is dug or a great foundation excavated something new is discovered. I have been told that a print made by Mr. Walte, the American photographer, of a great stone figure was unearthed a year or so ago, and tells me that he frequently makes photographs of similar objects which come from drainage and sewer excavations. The sacrificial stone was found buried in the southwest corner of the cathedral, and an Aztec calendar stone, which is also in the museum, was originally found under earth in the great plaza. When it



The Sacrificial Stone.



Stone tiger recently found in a Mexican sewer.



War God which the Aztecs worshipped.



The Great Calendar Stone.

were wound about its waist, and a necklace of human heads and hearts, life-size, made of gold and silver, encircled the neck. Before it a pan of incense was burning, and in this pan the hearts of three human beings were roasting. After the Spaniards had conquered, they tore off the gold, silver and jewels. They threw down the statue, and it was years later that it was brought forth as an archeological relic.

Mexico City Excavations.

The Mexicans of today are thoroughly alive to the archeological possibilities of their own country. They are anxious to have it explored, and have given concessions to foreigners to do much of the work. Not a few have been given to Americans connected with the Smithsonian Institution and our societies of archeology, and they have made great discoveries. The Mexicans themselves have done a great deal. Their work began with a viceroy who lived more than a hundred years ago. He ordered that all the relics dug up in Mexico City should be sent to the university and from there they came to the Na-

tional Museum. Maximilian was also interested in such investigations and encouraged them. There is no doubt but that a great many interesting things still lie under the Aztec capital. Every time a new excavation is dug or a great foundation excavated something new is discovered. I have been told that a print made by Mr. Walte, the American photographer, of a great stone figure was unearthed a year or so ago, and tells me that he frequently makes photographs of similar objects which come from drainage and sewer excavations. The sacrificial stone was found buried in the southwest corner of the cathedral, and an Aztec calendar stone, which is also in the museum, was originally found under earth in the great plaza. When it

How They Kept the Time.

This calendar stone gives some idea of the advanced civilization possessed by the Aztecs. It was used as a sun dial and ender, and the hieroglyphics upon it supposed to represent the years, months and days. The archeologists disagree as to the exact meaning of some of the hieroglyphs, but certain figures are thought to correspond with the year A.D. 1478. Others show that the ancient Indians knew how to adjust their festivals by the movements of the heavenly bodies. They were able to fix the length of the tropical year even better than the philosophers of antiquity, and they had means of settling the hours of the day with precision and times of the solstices and equinoxes.

calendar stone originally weighed fifty tons, and the records show it came from over the mountains, a distance of many leagues. The Aztecs had neither oxen, and it must have been carried by men.

Civilization. The museum shows that the Aztec civilization was generally more advanced than the Spaniards. They had their own literature, which was destroyed by the Spaniards. They used picture writings of their science and customs, and attached to manuscript, many rolls of manuscripts having been burnt by the Spaniards. They knew how to make paper, they used cotton clothing. They were expert workmen, and they were expert warriors. Some of the articles carried by Cortez were vessels of gold, silver, copper, and among them some as big as that they could not be carried by the arms of a man. They wore the Tyrian purple and they wore the fur of rabbits.

Were High Livers.

The records show that the Aztecs ate using silver and gold plates, and had chafing dishes to keep their food hot. They had napkins and finger rings, and they smoked cigarettes after dinner. They had good cooks and ate all kinds of food, fruits and meats. Montezuma

Field Flowers.

BLOOM ABUNDANT.

OW, in the "merry springtime" only pretty ringtime, all our old flower friends are coming to us. They make us realize how we have been while they have been so elsewhere.

as one loves to know and treasure intimate facts, and to discover charms, about his human friends, pleasant to run over the list of known and beloved friends of the heart, and indulge in bits of reminiscence, personal gossip about them. The most are the "cacomites," and when we were children, only the old Spanish-American ones. They grow tall and slender blossomed amid the early spring "flares" and mustard shoots. They were "cacomites," we used to see every vacant lot in Los Angeles they are brodiaas, or wild hyacinths, we have to go out 'till the count of them.

his plant belongs to the lily family, smooth, slender stem, terminating in a blossom-cluster which varies in color from pale blue to heliotrope, has a long tube for which its lily ancestors are famous. I have often wondered what it may mean. My Spanish dictionary says it is a wild flower. A name associated with it is "caca," I think this must be a mis-spelling for "caeta," which translates "poor" or "shaft."

The lovely golden-yellow wild pansy, treasure of the early days, brought by the children, who are always, somehow, to know when and where. It belongs to the violet family, and the leaf-shape and the markings on some of the petals are appropriately called pansy. The Spanish name is "gallito," (pronounced "gallito") and means "little rooster."

I think it is an insult to a violet progenitor to be compared to a gallinaceous tribe, noisy, pretentious, certainly not poetic. But the name of the wild pansy's head, and the "walk" air among his wild friends have earned him the sobriquet. The associates of this yellow beauty are the shooting star, forget-me-not, the poppy, too, and the mariposa lily. Of these, the shooting star is the most common. He arrives "before the poppy" and takes the earliest spring with beauty. He may take liberties with Shakespeare, and the shooting star is associated with the yellow pansy in most one, for it is sometimes called "violet." As a matter of fact

HUSBAND OVERLOOKS.

Lola M. Kreis was practically banished from the city yesterday when Judge Wilbur turned her over to her husband, who is employed near Montevideo. Mrs. Kreis received a suspended sentence of one year in jail for having contributed to the dependency of Rosa Bismarck, and 18. She was then placed on probation for three years.

UNDIVIDED TELEGRAMS.

There are telegrams at the Western Union office for Dr. A. Burgess, George Mark, Isaac Pickering, Ethel Edwards, H. W. Short, Mrs. Horace Bowman, A. M. Villaviesca, J. D. Elsom, R. L. Payne, Thomas Macrae, Ida L. McGroarty, H. R. Sanford, R. E. Wright, Joseph Kessie, Leroy Fallon, Elly Branson, Mrs. Georgia V. Baker, Emeterio de la Garza, L. J. Fowler, C. O. Johnson, Eva Scott, and many others.

231 S. Broadway

Opp. City Hall

SUMMARY.

THE CITY. Clear, Wind at S. 10 to 15. High 75. Low 55. Rain 0.00. Clouds 10 to 15. Wind at S. 10 to 15. High 75. Low 55. Rain 0.00. Clouds 10 to 15.

Evolution.

Maximilian was also...
no doubt but that a great...
Every time a new sewer...
discovered. I have before...
by Mr. Waite, the American...
of a great stone tiger...
a year or so ago, and...
he frequently makes pictures...
objects which come from...
and sewer excavations. The...
was found buried near...
corner of the cathedral, and...
stone, which is also in...
is originally found under...
the great plaza. When it



Archbishop of Mexico...
be worshiped by the Indians...
that it be buried again...
as again excavated and...
the base of one of the cath...
here it remained until two...
ago, at which time it was...
museum.

stone gives some idea...
civilization possessed by the...
used as a sun dial and...
hieroglyphics upon it...
represent the years, month...
archeologists disagree...
meaning of some of the...
tain figures are thought...
the year A.D. 1478...
the ancient Indians knew...
their festivals by the...
heavenly bodies. They...
length of the tropical...
the philosophers of...
had means of settling...
with precision and...
calendars and equinoxes.

stone originally weighed...
city, and the records show...
over the mountains, a distance...
The Aztecs had neither...
oxen, and it must have been...
by men.

shows that the Aztecs had...
civilization than is generally...
They had their own literature, the...
which was destroyed by the Span...
They used picture writings and...
their science and customs were...
to manuscript, many rolls of...
scripts having been burnt by the...
They knew how to make paper, and...
used cotton clothing. They had...
the encouragement of trade, and...
and they were expert workers...
Some of the articles carried to...
Cortes were vessels of gold, silver...
and among them some silver...
big that they could not be encir...
the arms of a man. They made...
the Tyrian purple and they wore...
of the fur of rabbits.

High Livers.
shows that the Aztecs ate at...
silver and gold plates, and that...
dishes to keep their meats...
They had napkins and finger bowls...
cigarettes after dinner. They...
good cooks and ate all kinds of...
fruits and meats. Montezuma

had fish brought to him from the ocean over...
the mountains, a distance of 200 miles, by...
fast runners, and the Spaniards say that the...
markets of the capital contained domestic...
poultry, game from the mountains, fish...
from the lakes, fruits of the temperate and...
tropical zones and also green vegetables. The...
market stalls were decorated with...
flowers, and the market throng was so great...
that it usually numbered about 40,000. Cortez...
says the multitude was three times as...
great as that of the market at Salamanca, and...
also that the cloths, tapestry, etc., made...
him think of the silk markets at Granada.

One part of the market was assigned to the...
goldsmiths, another to toy peddlers, and...
others to pottery and the sellers of...
copper and obsidian, of which the razors...
and mirrors were made. There were also...
drug shops, paper shops and places selling...
blank books and maps.

A Toltec Marcus Aurelius.

As it is now, there are perhaps 12,000,000...
of the descendants of these people who...
cannot read or write. They are mere hewers...
of wood and drawers of water, and their...
future is one of the big problems of Mexico. There...
is no doubt, however, but that they have...
natural ability, for the greatest men of...
modern Mexico have had more or less...
Indian blood in their veins. President...
Juarez was an Indian, and President Diaz...
had Indian ancestors. The records show...
that some of the ancient Indian emperors...
wrote poetry and philosophy, and there is...
one, Nexahualcoyatl, whose utterances make

you think of Marcus Aurelius, Antonius or...
the proverbs of Solomon. This man was a...
Toltec. He belonged to the nation which...
preceded the Aztecs and he revolutionized...
the laws and government of Mexico during...
his reign. Here is a quotation from one of...
his poems which has been translated into...
Spanish and then into English. It reminds...
one of the verse in Ecclesiastes, viii:15, which...
reads:

"Then I commended Mirth; because a man hath no better thing under the sun than to eat, drink and to be merry."

This is the way the ancient Aztec puts it: "Banish care! If there are bounds to pleasure, the saddest life must also have an end. Then weave the chaplet of flowers, sing thy songs in the praise of the all-powerful God, for the glory of the world soon fade! Rejoice in the green freshness of thy spring, for the day will come when thou shalt sigh for these joys in vain; when the scepter shall pass from thy hand and the sons of thy nobles drink the dregs of distress. Yet, the remembrance of the just shall not pass away from the nations and the good thou hast done shall ever be held in honor. The goods of this life, its glories and riches, are but lent to us. Its substance is but an illusory shadow, and the things of today shall change on the morrow. Then gather the flowers from thy gardens to bind round thy brows and seize the joys of today."

This same man, like the Athenians of the time of St. Paul, erected a temple to the

unknown god. He was a sort of Mexican David, and was like Solomon in that he loved beautiful women. With other things he coveted the wife of one of his officers, and, even as David did to Uriah, he put this officer in the front of the battle and thus took his widow to wife. Is it not strange how the lines of great lives, even though they be divided by ages of time and by thousands of miles of water and land, and even by worlds which are unknown one to the other, sometimes run side by side.

Death Comes to All.

This same man, who came of the race which built many of the pyramids of Mexico, had equally graphic ideas of death. I shall let one of his expressions close this letter. It reads:

"The world is nothing but a sepulcher, and there is nothing that lives on its surface that shall not be entombed beneath it. The things of yesterday are no more today, and the things of today shall cease, perhaps, on the morrow. The glories that have been have all passed away like the fearful smoke that issues from the throat of Popocatepetl, with no other existence of a record than the page of a chronicler. The great, the wise, the valiant and the beautiful! Alas, where are they now? That which has befallen them shall happen to us and to those that come after us. The horrors of the tomb are but the cradle of the sun, and the dark shadows of death are brilliant lights for the stars."

(Copyright, 1913, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

Field Flower Friends. By Neeta Marquis.

BLOOM ABUNDANT.

in the "merry springtime, the pretty ringtime," all our old wildflower friends are coming to see us. They make us realize how we have been while they have been sojourning.

One loves to know and treasure facts, and to discover new things, about his human friends, so I want to run over the list of our old and beloved friends of the field and indulge in bits of reminiscence and gossip about them.

There are the "cacomites," as we call them when we were children and the old Spanish-American name. They grow tall and slender and stand amid the early spring alfalfa and mustard shoots. When we "cacomites," we used to see them in the fields in Los Angeles; but they are brodiaeas, or wild hyacinths, and have to go out 'nto the country to find them.

Another belongs to the lily family, and has a slender stem, terminating in a small cluster which varies in shade from blue to heliotrope, has all the characteristics of its lily ancestors are familiar. I have often wondered what "cacomite" meant. My Spanish dictionary says it is a wild flower. Another name associated with it is "salita," which this must be a mis-spelling for "saeta," which translates into "shaft."

A lovely golden-yellow wild pansy is the treasure of the early days much to the children, who are always the first to know when and where it grows. It belongs to the violet family, but has the leaf-shape and the brows of some of the petals is more like the pansy. The Spanish name is "gallito," (pronounced "gallito") and means "little rooster." Perhaps I think it is an insult to anything so tiny and delicate.

A violet progenitor to be compared to the blue tribe, noisy, pretentious, and not poetic. But the jaunty head of the wild pansy's head, and his little "de walk" air among his wildflower friends have earned him the sobriquet.

Some of the associates of this yellow beauty on the slopes are the shooting star and the forget-me-not; the poppy, too, sometimes the mariposa lily. The shooting star is the earliest to arrive "before the poppy dawns," the earliest spring with beauty, "they take liberties with Shakespeare." The shooting star is associated in popular with the yellow pansy in more ways than one, for it is sometimes called the "pansy."

As a matter of fact, it is these "cacomites," "little whisk brooms."

longs to the cyclamen family. Its Greek name, "Dodecatheon," means literally "twelve gods," which is altogether fantastic. The airy clusters of blossoms, white, shading to pink and lavender, with brownish-red velvet around their little muzzles, are most delicate and lovely, and their scent is the most individual and penetrating of any that I know among wild blossoms. This flower, too, is subject to insulting colloquial names, such as "mosquito bill" and "rooster head."

The white forget-me-not is a flower so tiny and un-selfasserting that we do not always give it full credit for its charm. It is a lineal descendant of the Borage family, which came originally from the Mediterranean region. A purple dye is made from its stems. Growing low to the ground, and very close together, its pearly delicacy has won it the name of "nievitas," "little snow," from our early Spanish flower lovers. To me, it recalls Milton's reference to the valley's "quaint enameled eyes," for it is as exquisite, on close examination, as enameled petals blossoming beneath a jeweler's fingers. It is also called pop-corn flower.

The mariposa lily is properly the mariposa tulip. This lovely flower presents several species, varying in color in different parts of the State, and in different exposures. I have seen it bleached quite white when growing in slopes down by the sea, as if the salt winds fluttering its crisp petals robbed them of color, even as they fade out dyed fabrics. In canyons of deep shade, and late in the season, they blossom a wonderful deep rose-lavender, but are more commonly a delicate lavender and mauve.

This, too, has its Spanish associations, mariposa itself meaning butterfly. Going back to the Greek,—by way of a reliable dictionary—we find an even more poetic association, for the Greek name for the soul, "psyche," in the form "psychidoe" belongs to a species of chrysalis-breaking insect akin to the butterfly. Thus comes the analogy to the mortal Psyche, who developed a soul with wings and soared into the realm of immortality. One of the chief charms, to me, in this exquisite butterfly flower is the rustling sound of its crisp petals and stems against one another. It is silken music, and one of the most adorable sounds in nature. A rare and beautiful species of yellow mariposa (Calochortus clavatus) is sometimes found in unfrequented canyons back from the coast.

Among the myriad less conspicuous flowers which "paint the meadows with delight," are the baby blue-eyes, both pale blue and dark, the blue-eyed grass, of the Iris family, wild heliotrope, and the Indian paint-brush. This last is sometimes pure scarlet, but more often a deep purplish pink, and as such makes Persian rug effects over acres at a stretch. The Spanish called it "escobilla," "little whisk broom."

They belong to the Figwort family, in common with the digitalis and penstemon.

One of the most prolific wild gardens I know of in the southern part of the State is in the La Crescenta Valley. Most abundant here, among a million other flowers, bloom the tall sweet pink hollyhock, of the mallow family, the fragrant yellow wallflower, related to the mustards, the silky, fragile pink phlox, most delicately beautiful, and the deep rich blue wild Canterbury bell, belonging to the baby blue-eyes, or Waterleaf, family. We must not forget, either, the blue larkspur, so vivid in masses. Its family name is Crowfoot, but the Spanish called it "espuela del caballero," the "cavalier's spur."

Another wild garden in which the wild hollyhock is at its sweet and stately best is Topanga Canyon, just where it opens to the sea. This canyon-mouth teems with wild beauty to a bewildering extent.

There are so many things to say about the peerless poppy that one scarcely knows how to begin. This has, perhaps, only one real rival in our wild flora—the Matilija poppy, which is properly classified with the mountain rather than the field flowers.

We are told that when Spanish vessels first sailed along the newly discovered California coast, in a springtime now lost in the mists of departed centuries, they called this the "land of fire," because of the glowing flame of orange light given off by the poppy fields, miles in extent, along seashore and foothills. They said the altar cloth of San Pascual had been spread on the hills, and they came ashore to worship.

When I was a child, I saw poppy beds like wedges of gold in high mountain meadows, visible for miles from the plain below, and one vast golden carpet spread over the foothill slopes of the Sierra Madres. Each spring brings me the same longing to handle these flowers—to wade out into the midst of their golden wash, to smell the faint soporific sweet that exhales from their radiant cups, and to smooth their shining silken petals over lips and cheek. I think most Californians feel so about them, if they love the ways of spring at all. One artist-friend expressed it by saying:

"I feel cheated of something precious if ever a spring goes by without my gathering poppies."

And the quality of the flower is such, in its silken texture, its elusive sheen, which seems to give forth sunlight rather than to reflect it, and its rippling lightness in the winds, that it will always be the despair of the flower painter.

There is one form of the plant called the tree poppy, which grows to a height of two or three feet, the only shrubby growth in the poppy family. The rich-colored blossoms are sometimes three inches across. This plant is found in Arroyo Seco from

within Los Angeles city up to and in the canyon in the mountains, near La Crescenta and in the San Fernando Valley, but is said to be at its best in Santa Barbara county.

And as for the poppy's utilitarian value, the old Spanish families—oh, let it be spoken in whispers—made La'r ointment by frying the whole plant in olive oil and adding a perfume!

Another rare plant, of totally different family and color scheme, is the chocolate lily—Fritillaria biflora—which deserves a word of description. This grows on hills and high grassy places and blooms very early. Its "biflora" is misleading, as it has been known to bear ten flowers on a stem. The flowers are a deep purplish red, almost black, in color, beautifully shaped, in bell form, and the stem curves with exquisite grace under their delicate weight. Other varieties of the Fritillaria are called bronze bells or mission bells, the latter a peculiarly happy conceit; but these are mottled, and are native only to the northern ranges, I believe. I have never seen them.

A field-flower sketch would not be complete without reference to the wild mustard. Just as our green hills would not be complete without its delicate yellow color spread like spring sunshine upon them. In the old days, the mustard grew in forests all over Southern California, so high and dense that a man on horseback could easily lose his way in a patch of it. The stalks were sometimes the thickness of a man's arm.

These vast virgin growths have mostly been plowed under, but still, the spring has never come that does not see tumbling yellow cataracts of bloom pouring down the hillsides and surging in great streams across the valleys. The mustard which grows in low, damp lands is larger-flowered and smoother-leaved than the hill mustard, which latter has leaves of a prickly, furry roughness. It all has a delicate, delicious fragrance, which attracts the "buccaneering bee" in predatory armies.

There are many more of these good sweet friends that I would love to chat about. But I will sum up the spirit of them all in a verse of Ina Coolbrith's, who has given to our California outdoors the voice of true poetry. She fancifully says she "would not care to be a tree, to live through many years of storm and stress:"—

"Rather this wayside flower,
To live its happy hour
Of balmy air, of sunshine, and of dew.
A sinless face held upward to the blue;
A bird-song sung to it,
A butterfly to flit
On dazling wings above it, hither, thither—
A sweet surprise of life—and then exhale
A little fragrant soul on the soft gale,
To float—ah! whither?"

MILLION HEARTS
GRIEF-STRICKEN.

FORNER OFFICIAL CUTID IS SUM-
MONED BY CHAIRON.

Chicago's Famous Marriage Li-
cense Clerk Survives to Pres-
ent. Content to the Thought
That Most of Women He Autho-
rized to Marry are Now Dead.

STAGE DEBUT
AT EIGHTY-NINE.

VETERAN WILL MAKE DEBUT
NOW AS COMEDIAN.

Former Friend of Mendelssohn,
Ibsen, Chopin and Grieg, and
Himself a Musical Character
Who Can Hit His Five Year Old In-

FOUR THOUSAND
SOON OPEN

TOPEKA (Kan.) May 2.—[Ex-
tra Dispatch.] Facing the prospect
of a wheat crop of more than
110,000,000 bushels—the lowest esti-
mate based on Secretary Clegg's re-
port of acreage and condition—the

Emerson.

manhood. "Come right in and
ed up half abashed as the colo
them with a hearty handshake.
Col. Ben Todd towered in all
He was faultlessly attired
two inches taller than the pro
ooter, had an extended waist
decorated with a massive gold
extending from pocket to pocket
of the button holes in his vest.
Albert coat, brown eyes and
with a suggestion of sideburns
him all in all he was impress
ed like solid money. He was
fortunate beings who inspire
om the beginning.

himself in the revolving chair
asked their pardon for signing a
reached them to his secretary
ned to his visitors.

"I am pleased to see you."
ined that their call was infere
our way home, you know."
merely dropped in to pay their
pecially as he had opened up
accounts with them.

re the bankers? Well, I am
meet you. I thank you very
ing. Only arrived this morn
some rather important busi
mpletion."

banks in this town work
Banker Marsh—"at least we
and I am speaking for the
lemen as well as myself when
that anything our banks can do
any project you may have in
toward the betterment of our
ry, you have only to consult
y."

thank you, gentlemen, for
e. I wish to meet about fifty
ly seventy-five of your most
nd well-to-do citizens. Would
to ask you to telephone to
ve clients each and have them
at the hotel this evening at
e will use the dining-room as
room and talk matters over."
were taken rather aback at
staid old town and had
of discretion. However,
minutes' consultation they could
one and it was so arranged.
arose ponderously. "You will
lemen, but as I am very busy
e preliminary details I am
excuse me until our 9 o'clock
Remember, each of you is to
ve of your best clients, which
determine by the size of their
and he smiled as if he ther
ood a banker's yard stick or
e."

the bankers said, as they be
up their overcoats prepar
"we will keep the telephone
ll be here at 9 o'clock."
e sure you will not fall—pu
ke you gentlemen never fall
e. However, do not bring
enty-five people—twenty-five
e downstairs at the dining
and each of you will admit
Then the dining-room door
and locked," and the colonel
brows and nodded his head
if something important were
d in due time would be di
to the chosen few.

ands with each and bowed
the polished manners of a
The bankers were all adu
t down the stairway and ou
ong of people, looked wisely
and paused for a moment ou
er outside, where there was
avedroppers, to exchange
e verdict that Col. Todd was
ess man.

after his guests had retired
his secretary for the hotel
en he came the colonel at
ould like to have the dis
of the tables at 9 o'clock
d the chairs arranged for
seventy-five of his friends
g."

the proprietor with a dis
e if he were about to inter
utable objection.
said the colonel, as if there
ruption, "it doubtless will

you some extra work and expense and
is a little remembrance—a \$50 bill that
perhaps will sufficiently compensate."

The hotel proprietor's scowl by some
burdened act changed into a smile as he
loved his acknowledgment and backed or
other low-towed toward the door, express
ing his profuse assurances that the dining
room would be at the colonel's disposal and
everything in readiness at the time men
tioned.

Left alone the colonel took an inventory.
He had arrived that morning. His rooms
were engaged and already were arranged in
magnificent shape. A telephone had been
installed, and that very evening he would
meet seventy-five or eighty of the leading
financial people of the town. "Bully," he
said to himself as he rubbed his fat hands
together with satisfaction.

A little later his telephone sounded and
Bank Hardin was called by the little desk
bell to answer the phone.

"Who is this?" he inquired.

"J. R. Marsh, the banker. I wish to speak
with Col. Todd."

"Just a moment. I will see if the colonel
will speak with you."

Presently Col. Todd took the receiver,
brushed his throat and said:

"Yes, this is Col. Todd, what can I do for
you, Mr. Marsh?"

"I was thinking probably you would want
an attorney," said Marsh, "and I wish to
mention the name of Daniel Webster Porter,
probably the best attorney in the town if not
in the State."

"Why, certainly," replied Col. Ben. "It is
very kind of you and if you can reach him
I wish you would extend to him an invita
tion to call on me about 7:30 this evening."

"Very well," responded Banker Marsh,
"I shall be very happy to make the arrange
ment."

"Thanks," replied the colonel and the re
ceiver was hung up with the brusqueness
of a man working overtime.

The throng downstairs were disappointed
because the colonel had a 6 o'clock dinner
served in his rooms. At exactly 7:30 there
was a gentle rap on his door and it proved
to be Attorney Daniel Webster Porter, ac
companied by Banker Marsh.

"I just dropped in," explained Banker
Marsh, after the introduction, "to introduce
Mr. Porter. Personally, I have several
people to see and must hurry along, but will
be hand all right at 9 o'clock."

"Very well, I will expect you," said the
colonel, graciously, and with this the banker
closed himself out.

A moment later the attorney, who was a
staid, careful, penetrating sort of a man,
with a Napoleonic face, was seated.

"I have a business deal," said the colonel,
going the subject without preliminary
saying.

"Yes," replied the lawyer, interrogatively.

"First of all," continued the colonel, "here
are fifteen or twenty letters. Please glance
through them so that you can vouch for my
reputability."

The attorney put on his glasses and pain
stakingly scrutinized a score of letters from
banks and bankers in New York, Boston,
Chicago, and Cincinnati, speaking of Col.
Benjamin Todd in the very highest terms,
especially his ability to organize electric
railroad lines as well as his success in
handling any undertaking that he recom
mended. No thought of the possibility of
the letters being spurious entered the at
torney's mind.

"These letters are certainly most satis
factory," Col. Todd. I am delighted indeed
to have been called into consultation with
you whether it results in any business for
my office or not."

"My dear Mr. Porter," said the colonel as
he turned to the attorney while picking up
the letters and putting them carefully away
under lock and key, "I never do business
with an attorney until I have retained him."

The lawyer smiled avariciously. The colo
nel's call bell summoned the secretary.

"Kindly fill out a check for retainer fee
of \$1000 in favor of Daniel Webster Porter."

"The business I have in hand," the colonel
went on in a general way, while the check
was being prepared, "will require the or
ganization of three different companies
which I will explain later; and I will prob
ably want your services exclusively for sev
eral days in this organization work; and
since Banker Marsh highly recommends you,
I also desire to engage your services by the
hour as the attorney for each of the pro
posed companies."

"I shall be happy to serve you, I am sure,"
responded the attorney with as much sang
uine and indifference as his agitation would
permit.

Just then the check was brought and when

the signature of the colonel had been duly
inscribed thereon, it was handed to the at
torney.

"Shall I give you a receipt?" inquired the
methodical Mr. Porter.

"The check is a receipt in itself."

"Very true," responded the lawyer, "but
there are so many of our clients who do not
understand."

"Now, Mr. Porter," began the colonel, "I
wish to organize three electric railroad com
panies. One, the 'Bagdad, Maryville and
St. Joseph Electric Line.' Yes, I know we
will parallel a railroad that is paying such
enormous dividends that the traffic can be
divided and yet the profits to an electric
line, on account of its cheapness of opera
tion, will amount to a pretty sum, I can as
sure you. Everything has been figured out.
Then, too, we will haul freight as well as
passengers."

"Splendid idea and a splendid country you
will traverse," the attorney assured him.

"I wish also to organize the 'Bagdad and
Sioux City Electric Line.' We can reach
that important distributing point, Sioux City,
with an electric line in four hours less time
from Bagdad than the standard railroads,
according to their time tables, and at half
the cost and do away with all changing of
cars."

The attorney busied himself making notes
as he listened to the colonel.

"The third electric line will be known as
the 'Bagdad, Winterset and Des Moines Elec
tric Line.'"

"Capital idea," said the attorney. "Three
or four efforts have already been made to
build an electric railroad through to Des
Moines from this point but so far they have
not succeeded on account of poor manage
ment and a lack of money. These sugges
tions appeal to me, colonel, as practical and
profitable. I know of nothing that will be
more appreciated by the people."

"Of course, we always are interested,"
said the colonel, striking a match and light
ing his cigar, "in pleasing the people but
especially in making a profit for ourselves."

"I know," he went on in a confidential
tone, "of a whole lot of both English and
French money that is lying idle at the
present time and—well—you will find I work
fairly fast. I want these organizations com
pleted at once—I will discuss with you after
the meeting tonight something about the
capitalization and bond issue for the pro
posed companies and we will be ready to
throw dirt as soon as spring comes. If the
winter is sufficiently open we will have an
engineering crew start immediately on the
final surveys."

The colonel rose as he finished speaking
and indicated that the interview was ended.

"I have a number of letters, Mr. Porter,
to dictate to my secretary and I shall hope
to see you in the dining-room at 9 o'clock
this evening."

The attorney assured him he would be
very happy indeed to attend the meeting,
and withdrew just as the colonel was tink
ling his desk bell for the secretary.

The lawyer was elated. Here at last was
a client that would make amends for all the
reluctant and parsimonious fees that had
been paid him by close-fisted Bagdadites.

At exactly 9 o'clock the colonel from with
in opened the dining-room door and found
the three bankers waiting.

"We have just arrived, colonel," said
these astute financiers, as they smilingly
acknowledged his salutation.

"Very well, you know your men. Admit
them," and in less than fifteen minutes
seventy-five men besides the bankers and
the attorney were assembled and Col. Ben
Todd arose to address them.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am not gifted as
a speechmaker, I am only a plain business
man of affairs; a little blunt—perhaps too
much so. My attorney, Daniel Webster Por
ter, will explain all details. In short, I wish
to organize three electric lines centering in
to Bagdad—one to St. Joseph, Mo., because
that point is really tide water distributing
point, that is, you can ship all freight matter
to the Gulf of Mexico down the Missouri and
Mississippi rivers from St. Joseph. To the
northwest a rich country will be opened up
between here and Sioux City and Sioux City
itself is a great distributing point. An
other line I wish to construct to the north
east by way of Winterset to Des Moines. I
wish three sets of nine directors each. One
of these electric railroads will be known as
the 'Tidewater Line' to St. Joseph, another
the 'Air Line' to Sioux City and the third to
Des Moines will be known as the 'Short
Line.' The directors will probably hold a
meeting once or twice a week or as often as
the business warrants. I wish the three
presidents of your three banks to act, tem

porarily at least as presidents of these dif
ferent proposed electric lines.

"In order," the colonel went on, "that the
directors' meetings may always have a full
attendance without loss to the directors a
compensation of \$10 to each director will
be paid at the conclusion of each meeting."

"I also wish an advisory board of seven
teen for each proposed electric line, who
will have exclusive charge of securing right
of-ways by such methods, price and means
as they may devise. They also shall receive
a compensation of \$10 for each meeting held.
Whatever this advisory committee may
recommend to the board of directors will
doubtless be approved and checks and
vouchers duly issued in payment of right
of-ways and incidental expenses in connec
tion therewith."

"Each member of the directorate," the
colonel continued, "as well as each member
of the advisory board and the attorney will
receive ten thousand par value of stock in
each of these three companies, that is, \$30,
000 par value, for their services. So far as
a moneyed investment is concerned on the
part of you gentlemen, will simply say it is
not to be considered. I want the balance of
the stock of these three different proposed
organizations for myself and certain con
fidential eastern money associates. I
might say, however, that if I were asked to
give an opinion it would be that your share
of stock will within two or three years have
a market value of from two to three times
its par value. I hope you will hold your
stock; however, should any of you wish to
sell, I only ask the courtesy of having the
first chance to purchase."

He then unfolded some immense maps
which were hung on the wall for their in
spection. The maps had certainly been pre
pared by an artistic map-maker and carried
the conviction within themselves. The
three different projects were set out on a
single map, the "Tidewater Line" with red
coloring, the "Air Line" with green and the
"Short Line" with blue. In addition to this
were three small maps, one for each of the
proposed electric roads, well filled with in
numerable figures showing estimates of im
mense profits.

"You will note," said the colonel in further
explanation, "I have already had these pre
liminary surveys run, although it is quite
probable that not a soul in Bagdad knows
anything about it. I usually do my work
very secretly until I am ready to speak and
act. If the winter is sufficiently open we
will have the final survey made and working
lines stakes put in place very shortly. If
not, then three different engineering crews
will set the stakes as soon as the weather
will permit in the spring."

He further stated that he wanted to com
plete these three different lines at the
earliest moment and he would ask the direc
torate, after the organization had been com
pleted, to consult with the advisory board
and make an estimate of how many local
teams and men could be secured for the con
struction work.

"It now only remains," the colonel ex
plained smilingly to the men before him who
were already bubbling over with enthusiasm,
"for each of you three bankers to select
eight directors to act with yourselves as
directors, and I hope you will arrange this
tonight so that I may give the date to the
attorney, Porter. I wish the papers all sent
away in tomorrow's mail to the Secretary of
State in order that we may secure these
respective charters at the earliest possible
moment."

"In conclusion, gentlemen, if you will ex
cuse me, I will go to my rooms, as I have
some additional important correspondence
that I must get off tonight," and with this
he took his departure, leaving the bankers,
the lawyer and seventy-five of the foremost
citizens of Bagdad—the ones with the big
gest bank accounts—in a flutter of excite
ment, although they were counted as excep
tionally shrewd business men.

After the colonel had retired to his room
the attorney addressed the meeting and ex
plained the many favorable things he knew
of Col. Ben Todd. He did not go into de
tails explaining why and how he knew, but
preferred posing as an oracle, even intimat
ing he had known of the colonel and his
splendid achievements for many years.

The bankers announced in a semi-confi
dential way that Col. Todd had that morning
deposited \$50,000 in each of their institu
tions; that as presidents of their banks they
had telegraphed and found everything regu
lar; which was in itself interpreted by the
eager listeners as proof positive of Col.
Todd's reliability and greatness. Then fol
lowed a general conversation about what
would happen to the old town and how

quickly it would be awakened from its leth
argy into a veritable beehive of activity
when the good news was once known. They
also prophesied a phenomenal increase in
real estate values as a result of these differ
ent electric lines. They spoke of the "Tide
water Line," the "Air Line" and the "Short
Line" with an old-time familiarity, as if
these respective enterprises were already
in daily operation. Their faith was beau
tiful.

The attorney suggested that the friends of
each of the three bankers separate into
groups and immediately select directors for
the three proposed organizations and that
the remaining fifty-one men divide them
selves into three groups and organize them
selves into an advisory committee to act in
conjunction with the directors of the three
different enterprises. Half an hour later the
work was completed and the colonel was
waited upon by the attorney to find out the
capitalization and amount of the bond issue
of each line. The colonel promptly advised
him each company was to be capitalized for
\$3,000,000 and each company to have an
authorized bond issue of \$2,000,000.

"You see," the colonel went on, smiling
the smile of one who has great wisdom
because of much experience, "this matter
has already been studied out. You now have
the figures and I depend upon you, Mr. Por
ter, to attend very promptly and have all
the articles of incorporation prepared so that
we can mail them tomorrow."

The attorney assured him he could de
pend on having the work completed on time.

"By the way," said the colonel, "perhaps
you can give me the cost of organization—
the amount of money you will have to send
along to the Secretary of State."

"Oh, never mind," said Attorney, Daniel
Webster Porter, "we can fix that tomorrow."

"What time do you arrive at your office?"
inquired the colonel turning to the attorney
quickly.

"At 8 o'clock tomorrow morning."

"Very well, at 8:30 my secretary will call
upon you. Give him the memoranda of the
amounts of money you will require and he
will bring you my check within the hour."

With this the attorney was bowed out of
the colonel's august presence.

As he walked down the hall-way he was
more convinced than ever that a score of
town lots which he owned had gone up over
a hundred per cent. during the evening.

At 9 o'clock the next morning Banker
Marsh received a polite note from Col. Todd,
the colonel's secretary being the messenger,
asking the name of the leading real estate
agent in the city and incidentally men
tioned that he wanted to secure options
on real estate.

In the afternoon he sent a note by his se
cretary to the editor of each of the papers
inclosing his check for \$100 and assuring
them that such complimentary notices as
had appeared in the columns of their papers
were greatly appreciated and he wished
to express in a substantial way his gratitude.

Within a week from the date of arrival he
had secured for a small moneyed considera
tion in each case ninety day options on half
the real estate in Bagdad, especially one
entire block centrally located that he ex
plained would be the Central Station for
the three proposed electric lines. It was
noticeable that the prices agreed upon in the
options were at least two and three times
greater than the property could have been
purchased for prior to the colonel's arrival,
each Bagdadite assuring him, however, the
prices were "dirt cheap."

[To be Continued.]

[Tit-Bits:] When the nightly exodus
takes place from that busy daily life, the
city of London, many a careful suburban
householder is to be seen taking home a
judicious purchase of fish made in the marts
of Leadenhall and Farringdon, and carried
in a convenient bag supplied by the trades
man. Did he trouble to examine that bag
as likely as not he would find the word
"Chicago" stamped on it. Of course we
don't import fish—at any rate, fresh fish—
from Chicago, but we do import vast quan
tities of meal from the Windy City on Mich
igan's shores, and these bags are made out
of the meal sacks, which it does not pay to
return.

As for the two-gallon tins in which paraf
in is exported, one wonders what the na
tives of Africa would do without them.
With a hole punched at either side of the
open end to accommodate a handle, they
make the handiest pails imaginable; as
saucepans, stewpans, or clothes, boilers
they are a conspicuous success; while cut
open and flattened out they take the place
of galvanized iron on the sides and roofs of
huts in many a Kafir location.

MILLION HEARTS
GRIEF-STRICKEN.
FORNER OFFICIAL CUPID IS SUM
MONED BY CHARON.

STAGE DEBUT
AT EIGHTY-NINE.
VETERAN WILL MAKE INITIAL
BOW AS COMEDIAN.

FOUR THOUSAND
SOON OPEN

TOPEKA (Kan.) May 3.—(Ex
press Dispatch.) Facing the prospect
of a wheat crop of more than

The Indian Soul: A Sketch.

By James M. Warnack.

MOJAVE SAM.

WHILE on a visit, a few months ago, to the interesting little town of Yuma, Ariz.—where, in spite of government improvements and the importation of eastern morality, there still remains a residue of the old romantic West—I became acquainted with one of the strangest, rarest characters it has ever been my good fortune to meet. He was a Mojave Indian and his name was Samatavis. I had gone to Yuma for my health and I came to know Samatavis through a friend who had accompanied me thither.

My friend and I were in the habit of going every day down to the banks of the murky Colorado, just east of the penitentiary, where we indulged in a game of our own invention which we called long-distance mumble-de-peg. We made a circle in the damp earth and, standing off ten feet, pitched knives at the circle, the day's championship, of course, going to the one who made the most "rings." One morning while we were playing the big Mojave strolled by. I bowed to him, not even speaking, but my friend motioned him to come and join us in the game. To my surprise and delight he accepted the invitation and, drawing an old Barlow from his pocket, he soon demonstrated his superiority over us in a game of this character. We were not a little chagrined on observing his fine eye for distance, his steady nerves and nimble movements, for we were very young men while Samatavis must have passed at least the three-score-and-ten post on life's highway. In fact he did not know how old he was, he told us later. He was as ignorant concerning his age as he was about his surname and about the number of sons and daughters for whom he was responsible and whom he had left at Needles, from which district he had drifted down to Yuma.

"He name Samatavis," he confided to us at parting, pointing to himself. "White man say Sam. I come two hundred, maybe three hundred mile—way, way off. Maybe never go back. Too far. No money. Freight train kill."

Did he ever work, we asked. He raised his hands eloquently.

"Ah-ee! No mas!" he exclaimed. "One time work section two year. No money. Fifteen cents!"

He laughed. There was little mirth, but certainly no bitterness in his laugh. It was low and musical as the swirl of the eddies in the river.

The next day my friend left town, but before leaving he presented Sam with his favorite pipe and a box of strong tobacco. Sam accompanied us to the train and, when my friend stepped aboard, the big black eyes of the Indian seemed to moisten. He watched the train until the last car had rounded the curve westward across the Yuma bridge and then he turned to me in some such manner as a faithful dog might turn to a new friend after having seen his master carried away captive.

"Well, he gone," he said. "Where you live?"

What could I do but invite him to my room? At first the thought struck me that he might return and steal from me; but then, as I remembered the look in his eyes when my friend had departed, I reflected that he would be much more likely to steal for me if I should need or request it. So we went to my room, a very simple apartment, but Sam, on entering, opened his eyes wide and, as his black orbs roved wonderingly around he exclaimed, "Berry fine house—sure!"

Sam insisted that we smoke a peace-pipe together, although I doubt if ever there lived two persons between whom there was less likelihood of war. It was growing late and when we had finished smoking I turned to the little gas stove, turned on the gas and lighted it. It blazed up with a "pop!" and Sam jumped.

"Ah-ee! Berry good!" he ejaculated, trying not to seem surprised. I turned on the light and took from the dresser a book, given me long ago by my mother.

"This, Sam," I said, "is good book. Tell all about Good Man." I pointed upward and placed my hand over my heart. I cannot say that I was actuated by the missionary spirit, but I was certainly interested in Sam, wanted to know something of his

inner-self, and for the moment my attitude toward life was reverent. I have always found that when one speaks of the eternal questions, if he is sincere, he can converse with any man, and I have thought one could obtain response from the lower orders of animals, and even a sort of sympathy from seemingly inanimate things. When I pointed upward a new light leaped into Sam's eyes.

"Ah-ee!" he exclaimed, raising both hands aloft. "Mojave savvy. One time, long time ago, everybody die, go down. Oo! No good. Now no more. Good Man come. Now all go up. Yuma, Mojave, white man, Pueblo, Navajo, Zuni, Wallapi, all go up. Not berry far to good country—maybe four, maybe five mile."

"Go out and tell everybody how near it is, Sam," I interrupted. "Publish it in the streets! Teach materialistic Christianity how near the Kingdom of Heaven really is. Tell them it is at hand."

"Sure. All right. That's berry good," continued my brown-skinned comrade, not minding my interruption and seeming willing to believe all that I said, regardless of its meaning. "Pretty soon go up. Plenty watermelon. Plenty shoot. White dog, black dog, all go up. Plenty deer, plenty buffalo."

Now I thought Sam was very inconsistent in his religious ideas of the right order of things. That he should include his dogs in his Happy Hunting Grounds was not such an unpleasant nor impossible idea; but that he should desire to rove through the forests and deserts of his specially designed paradise murdering poor deer and buffalo seemed to me at least very un-Christian. In forming this conclusion I had not taken into consideration the fact that faith is seldom logical, nor the fact that Sam was a full-blooded Mojave. I explained my idea to him as best I could, but the faith of the aborigine remained unshattered. He was ready with an answer.

"Ah-ee!" he said, smiling. "Maybe no kill. Maybe shoot many, many times—but maybe never hit!"

That staggered me and I dropped the question immediately.

"Berry good!" went on Sam, becoming more enthusiastic. "Pretty soon go up. Too old. White man get sick, get doctor. All right. Medicine all right for white man. Not for Mojave Sam. Sam get sick, no want medicine. He want die, go up."

Sam invited me to go with him next day and see his house. We met near the Stag saloon and I walked with him to his "home." It was a little wigwam, four feet high, about six by eight, in the back lot of a minister's residence. It was artistically quaint. On the earthen floor lay a few old rugs and blankets; his newly-acquired pipe lay near the bed and an old cracker box was all the furniture he possessed. A large bandanna handkerchief, full of "charms," hung from the roof over the bed. I did not wonder he thought I lived in a palace!

"That's all," he said; "we go throw knife."

For many days afterward Sam and I walked to the river bank or across the river near the Yuma Indian reservation to enjoy our games. It was about this time that I began to learn how friendless the old chap really was. He had made too many concessions to civilization for his own good. There are a good many Mojave Indians in and near Yuma but Sam seldom mingled with them. It seems he had lost his caste. Apparently his own tribe had ostracized him and as for the Yumas, they hardly looked at him. To most people, white or red, Sam was, at best, an object of curiosity rather than a subject of interest. With his broad, flat face, on which were only three splotches of blue paint, one line of blue running straight down from the center of his lower lip over his chin, the other two lines slanting sideways from the corners of his mouth; with matted, dirty hair that had not been washed for years; with a large red bandanna round his forehead and one round his neck; with a large black hat, full of holes, on his head; wearing a faded blue hickory shirt and an old khaki suit in which he had worked and slept for years—thus, his bare feet wrinkled like his face, walking slowly down Main street with his new pipe between his teeth, he was indeed an amusing spectacle. The old Indians smiled at

him, the young bucks passed him with dignified strides, and the young Yuma squaws, wrapped in loose-flowing, flashy, raiment, often actually laughed in his face. Many of the white children thought him crazy and carefully avoided him. But Sam, at peace with himself and as much of the world as he knew, cared little what anyone thought or said. Sometimes, as he and I passed a group of comely Indian girls who laughed at him he would turn to me and whisper, "No good. Maybe him read and write, but anyhow no good."

One day when we parted I told him to come to my room the next day at noon. It happened that on the following day I was called into the country, a few miles away, but I had left my door unlocked. When I returned I found the room as I had left it except for one thing. A small bottle of brandy, which had been standing on the dresser, had mysteriously disappeared. Remembering my invitation to Sam, knowing what a bottle of liquor means to an Indian and realizing how difficult it is for a red man to secure "fire water," I naturally thought of Sam. That evening I watched him, without allowing him to see me, and, just as the moon was rising, I saw him start in the direction of the old prison graveyard. This unpretentious cemetery lies about 200 yards east of the penitentiary (now a school, since the removal of the State prison to Florence) between the adobe prison and the river. The graveyard is on a little mesa, yet completely hidden from sight by surrounding mesas, as if those who slumber there had wished society to forget—as doubtless, society desires to forget—that such men as they had ever been. The graves, under which lie the remains of society's outcasts, are covered with decayed granite, and wooden slabs erected at the heads of the graves give the numbers and names of the prisoners buried there, together with the date of death. Some of these men died with a rope about their necks, some died while trying to escape the prison guards and a part of them, undoubtedly, died natural deaths. But the history of the manner of their dying is charitably omitted from the headstones.

Slowly, carefully, silently, I crept after Sam, as he went toward this lonely spot, until I saw him seat himself on one of the graves. He was very old and doubtless remembered when the penitentiary had been built and when the first convict had died. Possibly, I thought, Sam had known many of the prisoners sleeping here. Sitting there in the moonlight I saw him place the bottle of brandy to his thick lips and, at one gulp, drain it almost dry—not quite, however, and I wondered why he had left a single drop as he held the bottle up and shook it. Then, in a few minutes, I saw him go and stand before a grave on the headstone of which was printed: "No. 60. Frisco Lopez. Died June 6, 1892." On this slab some vandal had written with a pencil, "Died while in act of playing hooky," but happily Sam could not read this any more than he could decipher the other inscription. However, he seemed to know who had been laid to rest there, for I saw him pour a few drops of brandy on the grave as he knelt down on the rocks. For a moment he remained in silence and then he muttered some Indian words which of course I did not understand. Then, with a sweep of his long arm he pointed upward and I heard him say in good English, "Pretty soon all go up." Next he went to the grave of "No. 71. S. Morales, April 21, 1883." Here he went through the same performance enacted previously—and thus he went from mound to mound, pouring liquor on each grave and muttering his mystic words, until he had visited at least a dozen graves. Now I understood why he had left some of the liquor in the bottle, and I thought of David, who refused to drink the water that had been obtained for him at the risk of his soldiers' lives. Surely here was a deed as noble, considering how an Indian loves intoxicating liquors.

I left him there, preaching his message of hope to the dead, and retired to my room. I met him again next morning. He tried to avoid me but I ran after him and, with a meaning wink, I invited him to come to see me again at noon that day. When he came of course I was gone—but of course another bottle of the precious brandy had been left

on the dresser; and when I returned to my room it was gone. For a week afterward I was robbed every day at noon, and I posed I was the happiest man ever to have played the dupe in a bunco game. However, this systematic robbery was allowed to continue indefinitely. One day I stayed too late at the graveyard and the officers discovered him asleep, with the bottle in his hand. They made a foolish attempt to force him to tell where he had procured his "whisky," but he only replied, "I find him," and his captors could do no more.

I dared not leave any more liquor to Sam, but we continued our games of mumble-de-peg as of old. One day, however, about two weeks after his last appearance, I missed him at our regular meeting place and I immediately went to his wigwam to look for him. I found him lying on his back on an old blanket.

"What's the matter, Sam?" I asked. "He no come," he replied. "No play mumble. Too sick. All time boom! boom! here and here," and he pointed to his head and then laid his big rough hand over his heart.

It was nearly noon, and no one around the place had missed him. He often did odd jobs and errands around the place, but definitely no one had needed him that morning. The minister's wife, however, had seen him go to his wigwam and presently she came from the house and inquired if Sam was not well. She had noticed he had not come to breakfast, she said, but had thought nothing of it, as he often ate only one meal a day. I told her I feared he was very ill and she rushed out and telephoned the physician. He came, the good white-haired old doctor, but the aged Indian turned his head away as the man of science entered. He refused to let the doctor place a tube between his teeth and motioned me away when he came toward him with a cane.

"They are hard to do anything with," the doctor complacently. "In the first place it's hard to find out what ails him. I'll go back and see him this evening, however, to see what can be done. Can you stay with him a little while?"

I assured the doctor I would remain with the sick man, and Sam, who seemed to understand what I said, sat half up on his blanket.

"White man, he know," he said, pointing to me. "He mi amigo. He mi Too old, me. Too sick. No medicine. He die. All right. That's berry good."

"Do you know what he means by that jargon?" asked the doctor, in a voice entirely lacking in a sort of professional sympathy.

"He means, doctor," I replied, "that doesn't want any medicine man to interfere with the work of Mother Nature. He means he has lived his allotted time and is ready to go. He means to inform you that he is going home and that he would prefer to be stopped and forced back among strangers."

"Sure! Ah-ee!" grunted the patient, dark eyes lighting. "He go up. Pretty soon you come. Not berry far." That night the old fellow died. And my mind, there is no doubt that the old Sam went skyward.

Derivation of Word "Almanac."

[Tit-Bits:] The etymology of this word has been more disputed than that of any other in the English language, and the opinions expressed upon the subject by Verstegan's has been accepted as probable, though there cannot be the slightest doubt that the Saxons, from whom he obtained his derivation, took their term from the Anglo-Saxons, he says, "used to engrave on certain squared sticks, about a foot length, or shorter or longer as they pleased, the courses of the moons for the years, whereby they could always ascertain when the new moons, full moons, changes should happen, as also their fall and dates, and such a carved stick was called an almon-act; that is to say, a word to wit, the regard or observation of all the moons, and hence is derived the name of almanac." One of these carved sticks, of uncertain date, is still preserved in St. John's College, Cambridge.

Under

KING RICHARD'S HO

AND this is the Princess of H said Peter with a welcoming smile on her lips as she to photograph in her hand.

"You." Precious gifts come in small packages and a young-man-in-love's whole world is wrapped in that one little word. "She is very pretty, isn't she?"

Peter's disappointed eyes were upon the doll face before her. She expected so much. Found so little. But for the world must King Richard get up from the grass on the lawn where they had dropped after their dance and bent over the girl and the photograph.

"It doesn't do her justice, of course," coloring is so wonderful. The crescent moon waves in her face. The soft gold of her hair. And her eyes—anybody could describe Alice. You must try to understand. By George!"

He looked boyishly. "wouldn't I give anything to have her here right now!" Peter's gaze lifted from the photograph to the girl's shining face, then quickly to the still, dreamy waters of the lake, beginning to flush with expectancy as sunset glories gathered in the west.

"Does Alice sunsets, too?" he asked, instinctively rising to the beauty enveloping the twilight world. "Why, I doubt if she ever saw one. I've never with an amused smile. She lives in a little home town where everybody else and something going on all the time, you know about sunsets. You have some stray adrift in a big, strange world where you learn to care."

He put the photograph carefully in his breast pocket.

"I sometimes wonder," he said, "whether I'm asking too great a thing of Alice. Do you think, he asked, "that the little girl can be so far off here in California, so far from her friends?"

"If I loved a man well enough to love him," said Peter decidedly, "I'd be sure to live in—Kamchatka. But we must go down now."

Darkness overtook them on their way from the Berkeley hilltop to the levels of their boarding-house. Peter still felt a glow in her heart as King Richard good-night in the hall and mounted the dingy flights to her attic room—as though brought a radiant bit of sunset beauty.

Fearing a little song, she turned on the light, placed a hassock on the table, climbed to her throne, and upon her hunched knees the sewing machine toiled.

With a new interest in her person, Peter was trying to make an evening waist.

In and out flashed her needle and thread.

It was six weeks to the day that King Richard had met—and loved—her by side at table. From that day had been drawn to each other by the magnet of their youth, for the only bright, young things in the boarding-house's shop-worn family circle were the misery-loves-company attraction. The first appalling night at dinner when new boarders having arrived the same afternoon. The following morning when it was discovered that the new couple had been drawn to each other by the magnet of their youth, for the only bright, young things in the boarding-house's shop-worn family circle were the misery-loves-company attraction. The first appalling night at dinner when new boarders having arrived the same afternoon. The following morning when it was discovered that the new couple had been drawn to each other by the magnet of their youth, for the only bright, young things in the boarding-house's shop-worn family circle were the misery-loves-company attraction.

UNDELIVERED TELEGRAMS.

There are telegrams at the Western Union office for Dr. A. Burgess, George Mark, Isaac Pickering, Ethel Edwards, E. W. Short, Mrs. Horace Bowman, A. M. Villars, J. D. Nelson, R. L. Payne, Thomas Macrae, Ida L. McGraw, H. R. Sanford, E. E. Wright, Joseph Morris, Leroy Fallon, My Branson, Mrs. Georgia V.

HUSBAND OVERLOOKED.

Lola M. Krebs was practically kidnapped from the city yesterday when Judge Wilber turned her over to her husband, who is employed near Monterey. Mrs. Krebs received suspended sentence of one year in jail for having contributed to the kidnapping of Rosa Brown, aged 14. She was then placed on probation for three years.

Understudy to the Girl Back East.

By May C. Ringwalt.

KING RICHARD'S HOUSE.

AND this is the Princess of Hearts!" said Peter with a welcoming little smile on her lips as she took the photograph in her hand.

"Where do these gifts come in small packages, young-man-in-love's whole soul was in that one little word.

"She is very pretty, isn't she?" Peter's disappointed eyes were riveted to the doll face before her. She had looked so much. Found so little. But for the world must King Richard guess.

He got up from the grass on the hilltop where they had dropped after their panting run and bent over the girl and the photograph.

"Doesn't she do her justice, of course. Her smile is so wonderful. The cream and waves in her face. The soft blur of her hair. And her eyes—But no one could describe Alice. You must see for yourself. By George!" he concluded joyfully, "wouldn't I give anything to have her here right now!"

King Richard's gaze lifted from the photograph, turned only for an instant upon King Richard's shining face, then quickly shifted to the still, dreamy waters of the bay just beyond the hill with expectancy as the glories gathered in the western sky.

"Alice, sunsets, too?" she asked, instinctively rising to the growing twilight world.

"Why, I doubt if she ever saw one!" he answered with an amused smile. "When she is in a little home town where everybody knows everybody else and there's nothing going on all the time, you don't see sunsets. You have to be a stray adrift in a big, strange city where you learn to care."

He put the photograph carefully back into his pocket.

"Sometimes wonder," he sighed, "I'm asking too great a sacrifice of Alice. Do you think," he went on, "that the little girl can be happy here in California, so far from all she knows?"

"I loved a man well enough to marry him," said Peter decidedly, "I'd be happy if I could live in—Kamchatka. But come, let's go down now."

He overtook them on their lollypop way from the Berkeley hilltop to the levels of their boarding-house, but he still felt a glow in her heart as she said good-night in the lower room and mounted the dingy flights of stairs to her attic room—as though she had caught a radiant bit of sunset back with her.

After a little song, she turned on the light, placed a hassock on the center of the bed, and unfolded her knees the sewing done up to date.

With a new interest in her personal appearance, Peter was trying to make her evening waist.

And out flashed her needle—and her light.

It was six weeks to the day since she and King Richard had met—and begun to sit by side at table. From the start, they had been drawn to each other; partly by the magnet of their youth, for they were both bright, young things in the boarding-house's shop-worn family circle; partly by the misery-loves-company attraction of that appalling night at dinner, these two boarders having arrived by chance the same afternoon. The following morning it was discovered that they both went to the city on the 8-o'clock train, this friendship was sealed. Three days later, they were over on the boat, he had told her the story of his life—and all the wonderful possibilities of the opening that had brought them to San Francisco. The next week he revealed the joyful secret of the girl's lengthening days of summer.

Just enough time after the boarding-house dinner for a walk had inaugurated a habit—and the exchange of nicknames. Peter and King Richard sounding so proper when both would have been so familiarly of Mildred and King Richard.

She pricked her finger and stopped to suck it.

After all her dreams of Alice, that was the kind of girl King Richard was going to marry! The shallow, skin-deep beauty sort that the picture had revealed. But no. There must be hidden depths in her nature or she would not have appealed to him. Besides, love would develop her—sweep away all that was vain and petty and unworthy from her heart.

Peter sewed faster after that—almost defiantly.

In through the open window the university clock marked time, striking the hour of 9 when tired little commuters must go to bed.

With a smile of triumph Peter held up her waist—frowned a twisted, puzzled frown over it; then gave a hysterical little laugh. Both sleeves were sewed in wrong side out.

The brown of the summer hills dried browner; no longer after-dinner was there time for the pursuit of sunsets; and in the evenings, the cluttered little boarding-house parlor was filled with silence and elderly spinsters playing bridge.

So naturally it came about that King Richard and Peter frequently went downtown to motion-picture shows or strolled across the campus for a raspberry sundae at the Bear.

Always they talked of the girl-back-East, but they talked of many other things besides—of little incidents connected with their work in the city, of the library books that they were reading, of the hobbled skirt and the reincarnation of souls.

The rainy season opened in a bluster of wind and fine, thick drizzle.

"I've something to tell you, Peter, that won't keep till morning," eagerly confided King Richard as they came out from dinner together. "What do you say to our riding into Oakland and back? It's only half a block to the car, you know," he coaxed.

Peter refused, argued—went upstairs for her hat and raincoat.

Not until they were seated at the far end of the long pay-as-you-enter car did King Richard begin.

"Guess what, Peter. I've got the dandiest chance to buy a home of my own. A little bungalow already furnished. Only five hundred down with the rest in easy payments." Excitedly he explained the details. "It would suit me better to wait till spring," he concluded, "but Leighton says such a snap may never come my way again and that I can rent the bungalow until I'm ready for it. Now I want your advice."

"First of all, then," laughed Peter, "go and look at the house."

"Yes—of course," agreed King Richard. "But you'll have to come with me, Peter," he added helplessly. "A woman knows so much more about such things than a man."

They went the next Sunday.

The owners were spending the week-end down the peninsula, but through Leighton, the go-between friend, it was arranged that King Richard should get the key from a neighbor.

The bungalow was a dear little shingled doll-house. The front door opened into a long living-room all creams and browns, with amber silk curtains and an amber shade to the drop-light on the mission oak table. There was a big open fireplace, shelves of books lining the walls, comfortable chairs, and a subtle, indescribable something besides that boarding-house waifs feel with an ache of happiness when they enter a home.

Like two happy-hearted children fingering new toys, they tried the chairs; knelt on the window seat, craning their necks out the open sash to catch the farthest possible glimpse of view; in mischievous laughter, lighted a little pile of chips and twisted newspaper in the fireplace and made believe to warm their outstretched hands at the fleeting blaze.

The table in cosy dining-room was already set for the home-coming Sunday supper. For centerpiece, a bunch of nasturtiums plucked from the bright border in the front yard. A glint of carefully-polished silver. Blue and white china plates, cups, and saucers. An artistic green teapot with a snub nose.

In the same laughing way in which they

had tried the living-room chairs, the fireplace, the view, they now seated themselves at the table in the two chairs placed opposite each other.

"One lump or two?" laughed Peter.

Across the little home table, for a radiant instant, their glances met—then Peter's faltered, fell, and the lump of sugar dropped from the tongs to the floor.

In one of those lightning flashes of revelation that sometimes sweeps through a human heart, it had suddenly come to Peter what it would mean if she had the right of love to sit opposite King Richard at that little home table every day—what it meant when she knew that right could never be hers.

Sleepless, in the little attic room that night, staring wide-eyed at the dark, Peter fought her battle and determined upon her line of action.

It was all over. The wonderful friendship that had been such a shining happiness in her lonely, hard-struggling life. For to Peter's honest mind there was no question of dalliance, of compromise. Now that she knew—and alone in the darkness her face flamed crimson—there was only one thing to do—go away. But King Richard must not guess why she went. The long trip across the bay during stormy winter months could be an excuse for her return to the city.

The next day, with grim, set lips, Peter began her search for a boarding-house in town, but she had only the noon hour at her disposal and was still searching for suitable accommodations when fate suddenly laid a finger upon the skein of her clear-cut purpose and gave it an unexpected twist.

By some underhand trickery of a member of the firm whom he had regarded as a trusted friend, King Richard lost his position with all its dazzling possibilities, and with nothing to look forward to—and only a broken faith to look back at—fell into so despondent a mood that Peter put aside thought of self and stood by with helpful smiles and bright words of encouragement during the hardest of days that come into a man's life—days of vain waiting, and vain seeking, when there seems no place for him in the busy, bustling, indifferent world.

At last one noon hour, in his old boyish, brimming-over-with-happiness way, he ran in to tell her the good news that he had found "a job that suited him down to the ground."

Peter, all smiles and congratulations, accepted his invitation "to celebrate," and they lunched together at a nearby cafeteria—and while they gaily laughed and chatted; while the Hawaiian orchestra at the restaurant gaily played its bright airs, the words: "It's all over now." "It's all over now," kept beating against Peter's heart.

And that evening, when she got back to the boarding-house and saw a letter for King Richard from the girl-back-East on the hall table, her strength suddenly left her.

Tomorrow she could face King Richard's happiness—and her own stern duty—but tonight she could not bear it nor the endless boarding-house dinner with its buzz of voices.

Stealthily she left the house and alone in the gathering darkness began to climb the hill that she and King Richard had so often climbed together to watch the sunsets of the long-ago summer.

Stealthily she stole in again an hour later and tiptoed upstairs to her room.

The next day was Sunday, the one winter day out of seven when a little commuter did not have to get up before it was light.

In with the sunshine through the open window of the little attic room floated the sweet, throbbing music of a meadow lark's call.

It was the first meadow lark of the year, and all the ache of springtime longing answered in Peter's tear-stained face.

There was a queer little crackling sound at the door, a footfall in the hall, a creak on the stair.

Peter turned with a start, then ran and eagerly stooped to a twisted fold of note paper that had been slipped through the crack under the door.

"Dear Peter" (she read in astonishment.) "I suppose you wondered why I did not

come to dinner last night. I simply could not face the music. When I got home yesterday I found a letter that completely bowled me over. Of course when I lost my position I wrote Alice all about it. This was her answer. She writes that since the future is so indefinite she thinks our engagement would best come to an end. That now things have come to a crisis she would confess that she had long felt that she had made a mistake—that she had been too young, had seen too few men to know how to choose properly. To make a long story short, she cares for somebody else. I'm angry. My pride is hurt. But after the first shock, my one sense is that of relief. I can't understand it at all. And, Peter, here's another funny thing that I can't understand. I longed for you last night. I long for you now. But somehow I feel that I can't see you—yet. So I'm running away. To clear the whole baffling business up in my mind. I'm running away, but I'm coming back again. Early. By 4 at the latest. Peter, will you go with me up the hill to watch another sunset together? There will be just time before our Sunday supper, Dick."

In with the sunshine through the open window of the little attic room floated the sweet, throbbing music of a meadow lark's call.

It was the first meadow lark of the year, and as she turned to the window a spring-tide flush of joy answered in Peter's face.

And outside, in an opening between nearby roofs, she suddenly caught a peep of a little house tucked away in the soft, green midst of the hills—the bungalow on which King Richard had already paid his first installment of purchase money.

Accidents Classified.

[Popular Mechanics:] Extremely interesting accident statistics have been compiled by the Chamber of Commerce of Rochester, N. Y., with results which may surprise many people. The classification is of 100,000 accidents on which several casualty insurance companies have paid out \$7,455,568. Heading the list, as might be expected, are the travel accidents, with a total of 29,726, of which 24,936 were railroad; 4356 street car and 434 steamboat and steamship accidents. But the type of accident to come second—that of falls—is distinctly surprising, the total being 18,367, or more than 18 per cent. Of these, 8222 were falls on the pavement, and 1946 falls from chairs and ladders. Accidents having to do with carriages, wagons and horses come third, with a total of 8135, while the number of automobile accidents among this particular 100,000 was only 1620, or about 1 1/2 per cent.

It is likewise interesting to note that 209 of the accidents were caused by tripping over door mats and rugs, that there were 4217 cases of fingers crushed in various ways, 2869 burns and scalds, 2877 athletic accidents, 681 bathing or drowning accidents, but only 579 gunshot wounds.

Self-Imposed Torture.

[Tit-Bits:] An extraordinary scene was witnessed in Calcutta recently, when a small trolley, studded with rows of iron spikes, on which a Hindu was lying at full length, was being pulled through the streets. A large crowd was following. Inquiries elicited the information that the man was doing penance, and was on his way to the temple of the goddess Kali, at Kalighat. The Hindu had been several days on the journey, and was in a terrible condition.

The spikes, which numbered about 150, were quite sharp, and the man wore only a loin cloth. He must have been suffering acute pain from the fact that his body was bruised and lacerated all over as a result of lying on the sharp nails. Neither the police nor any passer-by made any attempt to stop the self-imposed torture.

What Next.

[New York Tribune:] Heels of Dresden china are the latest eccentricity of Paris fashion. Turkey trotting in Paris will have to be done hereafter on a rubber mat.

MILLION HEARTS GRIEF-STRICKEN. STAGE DEBUT AT EIGHTY-NINE. FORTY THOUSAND SOON OPEN I. (BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE)

Gathered Sources. The Average Man. By James M. Warnack.

TESTING HIS HONESTY.
"YOU'RE wrong, Smith. The average man is not entirely on the square. I'm not a pessimist, understand. I'm not knocking the average man. I'm not a totally depraved creature, by any means. In fact, I rather like him. He helps me make a living. He's all right, as long as he is watched, and he is watched pretty closely this day and age. But his very innate selfishness, or individualism, if you will, prompts him to take advantage of every opportunity to better his condition, even at the expense of his fellow man."

Two men, Smith and Jones, had been sitting for an hour in a private booth in a restaurant, and had discussed every-thing from Plato's views on the immortality of the soul to Carnegie's last donation to the city. The conversation had drifted to the question of the honor, or the lack of it, of the average man. Jones was the head of a hardware and mining-supply house, and Smith was a prosperous real-estate man.

"Did you ever stop to think," asked the real-estate man, "that you owe your success to the honesty of the average man?"

"On the contrary," responded Jones, "I think I never began to succeed until I realized the dishonesty of the average man, and until I began to be a little careful in dealing with men—choosing those with reputation and financial standing and then to be worthy of my trust."

Smith was silent a minute, and then he said earnestly: "Well, since you think the honesty of the average man is up to me, let me see what I'll do. I'll just bet you a hundred dollars that I can pin a \$10 bill to the back of your business card, drop it on any corner in town, and that the finder of it will bring it to me within a week."

"You!" said Jones, as calmly as if he were dealing with a prospector for a \$500 lot. "Write out the terms of the wager, and I'll not have to depend on memory."

Smith produced his note-book, and on the flyleaf he wrote: "I hereby agree to pay L. J. Jones the sum of \$1000 if the \$10 bill which I have dropped in the street, and to my business card, is not returned to me. This is on condition that L. J. Jones shall forfeit to me the same sum of money in case the \$10 bill is not returned to my hands."

He passed the book to Jones, who wrote a duplicate, except in this case he re-versed the order of the names. The two men smilingly signed both documents, and then took a \$10 bill from his roll.

"We'll mark it, so we'll know it," said Smith.

In the corner of the bill Jones wrote in his initials, "L. J." cut, in zigzag fashion, two pieces from the bill in the center, and the two letters, carefully wrapped up the bill of green that contained half the bill and placed it in his purse. Then, holding Smith the bill, he said: "Pin it to your card, and we'll drop it in the street."

The two men left the cafe and walked down Third street to Main. "Say when you're ready and I'll let her fall," said Smith. "Any time you say. All right, here she is."

The green bill and white business card fell at their feet, and the two passed on down Main street, smiling.

The next day as Smith sat in his office, he was excited and half-regretting the fool-ery he had made with Jones, a buggy wheel in front of the office and an old man with flowing white beard climbed leav-ing out of the vehicle and walked up to Smith. Smith jumped to his feet and opened the door hastily.

"Come in, sir, come in! Sit down. Have a glass of water. Regular Arizona weather here, isn't it?"

He was not thinking in the least about the weather, or any other brand of cli-mate. He was thinking of a lost \$10 bill, wondering if this old farmer had found it, and had not long to wait for an answer to his unasked question.

"Is this Mr. Smith?"

"Yes," he replied hurriedly. "Have you found some money I lost?"

"Here," replied his visitor, "and I've brought it back to you." Without further ceremony the old man fumbled in his pocket and handed the astonished Smith two \$5 gold pieces.

"But this isn't the money I lost!" ejac-ulated Smith.

"No, Mr. Smith, and if it's that particular bill you want, I'm sorry, for I haven't got it. I'll tell you how that came about. You see, I came to town yesterday afternoon from Downey with a load of butter and eggs, and before I'd sold my stuff I stopped into a Main street restaurant to get a bite to eat. Well, I had just picked up your \$10 bill. When I went to pay for my meal I remem-bered that what little change I had was in my inside coat pocket. I had put your bill in my shirt pocket, intending to put it away later. But as it was easier to reach, and as I knew I could pay you back the same amount when I sold my produce, I just ripped that ten out and handed it to the cashier."

Smith caught his breath. "What restau-rant did you eat at?" he asked.

The farmer could not remember the name of the house, but gave him the exact loca-tion.

"Very well. Thank you. I must go there at once. I'll lose a thousand dollars if I don't get that bill back. Here's \$5 for your information. Excuse me, but I must go at once. Good-by."

Closing the door, Smith hurried off down the street. Arriving breathless at the cafe, he went to the cashier and inquired about the lost piece of money.

"Yes," said the bald-headed man behind the counter, "I remember taking that bill from an old farmer yesterday, because I remember it was all smeared up and partly torn and I hesitated a minute before ac-cepting it. It isn't in the drawer now, though. Everything in the shape of money went to the bank this morning."

"What bank?"

Receiving the desired information, Smith rushed madly out of the cafe and went to the bank. It was his own banking house, and he knew every member of the institu-tion from teller to president.

"Sorry, old man," was the simple answer to his eager questioning, "but every \$10 bill received this morning went to San Bernar-dino a few hours ago; sent a shipment to our bank up there. You might run it down if you go to San Berdoo."

With his temples throbbing, Smith caught the next train out for the little mountain city. It was late when he arrived, and he was compelled to wait until next day before he could resume his search for the recal-citrant bill. As soon as the doors of the bank opened he walked in, introduced him-self and stated the situation very calmly and simply. At the close of his story he laughed good-humoredly, though he felt more like swearing. The sleek young man behind the bronze bars was very kind. He must have been brought up in a good home, Smith thought, for he didn't laugh. He only smiled.

"You certainly seem to be in hard luck, Mr. Smith. However, if I were in your shoes and had a cool thousand at stake, I'd keep on till I run that bill down. I can tell you who has it now. You've probably heard of the Morning Glory mine? Well, Jim Lar-son, foreman of that rich cave, was here yesterday afternoon and took that ten spot, among a bunch of others, to pay off his men. You'll probably find it out there at the mines somewhere, unless the fellow who received it has sent to his mother in the East or spent it at some saloon."

Smith hired a guide, secured a burro and set off for the hills. He was tired in body and mind, but the excitement of the whole peculiar adventure kept his nerves all a-tingle, and he scarcely realized his wear-iness. The guide steered him into the Morning Glory camp about sundown, when the miners were just beginning to come in, weary from their work, to prepare for sup-per. At any other time Smith would have enjoyed all this keenly—the sight of the roddy-faced, happy men; the jesting and loud laughter; the braying of the burros; the crackling of the fires, and the great red sun sinking behind the purple mountains. But just now he had no eye or ear for these things. Everything he looked at or heard reminded him of a \$10 bill.

"Goodness knows I never was money-mad before," he said to himself. "I don't think I'm money-mad now, but I certainly would like to convince that cynical Jones that there's still a good deal of old-fashioned honesty in this world. And then, of course, I don't want to lose that thousand. Still, I'd be sorry to see him lose it—don't know that I'd take it if I should win."

No sooner had Larson come into the

camp, where he always ate with the rest of "the boys," than Smith walked up to him and, drawing him aside, informed him of the perplexing dilemma which he was holding by both horns. Larson roared with laugh-ter.

"That's a good one, by Jo!" he exclaimed, when he was finally able to speak. "That is a peach! Richest thing I ever heard! And to think, to think, to think who's got that bill now! Oh, Susie!"

"Well, who has it? I'm willing to do the square thing in order to get it back. If you really know anything about it, for goodness sake tell me!"

"Well, I'll tell you if you'll give me time," returned the foreman, laughing between each word. "You see, that bill didn't look like it had just come from the mint. It was rather a dilapidated, sickly-lookin' green-back, and I sorter hesitated about offerin' it to any of the boys. So I says to myself: 'I'll just send that back to the supply house. They'll take it and be glad to get it.' Yes, sir, that money went back to Los Angeles to help pay a bill I owed to Jones & Kitner for supplies."

Smith could hardly believe his ears. He had always doubted the reliability of the senses, and now he became, all in a mo-ment, a full-fledged disciple of the great Spencer, Jones & Kitner! There was something wrong somewhere.

"Oh, no!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, yes!" laughed Larson.

Smith snapped his fingers and struck the palm of his left hand a vicious blow with his right fist.

"Well, I'll be jingod!" he said.

Two days afterward Smith walked into the mining-supply house of Jones & Kitner in Los Angeles. He found Jones in his office, and as the two men looked at each other they both grinned.

"Well," said Jones, "has Mr. Honesty re-turned your money yet?"

Oh, how malicious was that smile! Jones! Jones! What a common, plebeian name for a man to have to drag through life with him, anyway! Smith wondered why any man had ever been named Jones.

"Well, how about it?" repeated Jones, and as he spoke he took his wallet from his pocket and laid it on the desk.

Now, Smith was not dishonest, but he was a real-estate man.

"You know how about it," he replied. "At least you know who's got the bill. But I think I can explain to your satisfaction just how it came to be in your possession; and when I've done so I think you'll agree that I have a thousand coming to me from one Mr. L. J. Jones."

In detail he recounted his adventures since the old farmer had entered his office. Jones listened patiently. When the story was finished he asked: "Who is the farmer? What's his name and address?"

Smith put his hand to his forehead. "By George! I forgot to ask him!" he said.

"Well, that's a dandy story, Smith. It's a ripper. Give it to one of the local papers. You could make a lifelong friend of any aspiring reporter by cramming his head with that dope. Now, on the level, it's a good story, and I'm not doubting the truth of it. Still, if you intend to stand by your agreement I think you owe me a thousand. Of course if you don't remember the terms of the wager, I have a bit of paper in my pocket that might serve to remind you. The terms were that you were to forfeit a thousand to me if a certain bill was not re-turned to you. Well, you haven't got it, have you?"

Smith hung his head a moment, and then looked the other man squarely in the eye.

"No, it hasn't been returned to me," he said quietly, "and when I lose I pay."

Drawing his bank-book from his pocket, he wrote out a check for a thousand dollars and handed it to Jones.

"I've lost my bet," he said, "but I haven't lost faith in the honesty of the average man."

Jones stood over him, looking down at him with a broad grin.

"By the way, Smith," he said, "have you still got the two fives that old farmer gave you?"

Smith produced the two coins. Jones took them, weighed them in his hands and clinked them down on the desk.

"Counterfeit!" he exclaimed.

Smith looked dumfounded.

"Yes," went on Jones, "that fellow, that 'honest farmer,' spent your good \$10 bill,

then gave you two bad fives, and had the gall to accept another good five from you. That's your average man!"

"Not at all," stubbornly protested Smith. "The average man is on the square. Maybe I haven't proved it, but I still believe it."

"Well, at least your credulity can't do any vast harm," grinned Jones as he took the check which Smith had handed him, and upon which the ink was not yet dry, and deliberately tore it into a dozen pieces. "Let's go down to the Orpheum. They say there's a dandy bill on this week, and I haven't seen a good show in a month."

Five minutes later Smith grinned as Jones handed a familiar and badly-worn \$10 bill through the bars to the man in the box.

Aux Armes!
Men of America! Are ye degenerate?
Hark how the eagle screams, angry and loud!
Let every man who our womanhood vener-ates
Strike for the lady of whom we're so proud!

Beautiful victim of despots tyrannical
Two months she languished in Holloway gaol.
Worse yet, they fed her by methods me-
chanical,
So that her hunger strike did not avail!

Picture her, robbed of the refuge of suicide,
Closely confined in her dungeon so grim—
Honor the woman who modesty threw
aside
While she indulged in her womanly whim!

Maybe she showed just a slight incivility
When with a stone her host's windows
she broke;
But in the light of her impeccability,
Doubtless 'twas merely a practical joke.

Humble Bull's pride! Raise a row interna-
tional!
Uncle Sam's daughters must do as they
please!
What if their actions are somewhat irra-
tional
When they are visiting over the seas?
—[George B. Morewood, in New York Sun.

The Mosque at Ephesus.
A gray shell with a ruined tower
Whereon the wild stork sees
On the moor's arch with wind-sown flower—
Within, the aged trees!
Tranquil decay, and silence meet
To strew round old belief!
While every mellowing stone grows sweet
With time's unconscious grief.

Once as on Salisbury's moor I lay
Where the great stones remain,
I felt my very soul grow gray
And sink into the plain;
A solitary lark clomb up
In the dark, sunset sky,
And singing filled from heaven the cup
I drink of till I die.

Now world-wide grows the music rare
I harbor in my mind;
I hear the lark's song everywhere
That I the gray stone find;
It rises in my heart of hearts
And music floods my brain—
Old Mosque, o'er thee it fluttering starts,
And soars, and comes again.

Ye antique trees, grow fresh and green
Within the roofless nave!
The song that hangs in heaven unseen
Shall rest upon my grave;
And when it rises from my breast,
Yon arch shall break to flower,
And the wild stork shall cap his nest
White on the mouldering tower.
—[George E. Woodberry, in the Independ-ent.

Millard Fillmore's Homestead.
[East Aurora Correspondence Buffalo News:] The oldest house in this part of the country has been sold to make place for a modern structure. It is the homestead built by Millard Fillmore in 1822. It was occupied by him when he started to prac-tise law in this village, and up to the time of his taking office as President of the United States.

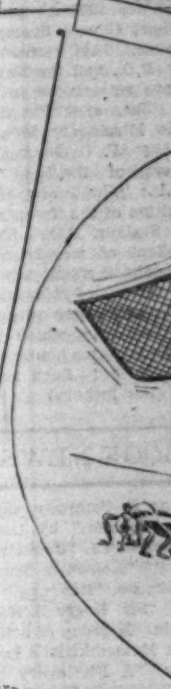
Advertisements at the bottom of the page including: MILLION HEARTS GRIEF-STRICKEN, STAGE DEBUT AT EIGHTY-NINE, FORTY THOUSAND SOON OPEN, and various other notices.

Gardening in Southern California.



Workers in one of the famous private gardens of Pasadena.

[560]



U. S.—DON'T

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...
...HUSBAND OVERLOOKS.
...Lola M. Kreis was practically han-
...dled from the city yesterday when
...Judge Wilbur turned her over to her
...husband, who is employed near Mon-
...rovia. Mrs. Kreis received a suspend-
...ed sentence of one year in jail for
...having contributed to the depen-
...dency of Rosa Bincami, aged 15. She
...was then placed on probation for
...three years.
...UNDELIVERED TELEGRAMS.
...There are telegrams at the West-
...ern Union office for Dr. A. Burgess,
...George Mark, Isaac Pickering, Ethel
...Edwards, H. W. Short, Mrs. Horace
...Bowman, A. M. Villavest, J. D. El-
...som, R. L. Payne, Thomas Macrae,
...Ida L. McGroarty, H. R. Sanford, R.
...Wright, Joseph Kocula, Leroy Fal-
...ton, Ely Bramson, Mrs. Georgia V.

Recent Cartoons.



DEPENDING TOO MUCH ON THE POLE.—By DeBeck.

Pittsburgh Gazette Times



PRESIDENT WILSON—I SEEM TO BE HAVING SOME DIFFICULTY KEEPING THESE TWO PLANKS IN PLACE.

Baltimore American.



AND DON'T FORGET TO DRINK THE WATER FOR DRINKING AND FOR DOMESTIC PURPOSES.

Philadelphia Record.



"New Jersey State Line, Muzzle Your Hatpins!"

Philadelphia Record.



U. S.—DON'T YOU THINK IT'S GOING TO LOOK A LITTLE SKIMPY?

New York Herald.



Portland Oregonian.

SUMMARY.

Chicago's Famous Marriage License Clerk (Continued from Page 16.)

GENERAL HAVEN.

The first of the series of lectures given by General Haven at the University of Chicago, was held last night.

MILLION HEARTS GRIEF-STRICKEN.

FORMER OFFICIAL, CUPID IS SUMMONED BY CHARON.

Chicago's Famous Marriage License Clerk (Continued from Page 16.)

STAGE DEBUT AT EIGHTY-NINE.

VETERAN WOULD MAKE INTENSE BOW AS COMEDIAN.

Former Friend of Maudslowi, Last, Chapin and General, Himself a Historical Character

FORTY THOUSAND SOON OPEN

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE)

TIOFEKA (Kan.) May 2.—(Ex-press Dispatch.) Facing the prospect of a wheat crop of more than 125,000,000 bushels—the lowest estimate based on Secretary Clegg's re-

ers and character of today.
to get you, then there is—
Ab, "The Dickens Year"
by Lois Prentiss and Gar-
ling. This book contains
Dickens for every day in
I know you are pleased!
like Dickens. What more
to rise in the morning and
notations from Mr. Dickens?
to minimize the cares of the

What more inspiring
Course Series? They are
This series is edited by
D., and the new volumes in
starting me in the face
are "The Song and the
Missionary Idea in the Old
W. C. Jordan, D.D.; "The
of the Soul," by George
"The Psalm of Psalm," by
of the Twenty-third Psalm
Walker, D.D. To show the
t of merely writing down
I might say that I have
out of tobacco far out into
and have dropped the left
secretary which I have been
last two hours! Such is the
life! Such are the moral
fathers!

What more inspiring
Course Series? They are
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life! Such are the moral
fathers!

BOOK NEWS.

Company announce "To-
beater," by Gordon Craig;
son's "Common Sense in
"Nelson in England," by E.
"Ravenna," by Edward
Sir Roger, L'Estrange, by
A group of scientific books
atomologist's Log Book," by
"A Dictionary of Botanical
George F. Zimmer, and a book
"Brien for "The Guild of
those to whom a garden is
than a collection of plants
is will be glad to have
"Ted's Annals of Rajas-
diamond Sutra" is a Chinese
Egyptian Legends" is a book
cray for the Wisdom of the

others announce that they
press for reprinting "Palm
on Winter.

author new to Americans will
appearance here this spring
and Milfin Company publish
Charles McEvoy. Mr. Mc-
in England as a playwright
is his first attempt at

others announce the publica-
"Journey," by Robert Dell
"Bend in the Road," by Tru-

Company will shortly
Richard Pryce book on
the Woman."

in his paper on "The Otto-
World's Leading Con-
indications of the seed
which made the Turks at
prey to the allies. "As
writes, "the fatal course
was marked by constant
this time on they were
their position." In con-
Dr. Bevan says: "The
of brigands among both

the Hellenic population,
in this sphere of activity a chance
developing their capacities in guerrilla
warfare; with the training and traditions
acquired they were able in later years
as the leaders in the national move-
ment which, during the course of the nine-
teenth century, ended in the dismember-
ment of the Ottoman provinces in Europe."
The volume also contains brief accounts of
the Great, Caesar, Charles the
the Spanish Conquerors and Napo-
leon and is the third volume of the general
series of "World's Leaders," under the edi-
torship of Prof. W. P. Trent of Columbia.

"The Hippodrome," by Rachel Hayward, is
a story of Fatalite—a present day Car-
tist girl half Irish, half Austrian, who
comes to Barcelona to ride in the Hip-
podrome. The leader of the Spanish Ter-
rorists uses her as a go-between. The ad-
venture fascinates Fatalite and she enters
at a time when all things social and eco-
nomic are in a state of flux. "Hawaii, Past
and Present," just published by Dodd, Mead
& Co., is written by William R. Castle, Jr.
Mr. Castle was born and brought up in
Honolulu, his family has been there since
1836, when his grandfather came to the
islands as the financial agent of the Ameri-
can Board of Missions. Here the elder
Castle settled and turned his attention to
sugar raising, so that now the Castles are
one of the prominent families of Hawaii.
The author, William R. Castle, Jr., did not
come East until he entered Harvard Col-
lege in 1896, though since his graduation
he has spent most of his time in this coun-
try, occupied with his duties as college pro-
fessor and in writing during his spare mo-
ments.

One of the quite numerous and famous
companies of Englishmen to adopt Oriental
ways and customs, as Sir Richard Burton
did, for instance, is Marmaduke Pickthall,
whose latest novel, "Veiled Women," has
just been issued by Duffield & Co. The son
of a clergyman of the Church of England,
and married to the daughter of an admiral,
Mr. Pickthall has spent many years in the
east on terms of intimacy with all sorts of
Orientals, learning Arabic and studying
eastern ways and thoughts. He lived for a
year among the Druzes of Mt. Lebanon, and
has made a special study of native condi-
tions in Egypt. "Veiled Women" is the
story of life in an Egyptian harem in the
seventies, under the Khedive Ismail.

John T. Trowbridge, the author, at the
age of 75 wrote in his autobiography: "At
the middle milestone between three score
and ten and four score when 'my way of
life' should long since (judged by the aver-
age human experience) have fallen into the
'sere and yellow leaf,' I am in the enjoy-
ment of a tolerably green old age." After
ten years his statement is still true, and
evidently he may equally well, now as then,
speak of himself as "active on my feet if
no longer alert enough to mount stairs two
steps at a time, or to cut 3's and 8's on the
ice."

Sir Harry H. Johnson began life with the
intention of becoming an artist, studied
painting at the Royal Academy and in
France, and it is said, made his first jour-
ney to Africa in search of scenery. The
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people know just how much of a
war is fought on the water or on
any's coast, and how much of it is
fought by men who are not on the scene of
battle at all, but are fighting in the na-
tional capitals of the powers involved. A
large part of this aspect of the war—the side
activities range from diplomacy to the
told in "Holtan of the Navy," by
Perry, which A. C. McCurg &
have just published. Lieut. Perry,

the hero of this tale, expects to command a
torpedo boat during the war with Spain
which breaks out shortly after the story
opens. On the eve of his sailing to Key
West, however, he is recalled to Washing-
ton by Assistant Secretary of the Navy
Theodore Roosevelt, and given a commis-
sion of greater danger than the command of
a ship. A Cuban girl, a fiery patriot, who is
also in Washington on business connected
with the war, encounters the lieutenant on
the occasion of his coming there, and from
that and its consequences springs the ro-
mantic side of Mr. Perry's tale.

WITH THE AUTHORS.

Hawaii is one of the most interesting
little places on the globe. Its brief but ro-
mantic history, its picturesque beauty ap-
peal to all, and its present unique social
and economic arrangements are interesting
at a time when all things social and eco-
nomic are in a state of flux. "Hawaii, Past
and Present," just published by Dodd, Mead
& Co., is written by William R. Castle, Jr.
Mr. Castle was born and brought up in
Honolulu, his family has been there since
1836, when his grandfather came to the
islands as the financial agent of the Ameri-
can Board of Missions. Here the elder
Castle settled and turned his attention to
sugar raising, so that now the Castles are
one of the prominent families of Hawaii.
The author, William R. Castle, Jr., did not
come East until he entered Harvard Col-
lege in 1896, though since his graduation
he has spent most of his time in this coun-
try, occupied with his duties as college pro-
fessor and in writing during his spare mo-
ments.

One of the quite numerous and famous
companies of Englishmen to adopt Oriental
ways and customs, as Sir Richard Burton
did, for instance, is Marmaduke Pickthall,
whose latest novel, "Veiled Women," has
just been issued by Duffield & Co. The son
of a clergyman of the Church of England,
and married to the daughter of an admiral,
Mr. Pickthall has spent many years in the
east on terms of intimacy with all sorts of
Orientals, learning Arabic and studying
eastern ways and thoughts. He lived for a
year among the Druzes of Mt. Lebanon, and
has made a special study of native condi-
tions in Egypt. "Veiled Women" is the
story of life in an Egyptian harem in the
seventies, under the Khedive Ismail.

John T. Trowbridge, the author, at the
age of 75 wrote in his autobiography: "At
the middle milestone between three score
and ten and four score when 'my way of
life' should long since (judged by the aver-
age human experience) have fallen into the
'sere and yellow leaf,' I am in the enjoy-
ment of a tolerably green old age." After
ten years his statement is still true, and
evidently he may equally well, now as then,
speak of himself as "active on my feet if
no longer alert enough to mount stairs two
steps at a time, or to cut 3's and 8's on the
ice."

Sir Harry H. Johnson began life with the
intention of becoming an artist, studied
painting at the Royal Academy and in
France, and it is said, made his first jour-
ney to Africa in search of scenery. The
new interests there aroused made him join
a party exploring Portuguese East Africa
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a first-hand knowledge. Personally I think it
is a higher art to vary constantly the sub-
ject-matter, style, key, and in every other
way, if one is able to do so and keep the

product of this versatility sound of its sort.
A writer who can do this ought never to
feel himself 'written out.' As for academic
perfection, that is a thing which one has to
study en route. Technique belongs, I
think, more fully to the later decades when
the Long Trail becomes impossible, due to
such shackles as ill-health, adverse fortune,
bright eyes or twins."

Herman Whitaker, the author of "The
Mystery of Barranca," has evidently kind as
well as harsh things to say about the coun-
try and its people. After describing a vil-
lage festival, he makes the hero of "The
Mystery of Barranca," a young American
mining engineer, draw a comparison be-
tween the happy life of the peon, with "time
to think his simple thoughts," and "the
worry, strain and strife to live up to a
standard just beyond income that obtains
in American life." He concludes that "we
have nothing to give this people, and we'd
surely kill all they have."

There is another English author making
a bid for American recognition and inciden-
tally American sales. Frances Forbes-
Robertson, the sister of the English actor,
Johnson Forbes-Robertson, has just brought
out a novel in this country through her
publishers, Dodd, Mead & Co., entitled
"The White Hound."

Just how far detective stories influence
and incite criminals is a mooted question.
Arthur B. Reeves, the author of the "Craig
Kennedy" stories, tells in a recent inter-
view several anecdotes in this connection:
"Do I think criminals profit by any of my
stories? Well, in one case Kennedy found
that the criminal had broken into a safe
by using thermite to burn the steel. Im-
mediately after the publication of this story
several people wrote to me for the formula
for thermite. It is to be found in several
articles in scientific journals. There is no
reason for supposing that these people
were more than just curious. And do you
remember the story in which the method
of preparation of 'soup' by yeggmen was

mentioned? Shortly after came a letter
from the president of a large powder com-
pany asking me if I had ever considered
the possible effect of my yarns upon the
coming generation of up-to-date yeggs. He
went on to give me some valuable tips re-
garding the preparation of "soup" (nitro-
glycerine.) So far, however, there is no
record of any criminal having profited by
the stories, though from the great number
of letters I have received there must be
hosts of people who are interested." Mr.
Reeves' latest book of "Craig Kennedy" sto-
ries has just been published this spring un-
der the title of "The Poisoned Pen."

Irving Bacheller, author of "Keeping Up
With Lizzie," and "Charge It," is traveling
abroad. Writing home recently he says:
"I recommend Sicily to you. She is not
over-neat, but she is industrious and cap-
able. If she fails to clean your pockets thor-
oughly the first trip, don't blame her. Give
her one more chance."

Zane Grey, author of "Riders of the Pur-
ple Sage," writes from Florida that he has
landed the record tarpon of the season,
measuring six feet four and a half inches.
Mr. Grey completed a new novel before his
departure for the South which will be
brought out by his publishers in the early
part of this month.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

The French zoologist and professor at the
Sorbonne, Yves Delage, has just been
stricken with total blindness, according to a
Marconi dispatch to the New York Times.

Prof. Delage is a worker on the origin
of life problem and created a stir recently
by his experiments in artificial fertilization,
in which he showed that the eggs of the
sea urchin could be developed into living
specimens, being hatched by purely me-
chanical means.

Despite his affliction he announces that
he will continue his research in his labora-
tory by means of the devoted assistant who

Why Should a Woman
Outlive Her Usefulness?

- Is complete absorption in her children, to the exclusion of all other interests, the *real duty* of a married woman?
- Will the old ideal of a sheltered life, seclusion from the vital work of the world, and self-sacrifice hold its own against the awakening to larger interests among women of today?
- Who is to blame if, through her inability to share one thought with her husband outside of their domestic life, a woman's married life is a failure?
- These are the thoughts which one finds uppermost after reading the powerful new romance

VIRGINIA
By ELLEN GLASGOW
Author of "The Battle-Ground," "The Voice of the People," etc.

In this story Miss Glasgow has pictured the South of today in a love story of the children and grandchildren of those who fought in the war. The ideals of a generation past, of woman's subordinate place, of her sole duty of love and self-immolation for her family—inevitably meet in conflict with the spirit of the new age, which asks a place for woman side by side with man in the work of the world.

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has been his right hand for many years, Mlle. Goldschmidt. It was in collaboration with this assistant that Delage wrote his book, "The Theories of Evolution," a translation of which was published by B. W. Huebsch last year.

Julian Street, whose new book "Welcome to Our City," will be published shortly by George H. Doran Company, received an important letter a day or two ago. It came from an officer in a large investment company, asking if one of the partners might not call upon him with a view to interesting him financially in the erection of a new office building on Thirty-fourth street. The letter was addressed to Mr. Street, in care of Street & Smith, Publishers, and was forwarded.

Here is Mr. Street's reply: "Though I am not a member of the firm of Street & Smith, or of that Street family, your letter was forwarded to me. I do not know whether you sent it to me because you thought I was connected with that wealthy firm or whether you had merely seen me in my fur-lined overcoat and jumped to conclusions.

"However, your conclusions were right. I have money to invest. While it is not a great fortune, it is good, round sum, representing the life's savings of an author. I do not want to put all my money into buildings and real estate, but have decided to divide it into three equal parts, investing one-third in good, sound stocks, one-third in gilt-edge bonds, and the remainder in office buildings, apartment-houses, hotels, etc.

"So as to give you some idea of what it may mean to get me into this scheme, I will tell you frankly how much money I have. In round figures it is \$17. As a matter of actual fact, however the amount is somewhat less. Confidentially it is exactly \$16.42, but I do not care to have that generally known, as I like to let some people think that I am even wealthier than is actually the fact. A good many persons in New York are under the impression that I have had as much as \$20 or even \$22, and generally I do not correct their ideas. But in your case it is different. You will be wanting to know just how much you can count on, in case I decide to go into your building proposition. That is why I am telling you all this in detail. Providing, as I said before, that you can convince me that this plan is perfectly safe, I will stand ready to place at your disposal some part of the sum of \$5.47, the same to be used in the purchase of ground and construction of an office building in Thirty-fourth street.

"Trusting that you will send your partner up immediately, with the necessary papers, believe me, Yours very truly, "Julian Street."

The partner has not yet called upon Mr. Street.

At the sale of the Smita-French library recently held at the Anderson auction rooms in New York, \$301 was paid for Charles Sprague Sargent's "Silva of North America." This work was published by Houghton Mifflin Company in 1891, and is still in stock at \$350.

The present troubles in Mexico lends timeliness to Prof. Joseph King Goodrich's "The Coming Mexico," a new volume in "The World Today Series," which A. C. McClurg & Company have just published. This book is not an attempt to forecast a new Mexico, but it is a description of the people, the natural resources, and the industries out of which the future must be molded, as well as a short account of the history of the country in which it is shown how the present situation has naturally grown out of a romantic and checkered past. A phase of American interest in Mexico which has been very little touched upon by writers so far is discussed by Prof. Goodrich in this volume. It relates to the question of American access by land to the costly and important Panama Canal. The author is of the opinion that some treaty should be made with Mexico by which this could be made possible in case of emergency.

Sydney George Fisher, the historian, in a recent interview, written by Albert Mordell in the Philadelphia Record, takes a whack at American writers for their so-called provincial self-centered view of life which leads them to seek abroad for themes while there are so many excellent ones at hand. In proof of this he mentions Rudyard Kipling's book, "Captains Courageous," which is probably the first novel to deal with the Newfoundland fishing banks, and several of Kipling's stories in "Rewards and

Fairies" for which the author gathered the material in Philadelphia. In part Mr. Fisher says:

"Our worst fault, as it seems to me," he said, "is our failure to take advantage of the few opportunities that offer in our monotonous waste of material prosperity. For example, the Gloucester fishermen have been sailing their schooners to the Grand Banks of Newfoundland for over 100 years, and all the very clever writers of Boston and New England knew about them! but not one of them had the wit to see this capital opportunity for a story. It was left for Rudyard Kipling, a foreigner, to see at a glance the chance and write 'Captains Courageous.'"

"In Philadelphia, under our own Quaker noses Kipling took the material for a couple of capital stories in his collection called 'Rewards and Fairies.' I am somewhat familiar with the details of Philadelphia history and I cannot but admire the skill with which he gives us the city's characteristics in the period just after the Revolution. He seized unerringly upon the typical sights and scenes in the streets; the Germans, the Moravians, the Indians and the French emigres from the Reign of Terror."

Recently the rabbi of one of the fashionable synagogues in New York City chose H. G. Wells's "Marriage" as the text for his lecture at the Sunday morning services. Passages in Mr. Wells's novel dealing with certain aspects of eugenics and the Jewish race are no doubt proving of interest to intelligent Hebrews.

George K. Stiles, author of "The Dragoon," has given up his home in the south of France and has gone, accompanied by his family, to Cuba. Mr. Stiles has applied for a consular position, and in the meantime intends to make a study of the Cuban commercial situation. He will devote his time also to perfecting himself in Spanish, as he admits that he is more proficient in French and Italian. When he was in Egypt gathering material for "The Dragoon" he made use of the lingua franca spoken in all countries bordering the Mediterranean.

NEW YORK LETTER.

W. H. W.

NEW YORK, May 2.—A valuable and important enterprise is the publication of the new Everyman's Encyclopaedia in Dutton's Everyman Library. The poor man has long wanted an encyclopedia which was reliable and which he could afford. Well, here it is. Two volumes are now ready, and ten more—making the set complete—will be issued before the end of the year. These volumes are small, but are printed on very thin paper, and will contain in all 6,000,000 words. The Duttons claim that there will be more articles in this work than in the largest encyclopedia ever published. The information is necessarily condensed, but the editing is in competent hands.

Carlo D. Fornaro, who was sentenced to Blackwell's Island for libel in his book, "Diaz, Czar of Mexico," has joined the band of prison uplifters. He has recently finished a book which he calls "A Modern Purgatory," in which he describes the harrowing conditions on Blackwell's Island and tells of his six weeks experience in the Tombs. While on "the island," it seems, he drew many caricatures, and these are to be used in the book.

The white slave literature is at last creeping to the stage; no less than four plays dealing with this racy subject will be presented this coming season, and from all accounts there will probably be more white slaves on the stage than there ever were in real life. The juiciest and most lurid promises to be a dramatization of Elizabeth Robins's "My Little Sister."

The New York literary public seems willing to listen to anything from literary men except lectures upon literary topics. Is literature such a dead thing in America that our incoming literati are unable to cling to their craft and still be accepted as a visitor? Not long ago Pierre Loti in New York avoided all literary subjects and lectured on Orientalism and old religions. Literary New York flocked to hear him—although it did not flock to see "The Daughter of Heaven"—one of the most spectacular failures of the recent New York season.

At present two literary gentlemen are in

our midst, as the reporters say. One is Alfred Noyes, a mild and opulent young poet; the other is Cosmo Hamilton, a writer of second-rate novels and problem plays. It has been a busy visit, indeed, for these two imported writers. Clubs and societies have fairly fought to get possession of them; as lecturers they are in almost as much demand as Theodore Roosevelt was at one time. But are they lecturing on art? Are they lecturing on poetry, literature, or any phase of the book question? Not at all. Far from it, indeed! Mr. Noyes, it seems, is an expert on international peace, and is thrilling the women's clubs and parlor gatherings with sweet and lofty platitudes. Andrew Carnegie, himself, is presiding over the meetings.

And as for Cosmo Hamilton; the benign theory of eugenics is holding him in leash, and upon all public occasions he is delving into the intricacies of laboratory love.

The seventieth anniversary of Henry James passed without a quiver in New York. There were no meetings, no dinner, no formal reading of his works. April 15 passed like any other day. Not a single formality in literary clubs reached the public print. Thus do we treat our geniuses! For in spite of all his absurdities and tortuosities of syntax, James is a genius—for has he not written "What Maisie Knew?"

I had the opportunity a few days ago of reading a one-act play by Strindberg, which as yet has never been published in English. The name of this play was "Simoom," and was a translation made by Edwin Bjorkman. The play was unlike anything of Strindberg's I have heretofore seen, and merely opens up another facet of his character. America for a long time has come to look upon Strindberg in one light. He is considered "the terrible Swede," a misogynist, a diabolic fellow who lives on vitriol and H2SO4. This is due to the fact that the first plays of Strindberg which were done into English represented but one phase of his genius. So terrible and crushing were they that one overlooked his dream-play, "Swanwhite," which Brown Brothers brought out several years ago. But since then new types of Strindberg plays have come to us, one of the most pronounced of which was "Lucky Pehr," a satire along the "Peer Gynt" line. In "Simoom," which may be included in another book of Strindberg plays, we have something still different from anything which this Swede has written. It is a phantasy of black magic in the desert, and relies upon an acceptance of the sorceries of the East for its dramatic movement and effect. There are but two characters: an Arabian woman and a white man—a soldier who has incurred the enmity of the woman. During the simoom she uses upon the man all the witcheries at her disposal. Aided by the effect which the simoom has upon the white man's brain, she gets her victim into a state of hypnosis, and, by a series of subtle and terrible suggestions, brings about his death.

In the hands of a lesser artist than Strindberg the play would have become an absurdity; but so plausible is this illusion made that the effect on the reader is little short of miraculous.

CALDERON'S OPINION OF US.

Views of this country that will probably surprise many of its citizens—particularly if they may be taken as representative of the more intellectual class of South Americans—are set forth by F. Garcia Calderon, a Peruvian diplomat and son of a former Peruvian President, in "Latin America; Its Rise and Progress." We quote from a chapter called "The North American Peril," which perhaps contains the essence of what this writer thinks of us:

"Warnings, advice, distrust, invasion of capital, plans of financial hegemony—all these justify the anxiety of the southern peoples.

"The people of the United States have always desired a Zollverein, a fiscal union of the republics; they wish to gather in their imperial hands the commerce of the South, the produce of the tropics. The unity of the German Empire was born of Zollverein or customs union, and perhaps in the future the same means will create that eternal empire of which the patriotism of Mr. Chamberlain used to dream. The United States, according to candid Prof. Coolidge, are, in respect to Latin America, in a position analogous to that of Russia in respect of the nations of the Zollverein: their population is greater and more imposing. 'History shows us,' he writes, 'that when feeble states are closely associated the independent

ence of the weak state runs certain risks. The Yankee ideal, then, is fatally contrary to Latin-American independence.

"For geographical reasons, and on account of its very inferiority, South America cannot dispense with the influence of the Anglo-Saxon North, with its exuberant wealth and its industries. South America has need of capital, of enterprising men, of bold explorers, and these the United States supply in abundance. The defense of the South should consist in avoiding the establishment of privileges or of monopolies, whether in favor of North Americans or Europeans.

"It is essential to understand not only the foundations of North American greatness, but also the weaknesses of the Anglo-Saxon democracy, in order to escape from the dangers of excessive imitation.

"The Anglo-Saxons of America have created an admirable democracy upon a prodigious expanse of territory. A caravan of races has pitched its tents from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and has watered the desert with its impetuous blood. Dutch, French, Anglo-Saxon and German, people of all sects, Quakers, Presbyterians, Catholics, Puritans, all have mingled their creeds in a single multifarious nation. At the center of new soil men have felt the pride of creation and of living. Initiative, self-assertion, self-reliance, audacity, love of adventure, all the forms of the victorious will are united in this republic of energy. A triumphant optimism quickens the rhythm of life; an immense impulse of creation builds cities in the wilderness and founds new plutocracies amidst the whirlpool of the markets. Workshops, factories, banks; the obscure unrest of Wall street; the architectural insolence of the skyscraper; the many-colored, material West; all mingle perpetually in the wild, uncouth hymn which testifies the desperate battle of will and destiny, of generation against death.

"That octopus of a city, New York, might be taken as the symbol of this extraordinary nation; it displays the vertigo, the audacity, and all the lack of proportion that characterizes American life. Near the poverty of the Ghetto and the disturbing spectacle of Chinatown you may admire the wealth of Fifth avenue and the marble palaces which plagiarize the architecture of the Tuscan cities. Opposite the obscure crowds of emigrants herded in the docks you will see the refined luxury of the plutocratic hotels, and facing the majestic buildings of Broadway, the houses of the parallel avenues, which are like the temporary booths of a provincial fair. Confusion, uproar, instability—these are the striking characteristics of the North American democracy. Neither irony nor grace nor skepticism, gifts of the old civilizations, can make way against the plebeian brutality, the excessive optimism, the violent individualism of the people."

Maryland's Automobile Library.

The most useful automobile in Washington county, Maryland, is the one that serves as a circulating library for the remote cabin dwellers who are too hardworked to seek literature themselves, says the May number of Popular Mechanics Magazine. The population of the county, outside of Hagerstown, is 30,000, spread over 500 square miles. For several years Miss Mary L. Titcomb of Hagerstown, who conceived the idea, carried literature to the out-of-the-way places in a sort of cupboard on wheels, drawn by a horse. But this outfit was small, and the horse got tired on the steep roads. So when a train ran over the wagon and left nothing but splinters, an automobile, provided with a special library body, took its place, and books are now taken to the doors of the readers by twenty-four routes, covering the whole county.

Lofty Animal Memorial.

[Popular Mechanics:] A sixty-foot monument having for its base a memorial drinking fountain was recently erected in Post office Square, Boston, for the use of horses and smaller animals. The fountain is provided with sixteen individual drinking bowls which are used by more than 5000 horses daily, and upon the top of the monument of granite and cement rests a brilliantly gilded eagle. The monument and fountain cost about \$5000 and a large portion of this was collected by school children to commemorate the life-work of the late George H. Angell of the Massachusetts Humane Society.

Illustrated

In

Current Affairs

BY ANTONY A.

From "The Siege of Tia midnight: on the cold, round moon, blue roll the waters, blue spreads like an ocean, blue with those blue waves on either calm, clear, and azure and scarce their foam but murmured meekly. The winds were pillow. The banners drooped. And that deep silence save where the watch save where the steed n

Pasadena's Loan Exhibit

The Pasadena Music which began its amazing last year, has just been already out for a be on Throop Campus, and coming in. Meanwhile, pictures is in progress Throop Campus, which of the most interesting nations ever held in The Music and Art Association to let the grass grow. Such vitality in one a it compels us to sit up forces our admiration makes us want to do a puts intermittent enthusiasm. We have not been in the ing Pasadena a partic let us begin to think that been mistaken—that w our metropolitan prejudi doubt Pasadena is very matters.

Wisely, the committee nres by local artists f addition, the only Calif seated being William many pictures by Ke for us to appraise the wonder if his really son hasn't been largely efforts of the picture for all their beauty of feeling, these pictures to have been a man o Apparently, the Barbiz dressed him, took him pelled him to imitation. that looks like a Corot, smiles a Diaz, here a Rousseau—but where i canvases signed William ful—but not so beautif men he could not, or w Sebastian Maurice la ly big canvas, "The Vis takes up the entire wall beries. It was exhibit 1912. In the same room ally good example of B Moonlit Sea." Harrison the Seine," exhibited i also a good specimen of Rich and juicy color, rays, are found in "A beautifully painted pictu Jr., an American painter the same artist's "Gath among the best landscap in Mazanovitch's "Lan the bit of modern impre greens and grays are valley below the birches against sunlight. Anoth landscape is Statura's "Lobach," painted in t rays. In the same gallel portraits by William people, a man and a v ructed, modeled with for lines and contours old masters, and absolu A Bouguereau that a line of the soul—marv "The Twins," a Gree ledly over her two su are at play. It is per course, perfectly draw pretty is Jules Lefebvre but in spite of her porcel ly fingers the girl was t near Lefebvre's canvas "Robe," by Ferdinand Vic

City Hall

avenue, Toledo, ing his brother, Al- the left home about who is believed to be in vicinity. His brother is very ill and before her was making the Mayor information public in thing the missing

Woman Wanted. of the Police yesterday, it was the City Council to come to the twenty-five police without pay. These were re-education, who were officers of such as- able women who are city without pay, nation to the com- missionary. any young girls and y are willing to im- and knowledge to own men. Were ad- with male members, as the details are being and humili- formance. I believe it will prove advan- worth the amount for some."

Public Utilities of departments that with the fixing of as when that serv- Los Angeles, held the subject yesterday were discussed for information re- of this service. It there will be no re- sisting for from and, meanwhile will be gathered to use the rate-fixing

Street, filed a state- favor yesterday, in against the rule of the Commission, in cents per foot for ex- Ochotkovsky out- ery with the board rates and declare a water department made for giving to three houses of der without cost, inations under the amount in \$490. fered the statement of the Public Serv- and asks for a re-

Want More. the police department with their monthly are appealed to the an increase in pay, receiving \$75 per ask that this be name as is allowed ring their first year

Field Day. ill be scarce about ly. The City Club this as "field day" and as all of the pt Councilman An- ent Williams are up they will be busy in ments to present at ew why they should ve the dear people.

HOG-TIE COMPANY

REMAN CHANGES

Twenty-five Thous- ing He was in- lock by President art Refuse to Ap-

a cattleman of Ar y he was induced t of the International ay, an Arizona cor- he and fraudulent ult yesterday again a corporation, New J. J. Connor and I. J. recovery of \$35,000. stock. He also asks appointed for the the defendants be prohibiting the prop- ound Beach Hotel doing or appropriat- and securities re- thers of the stock

Kreie agreed to his wife, over- looking past offi- While on pre- sation previously a provided a good home for her but one day the old life called her and she left, taking of her husband's men-

HUSBAND OVERLOOKS.

Lola M. Kreie was practically ban- ished from the city yesterday when Judge Wilbur turned her over to her husband, who is employed near Mon- rovia. Mrs. Kreie received a suspended sentence of one year in jail for having contributed to the depend- ency of Rosa Blum, aged 16. She was then placed on probation for three years.

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UNDIVULGED TELEGRAMS.

There are telegrams at the West- are Union office for Dr. A. B. Bur- George Mark Isaac Pickering, Ethel Edwards, H. W. Short, Mrs. Horace Bowman, A. M. Villars, J. D. El- son, R. L. Payne, Thomas Macree, Ida L. McGarry, H. E. Sanford, E. E. Wright, Joseph Emma Leroy Fal- con, Elly Branson, Mrs. Georgia V. Baker, Emile de la Garra, L. J. Fender, C. O. Johnson, Eva Scott, Addie Wise, Mabel Franklin, Albert Wilkins, Francis, Marie C. Anderson, Louis Sando, Fannie A. Shriver, Mrs. William Bell, John Fred David C.

circulated a petition among members of the home, asking of the railway

231 S. Broadway

Opp. City Hall

Men's Famous Wear

FARM IMPLEMENTS

WAGONS of wood

In the Realm of Art and Artists.

Palette and Brush.

Current Art Topics.

BY ANTONY ANDERSON.

"The Siege of Corinth."

At midnight: on the mountains brown
The cold, round moon shines deeply down;
The roll the waters, blue the sky
Stretches like an ocean hung on high.
The waves on either shore lay there,
Clear, and azure as the air;
And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,
Murmured meekly as the brook.
The winds were pillowed on the waves;
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Christian Maurice Laurent's tremendous canvas, "The Vision of St. Hubert," takes up the entire wall of one of the galleries. It was exhibited in the Salon of 1901. In the same room appears a remarkable good example of Birge Harrison, "The Gulf Sea." Harrison's night effect, "On the Seine," exhibited in another room, is a good specimen of this painter's work. Rich and juicy color, greens, browns and greys, are found in "A Holland Village," a carefully painted picture by W. H. Singer, an American painter. This canvas, and the same artist's "Gathering Clouds," are among the best landscapes in the exhibition. Kazanovitch's "Landscape" we have a bit of modern impressionism; the blues, greys and greys are in a high key, the sky below the birches on a hill being seen in sunlight. Another most noteworthy landscape is Stager's "Winter on the Lake," painted in the most exquisite style. In the same gallery are two wonderful portraits by William M. Chase, two old men, a man and a woman, finely conceived, modeled with the refined feeling of the masters, and absolutely just in values. Bouguereau that approaches the conception of the soul—marvel of marvels!—is "The Twins," a Greek mother bonding over her two small children, who play. It is perfectly painted, of course, perfectly drawn. Almost equally good is Jules Lefebvre's "Girl Reading," in spite of her porcelain complexion and the Lefebvre's canvas hangs "The Red" by Ferdinand Victor Roybet, a virile

bit of painting, the head strongly modeled, the robe triumphantly manipulated. Sunlight, color, truthful painting of flesh are found in "The Aura," a life-size nude by Jean Rachmiel. "Gray Day in a Court," by Frederick Bartlett, which took the Martin B. Cahn prize in the Chicago Art Institute exhibition of 1910, shows a most painter-like handling of greys.

The room devoted to water colors is small, and the pictures themselves are not numerous. Our Pasadena and Los Angeles collectors, it would seem, are not as appreciative of this exquisite form of painting as they might be. There is a good example of Mead, however, an exquisite little bit by Detaille, and a lovely twilight on the Sahara Desert by R. Talbot Kelly, showing a hurrying camel and its driver.

In the gallery beyond the water color niche we find a beautiful example of Veroni, "The Prince Suing for the Hand of the Princess," both prince and princess being robust and hearty persons, rich in purse, no doubt, and assuredly rich in coloring. Here, too, is a very noble picture ascribed to Annibale Carracci (1560-1609), "The Holy Family With Attendant Saints," and notable pictures by Arthur Davies (who is largely responsible for the recent wild show in New York), Diaz, Alma-Tadema, Frank Brangwyn, Corot, Couture, Claude Lorraine, Harpignies, Henner, Inness, Jacque, and so on—a most interesting room, in which the true lover of art will be enticed to linger for hours.

The small gallery devoted to prints and drawings is almost as attractive. Here we find, among many other notable things, an original drawing for Omar by Elihu Vedder, etchings by Whistler, Rembrandt, Pennell and Zorn, a design by Guerin for Hichens's "Egypt," a charcoal sketch by L'Hermite, etc.—in all a rich treasury of black-and-whites.

The exhibition will remain open to May 6.

A Portrait by Greenbaum.

Although Joseph Greenbaum has for the past few years devoted a good deal of attention to the painting of landscape, and with not a little success, it was as a portrait painter that he first introduced himself to Los Angeles, and it is in this branch of art, I think, that he is at his strongest and best.



PORTRAIT OF MRS. MORRIS ALBEE. BY JOSEPH GREENBAUM.

Moreover, his work is notably delightful in the portraiture of women, even though his men are characteristic and interesting. He has painted Mrs. Hancock Banning, Mrs. Charles Wellington Rand and half a dozen other well known women of Los Angeles, and in each case with insight and intelligence. His latest portrait is that of Mrs. Morris Albee. It was exhibited yesterday at the artist's studio.

Very often, in portraiture, Greenbaum assumes the old English attitude of looking at his model—the Gainsborough point of view—but pursues, of course, a thoroughly modern method of painting her. His compositions—picture hats, arboreal backgrounds, and all—may be old English, a charming convention of the past, but his interpretations are most certainly American, and, indeed, western. The combination is not without its fascinations.

Painted in a color scheme of purples, blues and greens, with the usual big hat—a very handsome one, by the way—and posed, seated, against the usual trees that have the effect of tapestry, there is distinction and elegance in the present portrait. Seen almost in profile, the face has life in its repose. The arm and hand which are seen are finely modeled. The collar and muff, of ermine and seal, have a sufficient suggestion of texture, not enough to make them aggressively clever, and certainly not enough to detract from the beauty of the neck and bust. This portrait of Mrs. Albee is one of Greenbaum's most satisfactory efforts.

From the very outset of his career Rodin has disdained the joll for the beau, and as the crowd likes the joll and does not always recognize the beau he has often been misjudged.

No one but Rodin, for instance, would ever have lightheartedly chosen to perpetuate in bronze the gaunt and emaciated frame of Francois Villon's "Belle Qui Fut Heaulmiere." The heads of some octogenarians of the gentle sex occasionally retain, even sans teeth and sans hair, enough character and nobility to make them fit subjects for reproduction on canvas or in stone. The idea, however, of offering to the public gaze the nude figure of a decrepit old

woman is one before which most sculptors or painters would have paused.

The "Belle Qui Fut Heaulmiere" is certainly not "pretty," but it conveys a terrible idea. In its horrible realism it pictures as nothing else could the ephemeral quality of beauty and youth. The gnarled and withered form perpetuated by the sculptor was once a figure of loveliness, radiating health, power, contentment and the pride of them. In her youth "La Belle Qui Fut Heaulmiere" made traffic of her beauty, and this is what is left of it! We are not among Rodin's admirers who place this little statuette among his best works, but it must be admitted, even though reluctantly, that its power of evocation and suggestion is intense. It has more hidden significance, more of the "unspoken," more "theme" than anything the sculptor has yet done.—[W. Francklyn Paris, in International Studio.]

ART NOTES.

The San Francisco Sketch Club has been authorized by the Mason-McDuffie Company to offer \$1000 in prizes to be awarded for a suitable poster to advertise its San Francisco residence park, St. Francis Wood. There will be four prizes, the highest being \$500, the lowest \$100. The competition is open to any artist. All designs must be received on or before August 1, 1913, by Eugen Neuhaus, No. 80 Post street, San Francisco. On the jury will be J. E. D. Trask, Director of Fine Arts Panama-Pacific International Exposition; John Galen Howard, professor of architecture University of California; Arthur Mathews, painter; Arthur Putnam, sculptor; Eugen Neuhaus, painter; Louis Christian Mullgardt, architect.

The thirty-five landscapes and figure studies recently shown by Anna A. Hills in the Kanst gallery are now being exhibited in the gallery of the Public Library, Long Beach. Miss Hills, who came to Los Angeles very recently from Ohio, has proved herself to be a painter of unusual technical skill, as well as an artist who interprets nature in a sincere and poetic way.

Helena Dunlap is now exhibiting some of her pictures in Paris. She has spent the past few months sketching in the valleys behind the San Diego Mountains, and at Laguna Beach. She will soon hold another exhibition in Los Angeles.

The exhibition of marines by John Donovan has just closed at the Steckel gallery, though a number of the pictures will remain there. The artist has just left for San Pedro, and will make a cruise of ten days or two weeks along the coast, sketching and inhaling ozone. He confesses that exhibitions—when they are his own—are hard on his nerves.

King George's Weight in Gold.

[Tit-Bits:] If King George, when he went to Calcutta, had not set his face against the proposition he would have been weighed in gold, and the amount required to make him tip the scales would have been distributed among the poor.

This is a very ancient custom that still prevails in many eastern lands. A Maharajah who was recently crowned seated himself in one of the pans of the balance, while into the other was thrown gold coin until royalty rose in the scales. The Maharajah, by an old unwritten law, did not become legally chief until he had been weighed in this manner.

In olden times the custom prevailed of throwing the money into the air and letting the people scramble for whatever part of it missed the scales, but this resulted in disorder and frequent loss of life, and, moreover, defeated the object in view, as the strong and well-fed usually outnumbered those in need of the benefit. After this a commission of functionaries was named to divide the gold among the poor of the country districts after the monarch had been weighed.

THE SIEGE OF CORINTH.

At midnight: on the mountains brown
The cold, round moon shines deeply down;
The roll the waters, blue the sky
Stretches like an ocean hung on high.
The waves on either shore lay there,
Clear, and azure as the air;
And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,
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state runs certain risks, then, is fatally contrary to independence. ...

to understand not only the North American greatness, but the Anglo-Saxoner to escape from the danger of domination. ...

of a city, New York, might be a symbol of this extraordinary display of the vertigo, the lack of proportion that characterizes American life. ...

Automobile Library. ...

imal Memorial. ...

For Liberty ...

HELP WANTED.

THOUSAND SOON OPEN

STAGE DEBUT AT EIGHTY-NINE.

MILLION HEARTS GRIEF-STRICKEN.

TOPEKA (Kan.) May 2.—[Ex-

HELP WANTED.

The City and the House Beautiful.

By Ernest Branton.

Gardens, Grounds, Streets, Parks, Lakes.

The Busy Season.

TIME RIPE NOW FOR ALL SORTS OF GARDEN WORK.

THE present is the busiest of all seasons for the home gardener, for nearly all sorts of work should be done as quickly as possible, and it seems that all of it should be performed, not only immediately, but at one and the same time. With the average person this fitful fever soon passes and we find the backyard has received no attention worthy of notice. When shall we learn that the true lover of the beautiful does not live in a home with a "Queen Anne front and a Mary Ann rear." In the average garden the whole premises, except the backyard, is given over to show, and where, oh, where is the place of comfort and seclusion? Only in the backyard may such places have a cool, vine-shaded arbor or retreat.

There are many, many homes in and about Los Angeles owned by people of moderate means, where the backyard is the most beautiful of all, as it should be, even in this busiest of times. The higher the culture the more beauty and harmony is demanded by all the senses, and the nature lover is usually found in the backyard during most of his spare hours. The front of the premises commonly conforms to the too-much recognized demands of the public and custom, and is largely formal in character, if indeed character there be. The backyard alone reflects the individual unless he be one of much courage, and even then his best effort generally is manifest in the part that lies nearest his heart—the spacious backyard, full of old-fashioned plants and flowers. Do not forget, in this high-tide time of gardening that a little attention to the rear garden now may render it attractive for all the summer.

More Flower Shows.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA appears to be acquiring the flower-show habit. Every city and village that has once held a flower show now accepts these affairs as a regular annual or semi-annual event, and new flower shows are being held all about us. The growth of the flower shows held annually are growing in size and importance at a rate little short of astonishing.

It has been the writer's privilege and pleasure to have been a judge at two of late, in both of which places he has previously performed the same office, and is therefore in a position to judge of growth and development. Sierra Madre and Eagle Rock are the lucky pair of municipalities showing a decided and pleasing progress in this line. Each held a spring exhibition during the month of April and each surpassed, in several points, any previous effort. Not only were the shows larger in the area covered, but the number of species, varieties, etc., were much greater than upon any previous occasion. One of the chief points of value about these shows is shown in the aftermath. Visitors, even local residents, take down the names of plants and flowers most admired and beseege the local nurserymen for some to plant in their own gardens. All this adds materially to a wider and rapidly-growing appreciation of plant life, beautifies the land, makes possible more and better flower shows, elevates the individual, and stimulates business.

Beauties of Griffith Park.

AT NO other time of the year are the rare charms and beauties of Griffith Park so strongly impressed upon the visitor as the present. From the hot, sunny slopes on the south, covered with millions of heat-defying blossoms, to the quiet, cool, fern-embowered retreats along the river on the north is as great a range in climate, general scenery, vegetation, natural limitations and possibilities as one may find on the Pacific Coast. Year by year the great value of this priceless gift becomes manifest to more of our people, and when proper transportation facilities are granted this park will be found fairly alive with a people suddenly awakening to the now comparatively unknown fact, viz.: that Los Angeles has one of the most truly magnificent natural parks of any municipality in the world. A visit to the various parts of this great



SCENE IN GRIFFITH PARK.

park at the present time will quickly convince the most skeptical of the truth of this statement.

Pruning Deciduous Shrubs

THE proper time to prune deciduous shrubs is now at hand. Deutzias, syringas, spireas, and weigellas are examples of this class that are now in bloom. They should be pruned immediately after flowering so they can make long, drooping, graceful branches on which next season's flowers will be borne. These shrubs flower along the full extent of the branches, and if pruned in autumn or early spring many flowers are lost, and along with them goes the graceful drooping habit which is one of the chief points of beauty.

Drought-resistant Plants.

IN TREES: Any acacia except the Blackwood (A. melanoxylon); Carob or St. John's Bread (Ceratonia siliqua); Monterey cypress (Cupressus macrocarpa); Monterey pine (Pinus radiata); Canary Island pine (P. Canariensis); also nearly all pines; Bottle tree (Sarcocolla diversifolia). In palms none surpass in drought resistance our native fan palm (Washingtonia filifera). In shrubs use Leptospermum laevigatum or L. scoparium; any species of Cassia; Bird of Paradise (Caesalpinia pulcherrima); Grevillea Thelmanniana; any species of Lantana; Plumbago capensis. In herbaceous plants there are many, but among the better ones for dry places are California poppies, lavender, mignonette, petunias, portulacas, rosemary, sweet alyssum, amaranthus, nasturtiums and zinnias.

Against Billboards.

AGITATION against the billboard nuisance will not down and in the end the protestants surely will win. Every civic organization in Southern California is now waging a more or less bitter warfare against this universally acknowledged evil. One federation of clubs has this to say in a circular recently issued: "Never cease to agitate talk against the unsightly billboards and do all within your power to rid your town of them. Refuse to patronize firms advertising in this manner. They will soon find out it does not pay them to use billboards in your town and you will have gone a long way toward ridding the State of them. Our district will give especial attention to State legislation on the subject."

Purely California Gardens.

IT IS coming, slowly but surely: The California garden. We are soon to have gardens either wholly of native plants or native sorts with those still more drought-resistant until we may safely run away to the beach or elsewhere for the whole summer, unworried over the home place by reason

of the knowledge that when we return all well look as well as the day we left them. That such gardens may be built is a statement that may be dismissed with the stronger one that such have been built. Also more are being made by reason of their acknowledged resources in combating heat and drought sufficient to kill the thirsty exotics from less favored lands. That we are destined to work out the true garden spirit of California in furtherance of these ideas and demonstrations the present writer has no doubt. Nor is he in doubt or at all fearful of the ultimate outcome, nor of the ability and good taste of our people properly to solve the problem. The day of our garden emancipation is close at hand and we are in truth and reality soon to have gardens smacking strongly of the California spirit, climate, and native vegetation.

The Eastern Black Cherry.

IN RICH, moist lands at the foot of cool northern slopes the writer would like to see specimens of the eastern black cherry planted, confident that in such locations it would thrive abundantly and prove of great interest and some economic value and at the same time add to our landscapes a tree of a class decidedly lacking in Southern California.

The black cherry will grow fairly well on dry situations, but it is only in the moist, well-drained, rich soils of mild climates that the maximum development is reached. The tree thrives on bottom lands, yet makes a moderate growth on sandy or rocky upland if the soil is penetrable. In the Middle West it has had variable success as a forest tree, though on the whole the results have been encouraging. The tree can endure moderate shade.

When grown in the open, the crown becomes spreading, but seldom massive like that of the oaks and chestnut. The tree varies greatly in size, depending on the region and locality in which it grows. In New England it is of medium size, from thirty to fifty feet in height, with a diameter of from fifteen to twenty-four inches. In the Middle States a height of sixty feet and a diameter of two and a half feet is often attained. The best development, however, is made on moist residual soil of the upper slopes of the southern Alleghenies, where a height of ninety feet and a diameter of four feet are not uncommon. The root system is extensive, especially on dry, sterile soil, where the taproot goes deep in search of moisture.

Grafting Cacti.

THE best time for grafting cacti is during the growing season. Epiphyllums are often grafted on Pereskia, but Cereus columbinus is no doubt much better for the purpose, and C. grandiflorus and all that class are equally good. One of the most successful grafters of the cacti we have in the

West uses C. grandiflorus entirely for grafting cions of Epiphyllums and C. flagelliformis cristata.

The operation is an easy one. Cut a V-shaped notch in the stock or spine of the cion and insert the wedge-shaped cion. Sometimes both are necessary, according to the size cion. Having fitted the pieces as well as possible, run a sharp spine through both stock and cion and bind securely in place with twine or raffia, and nature will do the rest. Some curious plants may be obtained in this way, particularly when Echinocacti or Mammillarias are grafted on the slender-growing Cereus.

Fine Flowering Shrubs.

A GROUP of spring flowering shrubs of especial merit are the genistas, or cytis, interspersed with various other beautiful members of the pea family; of the not the least attractive is the old-fashioned broom (Spartium junceum), blooming most continuously. Among the cytis many coming from Spain, with white or yellow fragrant flowers, especially the white forms, known in Europe as Spartium. The genistas also give many attractive plants, but from the prevalence of yellow and white flowers, if we vary variety, we may use a few plants of galas, especially P. apopetata and a charming little Hardenbergia which makes a climber as well as an attractive shrub with purple and blue flowers. A species of cassia, if only for its free flowering habit should be included in this list.

Grand Native Poppies.

THE abundant rain of a few weeks came at just the right season to boost our native poppies into an unusual fine plant growth. The last rain came a time that meant large size in flowers, our bright clear sunny days have made the products to perfection.

Some Call This Gardening.

THE garden craze of the last few years for which we predicted a brief life, though a merry one, has become what real votaries thought it would—a permanent interest.

This emphasis of enthusiasm has been about the cult of the garden ornaments, those who are able to afford to do so, searching far and wide for some plant sculpture that shall harmonize with style of the gardens, be they Elizabethan, Jacobean, or of the Georgian period.

Until one remembers the depredations the Puritans during the civil war in this country it is difficult to understand how it is that the Elizabethan and Jacobean gods did not produce a greater number of pieces of garden sculpture than they have. Most of the images of the Jacobean gods the Puritans demolished, particularly if they were lead, a favorite metal in those days for the manufacture of such ornaments. Lead of every kind was used for the formation of bullets.

Lead images are now highly prized garden ornaments, and so are those of terra cotta, and, of course, of marble and stone.

There were many quaint conceptions in garden ornaments in the days of long ago did not appeal alone to the beauty of the eye, but aroused the practical joker of the period. Anyone who has visited Czar's summer palace of Peterhof, near Petersburg, will remember in the garden one of the small villas adjacent to the main one, trick fountains, as they are called, innocent-looking marble seats, upon which sooner has the visitor sought repose than he is drenched with a shower of water. Such trick arbors and trick seats were a feature of the gardens of long ago.

Beautiful Rural Homes.

A VERY observant traveler of more forcible impress upon the mind the farther the value of attractive surroundings. Every farm home should be attractive. It is not necessary to have a house or fancy cottage, or expensive fence to make the farm home pretty. Be sure, a neat fence, a few ornaments about the house and the free use of paint

mightily, but the chief made of trees and shrubs and a shady driveway are much to charm. The lawn perfectly smooth, all the neatly pruned, yet the impression that peace well there. As a lady of a pretty farmhouse said: "We do not need much as we do the surroundings are pretty. The abode of love and all that makes life worth the city for fine man country for pretty homes."

The Avocado.

IT SEEMS to be making a name for itself in the south of California. But the fact underlying the reasons seem to warrant the belief that in the near future, one of our fruit products.

First, the adaptability to this climate has been possible of a doubt, the price must be paid to produce for the colder season 100 or more trees now borne from three to twenty. The cool seacoast to the interior valleys. These number of widely different characters of fruit adaptability ought to be the most skeptical.

Second, the food value is a main basis for the foreign presents in a most easily assimilated form as high as of fat, which places the with the staple food product being a mere luxury as many fruits. The taste is not always acquired upon a few repetitions are usually make any one extremely price is now prohibitive to a few have had opportunity, but as the product greater and the price low limited demand will be the whole country. Cultivation of the United States will be in the areas in Southern South Florida, and consequently of over-production scarce. As rapidly as price will permit, the avocado will be a part of the daily life of all parts of the United States.

A Pessimist's Criticism.

[New York Tribune:] To discuss serious matters of taking up subjects women," says a Vienna correspondent, "where abnormal conditions, with the exception of an occurred in the Austrian recently, when Victor Silbo spoke about the passing woman and deplored the decree of fashion the straight-line woman had the plump beauty who was of the imperial city. "The said, 'no matter how we turn to the prevailing fashion for training to reach the hands will certainly have the coming generation.'"

Chinese Insects.

This remedy against the appeared in a recent issue of the Medical Journal: "Take of some salts and dissolve in water; wet a bath cloth with it and rub the body over, and not wipe afterward. A very certain that flies, bugs, mosquitoes or the like will never touch persons somewhat stronger solution of iodine will leave a fine, most bloodthirsty insect."

Chinese Insects.

[New York Tribune:] I have roast beef, how can I have any respect for the food?

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FARM IMPLEMENTS

Grounds, Parks, Lakes.

grandiflorus entirely when of Epiphyllums and Cereus cristata.

on is an easy one. Cut in the stock or split the insert the wedge-shaped chisels are necessary, according to the shape of the plant.

Having fitted the parts in place, run a sharp spine through the hole and bind securely with wire or raffia, and nature will do the rest.

Some curious plants may be grafted in this way, particularly the Mamillarias are grafted on growing Cereus.

.....

ing Shrubs.

of spring flowering shrubs are the genestas, which are covered with various other blossoms of the pea family; of the attractive is the old-fashioned (lam junceum), blooming busily. Among the cypripediums from Spain, with white and red flowers, especially the known in Europe as Spanish cypripediums also give many varieties, but from the prevalence of white flowers, if we may use a few plants of the P. apopetata and the P. Hardenbergia which make well as an attractive shrub and blue flowers. A specimen for its free flowering habit is included in this list.

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Poppies.

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servant traveler of the observes: "I wish I could impress upon the minds the value of attractive surroundings. A farm home should be attractive, not necessary to have a cottage, or expensive, but the farm home pretty, at fence, a few ornaments and the free use of paint

ability, but the chief attractions can be of trees and shrubs. A shady lawn and a shady driveway are always attractive. of trees, shrubs or flowers never be charm. The lawn may not be kept perfectly smooth, all the trees may not be pruned, yet the home place ornated with them does not fail to convey an impression that peace and contentment there. As a lady from the city said: "A pretty farmhouse suggests a happy bird's nest." We do not notice the dwelling so much as we do the surroundings. If the surroundings are pretty we know the interior of the house is all right and that it is the abode of love and contentment and that makes life worth living. We look for the city for fine mansions, but to the country for pretty homes."

.....

Avocado.

SEEMS to be making a strong statement to say that within the next quarter of a century the avocado may rank with the orange as a commercial fruit in southern California. But there is a foundation of fact underlying this statement, and the reasons seem sufficient, indeed, to warrant the belief that it may become, in the near future, one of our most important products.

First, the adaptability of the avocado to the climate has been proved beyond the possibility of a doubt, though some attention must be paid to procuring hardy varieties for the colder sections. There are now more trees now bearing, ranging in age from three to twenty-five years, scattered over the southern end of the States from the cool seacoast to the hot and dry interior valleys. These trees embrace a number of widely different types, sizes and characters of fruits. This test of adaptability ought to be sufficient to satisfy the most skeptical.

Second, the food value of the fruit is the basis for the foregoing statement. It is a most easily digested and assimilated form as high as 12 to 18 per cent, which places the fruit in a class with the staple food products, instead of a mere luxury as is the case with many fruits. The taste for the avocado is always acquired upon first trial, but the repetitions are usually sufficient to make any one extremely fond of it. The fruit is now prohibitive to many, and only those who have had opportunity to acquire the taste, but as the production becomes more and the price lower an almost unlimited demand will be created throughout the whole country. Culture of the fruit in the United States will be restricted to limited areas in Southern California and Florida, and consequently the danger of over-production scarcely seems possible. As rapidly as price and production permit, the avocado will become an important part of the daily food of people in parts of the United States.

A Pessimist Criticism.

New York Tribune:] "Men who meet serious matters are not often of taking up subjects pertaining to them," says a Vienna letter, except in cases where abnormal conditions exist." An exception of an interesting kind occurred in the Austrian Parliament recently, when Victor Silbherer, a Deputy, spoke about the passing of the buxom and deplored the fact that by the time of fashion the thin and scrawny single-line woman had taken the place of the plump beauty who was once the pride of the imperial city. "The new woman," he said, "no matter how well she may conform to the prevailing fashion, is ugly, and in failing to reach the straight-line beauty will certainly have a bad effect on the coming generation."

Chinese Insecticide.

This remedy against the bites of insects appeared in a recent issue of the China Journal: "Take one ounce of Epiphyllum and dissolve it in one pint of water; wet a bath cloth wet enough that it will not drip, and rub the body well all over and not wipe afterward, but dress. I am very certain that flies, gnats, fleas, bedbugs, mosquitoes or the famous African fly never touch persons so treated. A stronger solution applied and allowed to dry will leave a fine powder that most bloodthirsty insects will not attack."

New York Tribune:] If the militants must beef, how can they be expected to have any respect for the Bank of England?

Fulfillment of a Prophecy.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN.)

like that for a few seconds and then sank back with a low groan. I tried to say something, but the words stuck in my throat. Then from the shore came a sound that grew plainer and plainer as my ears caught it. I must have moved, for McHenry leaned toward me, his face close to mine.

"You—you heard it?" he whispered.

"It is a shore breeze," I lied.

He laughed and there wasn't any mirth in it.

"Don't lie," he said evenly. "It is the woodchopper at work and you know it as well as I."

My blood ran cold. It was the very thing that I had been thinking of.

"Listen," he commanded.

It was as plain as if I were standing by the side of the man at work, the sound of a woodcutter's ax. Steadily, with the swing of a strong man as he sends the steel into the wood, it came to my ears. After a few moments of hacking and hewing came the horrid crash of a falling tree. I fought to convince myself that it was nothing more than it seemed to be, yet reason told me that there was no sense in people waiting until midnight to cut trees.

During the few moments' silence that followed the crash, I caught the uneven hiss of McHenry's breath between his clenched teeth. All at once the hacking began again. It seemed as if I could make out the even rhythmic fall of the hewed chips on the ground.

Suddenly, McHenry sprang from his chair and stood swaying on his feet, his eyes focused on the stern, beyond the point where the afterwatch leaned against the emergency wheel smoking his pipe.

"Well," he said in a low tone, "you have come. What am I to do?"

There was something in his voice that brought me standing, staring in the direction he gazed. But I saw nothing. He turned and held out his hand as if in farewell. I still caught the sound of the chopping, but it was growing fainter and fainter.

"She was right," said McHenry, and although his voice was so low that I barely made out what he said, it was perfectly even and controlled. "He fell by my hands and his spirit has come for payment."

THE THING ON THE RAIL.

I stood there, his hand in mine, for the first time understanding the words he had heard in the Frenchman's house in Guayaquil. He faced the stern, flung up his hands, covered his face and I heard a low, racking sob. Almost on the instant I made the thing out.

There it stood on the stern rail, the white, filmy figure of a man that rose and fell with the lift of the ship. About it hovered a strange bluish light, and as I watched it stretched out its arms toward the man by my side.

Swiftly, like a man who has made up his mind and has no time to lose, McHenry walked toward it, past the man at the wheel who nodded an unanswerable greeting, and up on the rail where it stood waiting for him. There they stood for an instant, the man of flesh and blood and that thing of another world. Then, and not until then, I found my senses and screamed to the sailor to stop McHenry. He sprang toward him, but it was too late. Without a glance backward, McHenry squared his shoulders, threw up his head and stepped off into the night. There was the horrid crash of a falling tree, then silence.

Somehow we got off a boat and for an hour searched, only to find nothing. The next morning I told Capt. Sentele the story. He offered no comment, but ordered his boat ready and bade me follow him. We rowed ashore, where he found the trader whom he knew.

"We heard someone felling trees last night," said Capt. Sentele simply.

The trader's jaw dropped.

"So did I," he muttered. "But I have questioned every one who could know if such work was going on and not a tree has been cut."

"You are certain of that?" I managed to stammer out.

"Absolutely," replied the trader. "Once before, when one of my men was drowned, I heard the same sounds and then, like last night, no trees had been cut."

We left him, rowed silently back to the ship, and in an hour were steaming up the coast.

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Difficulties of Authors.

[Great Thoughts:] Defoe offered "Robinson Crusoe" to publisher after publisher without success. It was, however, at last brought out by a publisher named Taylor, to whom it proved a veritable gold mine. He is said to have made a profit of some hundred thousand pounds by the sale of this remarkable book.

W. M. Thackeray offered his brilliant novel, "Vanity Fair," to some publishers after it had run through the pages of a magazine, but it was refused, as they thought it was not an interesting novel, or one that would meet with a ready sale.

Jane Austen, who was undoubtedly one of the greatest novelists that ever lived, met with great difficulty at the beginning of her literary career in getting her books printed. She sent her "Northanger Abbey" to three or four firms, but it was refused by all of them. At last she disposed of her manuscript for the small sum of £10 to a bookseller, who, if we mistake not, had an establishment in Bath. It turned out a splendid speculation for him.

Samuel Warren's very interesting book, "The Diary of a Late Physician," first saw the light of day through the medium of Blackwood's Magazine, the publishers to whom he had submitted it having refused to undertake its publication in book form.

Charlotte Bronte's first novel was refused by a great many firms.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe submitted her "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to a firm of publishers in Washington after it had appeared in serial form in an anti-slavery magazine, but, on the recommendation of their reader, it was rejected. They afterward, however, undertook the publication and its success is universally known. In England alone the sale has reached something like 400,000 copies, while in America it may be set down at a still larger figure.

Sir Walter Scott, soon after he had finished "Waverley," offered the copyright of that novel to Sir R. Phillips, the famous bookseller, for the magnificent sum of £30. The latter declined it.

The Rev. John Keble offered his "Christian Year" to a country publisher for £20, but it was refused. As to the sale of this book, we learn that, during the forty years immediately succeeding its publication, Mr. Keble's share of the profits amounted to about £15,000.

Hans Christian Andersen's "Fairy Tales" were refused by all the publishers in Copenhagen. He brought them out at his own expense, with what success is sufficiently known.

Blair could hardly get £100 for the first volume of his "Sermons." Yet it was such a success that £300 was eagerly paid for the second volume, and for succeeding volumes £600 each.

[Tit-Bits:] In order to meet with the rigid requirements of some of the British colonies in respect to motor cars which can be taken anywhere and everywhere, an English manufacturer has brought out a model which can be driven for miles through water four feet and even five feet deep. All electric conduits, magneto, and batteries are protected by special insulations, and extra lengths of pipe are attached to the exhaust pipe and to the intake manifold. When a car of this type is driven through five feet of water only the tip of the radiator and the seats show above the surface.

[Tit-Bits:] At Birmingham Assizes a case was called, but there was some delay owing to the engagement of counsel in another court. When counsel, Mr. Vachell, K.C., appeared, he explained that he had been engaged in another case.

The Judge: Your junior ought to have been here. It is not treating the Court with respect. Sir Edward Carson takes only one brief at a time. It is not a bad rule.

Mr. Vachell: I wish I had some of Sir Edward's briefs.

The Judge: Perhaps that is why he gets the briefs; he attends to them.

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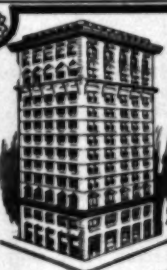
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VETERAN WILD MAKE INITIAL BOW AS COMEDIAN.

TOPEKA (Kan.) May 2.—[Ex-]treme Dispatch. Facing the prospect of a wheat crop of more than 120,000,000 bushels—the lowest estimate based on Secretary Coblentz's report of acreage and condition—the State employment bureau already has

May Best for Hatching Chicks by Hens.

By Michael K. Boyer,

POULTRY EDITOR OF THE FARM JOURNAL.

Natural Incubation.

HOW TO TREAT MOTHER HEN DURING BROODING PERIOD.

[The best season for natural hatching is the subject of careful consideration this week by Michael K. Boyer, with particular reference to farmers, with whose interests, as poultry editor of a farm journal, he has been in close touch for years. The month of May, in temperate climates, he points out, finds the brooding hen most in evidence, although March and April hatches are generally to be preferred especially where artificial means are employed for incubating and brooding. Weather conditions, however, have much to do with the success of hen brooding, and for this reason May is the desirable month for this form of hatching. Even the late hatching obstacle is generally overcome by the rapid development of May chicks, which catch up to and sometimes surpass earlier hatches.]

The famous Wyandotte family is pictured this week by Mr. Graham, showing the beautiful plumage that makes this fowl so strikingly handsome. It has had an interesting breeding history, by crossing an experimental enterprise that has attracted many high-class breeders.]

BY A large majority of poultrymen, May, in temperate climates, is considered one of the best, if not the best, months for hatching with hens. This is especially true in the case of farmers. At this season hens can be set outdoors in barrels, and in consequence, the results are better, as the hen is sitting under more natural conditions. By the use of tobacco stems for nesting materials, the louse question is settled to a considerable extent. Not more than fifteen eggs should be given a broody hen, as she will not be able to comfortably cover them. Unless the hen is comfortable, she will not give the eggs the attention needed. Thirteen eggs make the proper setting, as the hen is not crowded and can more conveniently cover them. As nearly as possible, the eggs in a setting should be of the same age, to insure more uniform hatching. Some hens are ready to leave the nest the moment they have a few chicks that are thoroughly dried. In such cases the eggs remaining in the nest are neglected.

It is a good plan to set three hens at the same time, and at the end of the first week to test the eggs. The unfertile ones can be removed and the fertile ones divided between two hens. The third hen, now being deprived of her eggs, is given a new setting. This is an excellent way of getting out more chicks with the same number of hens.

It is a mistake to set a hen before she is thoroughly broody. As long as a hen continues to lay she is more or less risky, and should not be given any eggs. It is also a mistake to box up a setting hen so she cannot leave her nest when necessity demands it; it is also a mistake to set hens in the regular laying house—and it is a serious mistake to bother her while she is incubating.

For the first few days of a chick's life, it should be kept indoors with the mother hen. It will need warmth and rest more than food. After that the hen will give the youngsters the proper attention.

Chicks can be allowed to remain with the mother hen so long as she gives them attention, but when it is noticed that she quarrels with them, it is time to take her away, removing her to the regular pen. The young will do far better alone than if driven and abused by a grouchy mother.

For the first forty-eight hours the chicks will not require any feed, but something, of course, must be given the hen. A handful of wheat or corn can be allowed her for the first few meals, but after that nothing but chick feed should be given. The hen will enjoy this feed as much as will the chicks.

It is a pretty well-established fact that after a hen starts to lay she becomes indifferent to her young. There are, however, exceptions.

While March and April hatches are to be generally preferred to later ones, especially where artificial means are used for incubating and brooding, the broody hen is not so much in evidence then as she is now, and

will be during the next three months. May is an ideal month. The weather is more settled, the eggs are less likely to be chilled, fertility has reached a higher percentage, and the young are more vigorous. For this reason the results are more satisfactory than the hatches of April. There is nothing that will so quickly put a fowl out of condition as changeable weather. One day summer heat and the next day winter, cold nights and cold mornings, and warm weather at noon and afternoon, all tend to poor fertility, chilling of eggs, and consequently inferior chicks. With proper care May chicks, as well as those that come out the first week or two in June, will catch up to the April hatched, in many cases exceeding them.

The ideal nest for a hen is in a barrel placed under a tree or in an open shed. The barrel should be laid on its side and posts driven on each side to prevent it from rolling. Or, a better plan is to dig out a

small trench and place the barrel in this, using the excavated dirt for the bottom of the nest, and on this place the nesting material. In front of the nest there should be a small run. For this purpose the writer has one constructed of four-foot lath, making the run A-shaped. This is put in front of the barrel and made so it can be readily removed. At night a board is placed in front of the barrel so rats or other animals cannot enter.

Experience has proved that when a hen is set in a nest so she can leave when she finds it necessary to do so, the hatches will be better, and she will remain in a more healthy condition. The best food for a setting hen is whole corn, and a small quantity of grit. This, and fresh water, should be before her all the time.

The use of tobacco stems for nests of broody hens cannot be too strongly recommended. The heat of the broody hen will send the fumes of the tobacco up through

the feathers, which will destroy what vermin may be on her. For a number of years the writer has used tobacco stems for nesting material, and ever since has been able to hatch and raise chicks free from that blood-sucking pest, the louse.

The practice of setting hens in the regular laying and roosting house is to be condemned. Such practices mean an invasion of vermin. So, also, is the old style of imprisoning hens on the nest and then visiting them at certain hours to remove them. How can any one tell just when a hen must get off the nest, to relieve herself, or when she is hungry and thirsty, or when her eggs need cooling? Therefore, the plan of having the nests open like the afore-said barrel method, is more humane.

It is important that the eggs be of the same age as nearly as possible. Some hens, as soon as a chick is thoroughly dry and ventures from under her, will get up and pay attention to this little one. In such cases the chicks that are newly hatched, or partly hatched, or just about breaking through the shell, will chill, and the result will be either a poor hatch or none at all. Another mistake is to put eggs of different varieties under the hen at the same time. White eggs are thinner shelled than are brown ones, and therefore require different treatment. The same amount of moisture, for instance that will hatch white-shelled eggs will not be enough for brown-shelled ones, and vice versa.

The hatch is due. The overanxious beginner will, of course, raise the hen to see if any of the eggs are pipped. If they are, this draught of air caused by raising the hen sends a chill all over the eggs. One or two of the chicks are hatched, but not thoroughly dry. They are removed and placed in a basket, covered with warm cloths. It may be all right for the chicks that are removed, but by taking them away from the hen naturally the temperature of the hen is lowered, and the remainder of the hatch is spoiled. Many a good hatch is spoiled by this interference. The only proper way is to let the hen do the entire work. She knows her business better than man does. When a hatch is starting, the right way is to place a board in front of the barrel nest and leave the hen alone for from twelve to twenty-four hours, or until the hatch is completed.

Sometimes the hatch is practically ended, but there still remain a few eggs unhatched, and in which there is still life. It is best to place those eggs under one of the remaining hens, removing all the chicks as soon as dry, and giving them to the hen to whom they really belong. These chicks should be put under the hen at night, so that she may not know that there are strangers in camp. This is especially so when the later chicks are more weak than those first hatched.

When a chick is hatched it still has in its crop a portion of an undigested yolk of the egg. It will take at least twelve hours, and possibly double that time, before the yolk is digested. Up until then the chick will not need any food. So many beginners are apt to think otherwise and will force the little ones to eat. It is a sad mistake, as any one will discover from experience.

The feed of young chicks, at least for the first few weeks of their lives should be of a dry nature. There is no ration better fitted for them than rolled oats and finely cracked wheat and corn. If equal parts of this, by weight, are thoroughly mixed and kept before the youngsters, they will get a balanced ration that will safely carry them through for three or four weeks. After that it will be safe to give them in addition a moist ration in which there is a certain percentage of animal food. This mash must be governed by the object of raising the young. In the case of raising for future breeding stock, there must be more nutritious material like wheat and oats; and if for table poultry, then the ration should be more of a carbonaceous order, like corn, meat and starchy material. Grit and charcoal, as well as fresh water, must be constantly within reach.

For about ten days chicks will thrive when kept in a good-sized coop, but after that they will suffer, and should not be deprived from outdoor run on earth.

The Original of the Wyandotte Family.

BY LOUIS PAUL GRAHAM.

Early in the history of fancy poultry breeding in America an attempt was made to produce a Cochon Bantam with the beautiful lacings of the Silver Seabrights. A Seabright cock was crossed in a Cochon hen. When the size of the result proved too large to class as a bantam, they were dubbed Seabright Cochons and, as such, illustrations were shown in the editions of the Poultry World in the early seventies. Other crosses of Silver-Spangled Hamburgs and Cochons were made and the blood of the two crosses intermingled. The resulting fowls were bred to a fowl known as the Eureka, which was the result of a cross of Silver-Spangled Hamburg on Dark Brahma females.

When these two strains were brought together more uniform specimens were produced. The fowls universally had rose combs and their plumage was much the same as it is today. The females are beautifully laced black and white in all sections and the male laced in the breast and body and striped in the neck and saddle. This coloration, while very crude at that time and not to be compared with its beauty as it has been refined and is bred today, was sufficient to set the American breeders wildly in favor of the fowl. In addition to its attractive coloring, the new breed proved to be heavy layers of large tinted eggs. The fowls had golden yellow legs and skin and were moderately heavy.

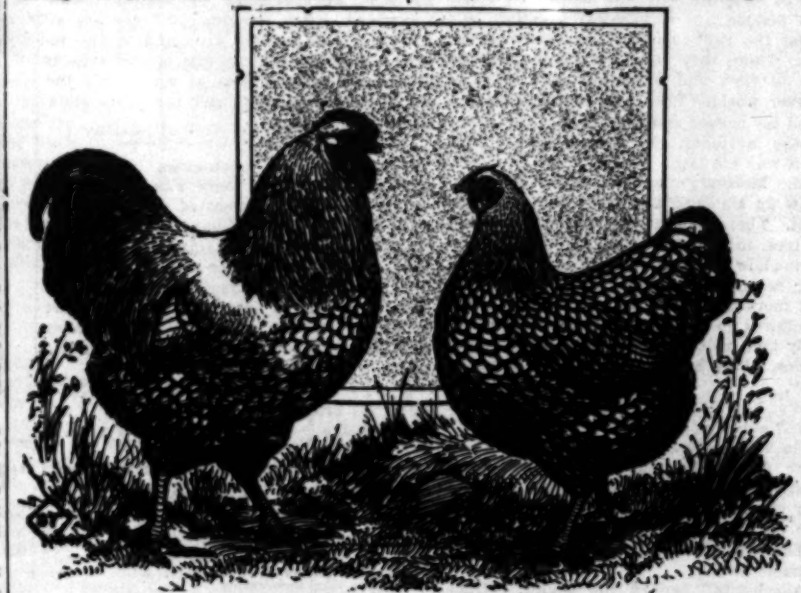
This was the original of all Wyandotte fowls. All its other varieties are descended from it in some way, either from "sports" or through crosses with other breeds. The

Silver Wyandotte enjoyed immense popularity, rivaling to a degree the famous Barred Rock until the White Wyandottes appeared. Then the greater ease of breeding the latter appealed to the utility breeders, who practically abandoned the Silvers to the fanciers.

The Silver-Laced Wyandotte is hard to breed well. It is doubtful if, with any other of our known varieties of poultry, it is as difficult to produce good specimens as with them.

The breeding of Silver-Laced Wyandottes which do produce good fowls deserve all kinds of commendation. Their production marks the skill of a competent and experienced man. The fowl seems to hold its friends, too. Several have been breeding the variety for over thirty years and are still as enthusiastic of its beauty and utility merits as they no doubt were at first.

To the small breeder who appreciates producing beautiful fowls the Silver-Laced Wyandotte is recommended. It is ideal for the home flock. The hens are heavy layers of large, tinted eggs. They get broody, will sit, hatch and rear the chicks, which are like those of the American breed, rugged and active and rapid growers. The mismarked chicks can be used on the table, from broiler size up, and only the best in shape and color retained for breeding. When full grown, this variety weighs seven and one-half to eight and one-half pounds for males and five and one-half to six and one-half pounds for females. They are docile and easily confined, apparently doing as well in confinement as on free range.



SILVER-LACED WYANDOTTES.

The first of the famous Wyandotte family. It originated in the early seventies, but did not receive the name of Wyandotte until admitted to the standard in 1883. It is one of the handsomest of the American breeds. Its beautiful laced black and white plumage, which is difficult to produce, makes it a strikingly handsome fowl. The hens are good layers of large tinted eggs, and the chicks grow rapidly. Like all the other American breeds, both chicks and fowls are rugged and vigorous, giving good results either on free range or confinement.

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The hen can be allowed just as long as she can be the more motherly care better they thrive. If it rebels and will not be light, or she is discovered the hen must be removed. When a hen begins to be indifferent in the [Copyright, 1913, by the M

THE CITY

Housed in the modern proper care a pen of fine cannot fail to be an of the city home, as well necessary to the well-b; moreover they n offensive to the most s

Keeping breeding per limits is quite another co noises of a city should e in every possible way. be urbanites who prefer a trolley car as it rounds book of the early joy r clation call of Lord Cha his kin were possessed of Maude Adams in hi doubtless become immo Apparently the license should be submitted to by wards and people v somewhat suburban m were having the consent indulging their fancy.

The normal hen, br strain of birds and prop is entitled to die only fr guillotine, but the colum paper are only too convi the average poultryman disease among his flocks that fowls contract tub afflicted fowls continue t pay large sums of money to inspect dairy cattle out tuberculosis, but n ently ever taken the t the bacilli of the disease. There is no food prod which places the consum the mercy of the produc

The hen favors her e ver she eats and when allowed to make a are by no means fastid closures and fed only t of food and given clean of the egg is most no who cares to experiment say it is to flavor an c elery.

There is no possible absolute freshness of a assured. An egg with shell may have lain five later at a temperature o yet no candling process the flavor of that egg will stale and unprofitable.

Purchasing eggs stamp upon which they are, all hid is, alas, no guarantee, for the unwary g delivered an egg now a day or two in advance o and that certainly wou dicious.

There seems to be no concerning the purity an egg as to feed the hen from the nest.

Aside from the hen's rood supply she will go toward solving the ever problem for the household large capacity food chopp ops and parings, pen an tender husks of green c abob itself furnish food f the very essential conter pen. The outside husks o the best of nesting mate the clam and oyster a broken crockery, if they size that she can swallo for the ashes from the r ber dust bath. Even her have a money value.

In fine she will utilize with the exception of shoes, tin cans and salt f freezer.

She will provide the filter for the garden, es monia is absorbed with s pleasant odors are thus p

There are telegrams at the West- ern Union office for Dr. A. Burgess, George Mark, Isaac Pickering, Ethel Edwards, H. W. Short, Mrs. Horace Bowman, A. M. Villarreal, J. D. El- som, R. L. Payne, Thomas Macrae, Ida L. McGowan, H. R. Sanford, R. E. Wright, Joseph Kenda, Leroy Fal- ton, Ely Branson, Mrs. Georgia V. Baker, Estelita de la Garm, L. J. Pender, C. O. Johnson, Eva Scott, Addie Wm, Mabel Freeman, Albert Wilking, Francis, Marie C. Anderson, Louis Sanda, Fannie A. Shriver, Mrs. William Ball, John Ford, David C.

circulated a petition among members of the home, asking of the railway company a substantial reduction of

Men's Famous Wear

FARM IMPLEMENTS AND WAGONS of good quality

SUMMAR

Physiological and Psychological

Plain Truths,
and Simple.

By Edward B. Warman, A. M.

Mottoes: We awaken in others the same attitude of mind we hold toward them.—(Hubbard).
The reason so few people get what they want is because they don't want it hard enough to use real effort in bringing things their way.—(Max).

Applied Psychology (Results.)

IT IS not enough that we assert or affirm—anyone can do that—but we are all of us after results. Neither are we satisfied to know what a teacher can do or has done, but the question that has arisen among the many interested readers of this series of articles is: "Can you give us the results of others than yourself—for instance, some of your pupils?"

If I could not, the theory would prove of little practical value; the law is universal, not individual. Therefore, I take pleasure in presenting the testimony of only two out of hundreds of successful efforts put forth by pupils.

Collecting Money.

YOU cannot get blood out of a turnip. Do not waste time or effort if the money is not there. The harder the customer with whom you have to deal the greater the victory when (not if) you succeed.

A lady in Minneapolis, on entering the class for the first lesson, said: "I don't care anything about personal magnetism, hypnotism, spiritualism nor any other ism. All I want to know is how to collect money on some old accounts."

While she was more or less interested in all the other branches she was especially intent on laying hold of the eight psychological keys—or, rather, seven in such cases, as those who have bills to pay do not seek the creditor.

The very next afternoon she called at the hotel to report the result of her first effort in this direction. It is best told in her own words: "This morning I laid out all my old bills. I chose one that I knew would be—or had been—the most difficult to collect, as I had been refused many times. The amount was \$37. Since the last presentation I want you to know that I have learned my lesson and have learned it well. Heretofore I had gone with determination and anger instead of a confidence and quiet concentration. I had been positive where I should have been passive. I had talked too much and at the wrong time. It was I who had unloaded. I now realize that I had used compulsion instead of impulsion. But now all has changed. You not only pointed out my weakness, but you gave me a remedy. This morning I applied the principles you taught. How often I had gone not expecting to get the money, and, of course, did not get it. How often I had gone expecting a fuss—and always had it. Well, I went. I was all confidence. I presented my bill in a kindly manner, but spoke not a word; nor did he. He pushed back the bill to be receipted, stepped over to the cash drawer, took out the money, handed it to me without a word. I thanked him. That was the first time the silence had been broken. Well, I just ran in to tell you of my success and that I am already \$37 ahead for my \$10 investment of last night."

Another Pupil's Experience.

THIS was a much larger transaction than the former one—involving \$600. As to the character of the debtor I was informed that he was honest and upright in all his dealings, but there was a misunderstanding which had thus far withstood every effort of reconciliation. It remained for her to convince him. After the class lesson on this subject she realized that the fault was wholly hers. She had gone at him with hammer and tongs, and in such a manner as to arouse all his antagonism. Heretofore they had both endeavored to unload at the same time with the usual result—nothing gained.

On the day of this final and successful effort he met her as usual at the office railing and began to unload. For once she remained perfectly calm, and instead of the usual frown she wore a smile, but still held her peace. He was greatly surprised, completely disarmed, and his better nature asserted itself. Pushing open the little gate

leading to his private desk, he asked her, for the first time, to step inside and be seated, saying: "I think we can understand each other this morning and have an amicable settlement."

Here was a perfect fulfillment of the law of applied psychology. All the way to his office in St. Paul she held persistently and determinedly, yet with a quiescent concentration, the thought of an "amicable settlement"—the very words echoed by him as she held the thought for him. She convinced him not by the spoken word, but by the holding of the proper words in the silence.

Where the Debtor Is Incommunicado.

HERE is another phase of the work that has met with remarkable results. Did you ever try writing a letter to yourself from a person who is indebted to you but pays no attention to your written communications? Try it. Many of my pupils have done so successfully. Write it; but of course do not send it. Write it just as the one indebted would write it to you were he inclosing the amount due you. Put it under your pillow at night and let your subjective mind do the rest, but rid your objective mind of any doubt or of the idea that it is a joke. The thought of writing you and inclosing the amount will positively be received, but the doing it depends upon the nature of the one so impressed and the faith placed upon the mental transaction by you. Do not be satisfied with the theory, but put it to a test. Do not wonder what the result will be; if you do, it will not be satisfactory. Why? Because to wonder is to doubt. A doubter never wins.

Psychology for the Busy Man—or Woman.

IT IS your busy day. Time is precious. You have a caller—one of these "hangers-on," one who does not know when to go. You can freeze him out or otherwise make him uncomfortable, or, as a last resort, you can ask him to go. Any of these methods might prove efficacious, but all things efficacious are not always expedient. There is a better way.

After a few moments (which must be given for decency's sake) impel him to go—impulsion, not compulsion. Lodge the thought with him in first person singular. This is done by thinking for him; for instance: "Well, I guess I'll be going." That is what I term holding the thought on him, over him or for him. He will be impressed with the thought as emanating directly from himself, and he will voice your thought, saying the exact words: "Well, I guess I'll be going."

When he thus expresses himself, as he surely will, let him go. Do not be dishonest for the sake of being polite by urging him to stay. If you say, as many do: "Why, what's your haste? I'm sorry you have to go so soon," it would serve you right if he then sat down and stayed an hour.

What I have said to business men on business principles applies with equal force to the busy housewife or the society dame. Ever bear in mind that compulsion may make an enemy out of a friend, but impulsion will as often make a friend out of an enemy.

Psychology Is Not Hypnotism.

WHEN you hear anyone going into raptures over some individual do not say: "Oh, he has hypnotized you." You may, indeed, have felt his (or her) unconscious psychological influence. A certain historian says of Napoleon: "Among his associates in the army and in the councils of the nation his word was law. A look, a motion, a few quietly uttered words were sufficient to command obedience. All felt the mystic spell of his power. Note the instance when Marshal Ney had been sent by Louis XVIII to arrest the Emperor on his return from Elba. But no sooner did the marshal come within the spell of Napoleon's powerful suggestive genius than he himself surrendered to Napoleon, and the combined forces marched against the King. In reading the history of France I have sometimes imagined that Napoleon must have hypnotized the entire French nation, and then died without removing the spell of his genius.

A suggestion of his spirit still broods over the land."

The historian makes the mistake of which I previously spoke, the confounding of the terms hypnotism and psychology; the former is suggestive, but the latter is not hypnotic. In the case of Napoleon, it was his personal magnetism and psychological power that were evidenced in his word, his look and even in his very movements. His was that exceedingly strong personality—the power that is felt, not seen; the power that is not in the look, but back of the look; the power that is not in the word, but back of the word; the power that is not in the movement, but back of the movement; the power that is not in the individuality, but back of the individuality—his personality.

To Retain the Spirit of Youth.

IT HAS been well said that "the old boy" needs his playground quite as much as does the young boy. He needs it for his amusement and for his best well-being. More playgrounds for "the old boys" means fewer sanatoriums and still fewer inmates; fewer doctors and still fewer patients; fewer dyspeptic minds and still fewer dyspeptic stomachs, and healthier and happier men, women and children; therefore, let us cherish and maintain the playing places for the old and young.

Simple Rules for Long Life.

WHEN a man of 97 talks on health, we listen, and especially if his name is Smith. The oldest living graduate of Yale, August Smith, says: "Get to bed early every night. Take your meals regularly. Eat only plain and well-cooked foods. Don't gad around all over creation attending balls and parties and things."

Add to this the advice of a noted neurologist who says: "Don't harbor a grudge. Don't live in the past. Don't play the martyr, but instead, play ball, get busy and saw wood."

Refreshing Sleep.

NOT everyone who sleeps is refreshed when the sun peeps over the hills. One hour of deep and dreamless slumber is worth three or four hours of that which falls to the lot of most people, the fragmentary, restless, dream-haunted sleep.

Too many hours of sleep is almost as bad as not enough. Some people require eight hours, others only six, while many "brain workers" get along nicely on only four. The latter class, like Edison, often take little cat naps of a few moments during the day. This is Nature's way of evening up, and is very refreshing if one merely loses consciousness but for a moment—the recuperative powers work rapidly.

Recipe for Prolonging Life.

ONE might think this is a special long-life edition owing to the many references thereto; but, somehow, it seems to be in the air. I, for one, am glad to know it is so because those vibrations are catching.

Every centenarian seems to have a different prescription that accounts for his lengthy sojourn on this terrestrial ball. In some cases the remedy is worse than death itself. Here was a man, an old forty-niner, so enraptured with this sunny southland (we don't blame him) that he stayed right along until he reached the 110th milestone ere he "passed in his checks." His prescription? Well, whatever else he ate or drank, for the past fifty years his only medicine was castor oil and whisky. What a combination! And yet, in some respects, excellent—to get rid of.

The Need of Assimilation.

THE question is not how much we eat, but how much we assimilate. When we swallow a large quantity of food nearly whole we get less nourishment than if we take the time necessary to masticate and enjoy our food. Not that we should make it a labored process, but that we should regard eating, says Max Heindel, as the welcoming of a friend into our house, where we are gladly doing all in our power to make him comfortable.

Our bodies are comparable to large hotels where we are the hosts and the cells

in our food are the guests. They come and go, staying a longer or a shorter time, and are a profit or a loss to the proprietor according to whether he makes them comfortable at home or not.

Enjoying the food, our mental attitude even more important than mastication; other words we should learn to taste our food with our mind.

Heart Action—Bird, Beast and Man.

THE effect of excessive exercise on the heart depends largely upon the character of the food eaten.

Among mammals, Dr. Magnan of France points out that the flesh eaters, which are capable of putting forth intense muscular power for a short time, but cannot sustain prolonged exertion, have hearts of considerable volume. But the herb-eating mammals, capable of prolonged exertion, have much smaller hearts.

This strengthens my theory that, as a rule, our "strong men" are meat eaters, endurance men are vegetarians.

Birds that have a small amount of surface are compelled to move their wings very rapidly and, in consequence, have enormous hearts. On the other hand, birds having large wings and using them like an aeroplane, have hearts of a moderate size. Both of these illustrations seem to me, show a direct connection between the volume of the organ (the heart) and the intensity of the muscular effort employed.

Suggestion Does the Work.

SOME persons are more susceptible to suggestion than others. When the particles of nitrous oxide were discovered, Beddoes, believing that it must be a remedy for functional paralysis, selected a man upon whom to try it, and Sir Humphry Davy consented to administer the gas.

Before doing so, Sir Humphry, desiring to note the temperature, placed a thermometer under the paralytic's tongue. The patient, thinking that the thermometer was the means of restoration, no sooner felt it under his tongue than he declared it to be like a charm, as he felt its effect throughout his entire body.

Sir Humphry accepted the cue, in consequence of which, day after day, he went through the same simple ceremony until, in a fortnight's time, without once using specific, resulted in a complete cure.

And yet, there are those who do not believe that mind can have any influence on matter; and there are those who do not believe there is such a thing as matter—that's no matter.

Prolongation of Life.

WHILE "there is nothing new under the sun," yet we are constantly finding uses for well-known remedies. Ever since the discovery of radium its wonderful power has become more and more manifest. It is now claimed that it can restore the clogged arteries of middle-aged persons to healthy condition and, thus prolong life so, it will prove one of the greatest benefits to man (to woman also,) as one is no older than his arteries.

The apparatus which manufactures the wonderful elixir of life is extremely simple. It consists of an earthenware receptacle containing a minute amount of radium, which is placed at the bottom of a glass bottle. The bottle is filled with water, which in time becomes charged with radium emanations. The radium is active for hundreds of years (think of it) so it is only necessary to renew the water to get any number of doses. I am going to furnish the water if anyone will furnish the radium. If this becomes popular enough—and it must be cheap to be popular with the poor man—I shall be tempted to postpone my demise from 140—and possibly, 200—and then some.

EDWARD B. WARMAN

At a high kicking contest during a meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Methodist Chapel, in New Brunswick, a contestant dented a tin pan with her boot at a height of six feet, two one-half inches.

251 S. Broadway

Opp. City Hall

Men's Famous Wear

FARM IMPLEMENTS

WAGONS of good

Plain Truths,
and Simple.

This Human Body of Ours.

Curious Things About It
and How We Abuse It.

Timely Hygienics.

Nature cures; not the Physician.—(Hippocrates.)
Hygienist Anent Poise.

"A source of surprise to me," says the Cheerful Hygienist, "not that young people come to manhood in an imperfect condition, but that even a minority are such. Their growth in a reasonable health. Parents believe that they are doing everything possible for their children, but they have gotten him safely into the colicky, croupy, teething period. After that they will occasionally give him black medicine for colds, or a physic, or feed him on toast and a stomach ache. In all of his ailments they wait until the child is upon him before they commence to treat it. They seem to feel that a certain amount of illness is no help for it. If the child is delicate and under unfavorable conditions it is all laid up to that. The child's sickness freely comes, humor and pet it because the young one grows to like it. The habit of pewing and becoming fixed with it. Likewise the habit of its constitution is influenced and finally becomes its ill-health well established. It is then to amble about with a drooping and bowed shoulders. It is to remain in the house in a semi-inactivity. If it does not die as a result of the pernicious indulgence of its parents, it grows to willowy, sickly manhood, its entire physical condition of normal vibration and poise, and a misery to itself and to all it may come in contact with."

It is also the case that many a healthy child is allowed through peculiar negligence to deteriorate, and fulfill the bright promise of its youth. The vitally important matters to every parent should give attention to the manner in which the child carries itself, stands, sits or lies. Children predisposed to lung trouble could be built into conditions by patient and persistence so that all of the physical would be thrown upon their proper normal functioning would be maintained. Warn good parents against making a concession to a peculiarity of posture in their child, except very minor ones that express in without abnormality."

There is nothing new under the sun. We are constantly finding new remedies. Ever since the discovery of radium its wonderful power and more manifest. It is that it can restore the health of middle-aged persons to youth and thus prolong life. (The woman also.) as one is seen in his arteries. The gas which manufactures the life of life is exceedingly consists of an earthenware bottle placed at the bottom of the bottle is filled with water. In time becomes charged with radium. The radium remains in the water for a number of years (think of the number of doses. I am willing to pay water if anyone will furnish it. If this becomes popular it must be cheap to be popular. I shall be tempted to demise from 140—and possibly, 200—and then some."

EDWARD B. WARMAN.
The Aid Society of the P. M. S. of New Brunswick, N. J. has a tin pan with the height of six feet, two inches.

comfort. A mother will often compel a child to wear shoes or other garments because they are considered good and worn, but which do not fit perfectly—which form some pressure or chafe the flesh or muscles. Corsets, high-heeled or ill-fitting shoes, tight bands, high collars, elastics drawn too tight, too much weight on the hips—all of these things militate against the strength, elasticity and balance of the youthful body, and the healthful growth, development and functioning of the youthful organs. They do enough harm after adulthood is attained, but during the growing years they are prohibitive of healthy manhood and womanhood.

"Watch how your child stands. I know of one child who through weakness evolved the habit of standing with the knees bent forward. The lower part of the legs was never properly developed. Make your child stand up straight and firm every night and morning with the legs close together. If you can see daylight between them, these same legs need development through special exercise. See that his chest is up, his shoulders back and down, the stomach drawn back, the buttocks thrown out behind. The head must be up, with the chin drawn in. When the child cannot take and hold this position, he does not need medicine, but a course of training under a practiced physical culturist."

Remarkable Healing of Shoulder Wound.

A remarkable example of the healing result of expectant treatment of a wound was the case of Private Christopher C. Frayser, Company C, First Dragoons, who was wounded in a fight with Indians in Oregon in 1856. He was struck, at short range, by a large round rifle ball, which fractured the head of the humerus, breaking the upper part of the shaft of the bone into fragments. It was supposed at first that it would be necessary to amputate at the shoulder joint. But owing to peculiar circumstances—the detachment being surrounded by a large number of Indians, and under fire for thirty hours; and as furthermore, there was but little hemorrhage, and but slight constitutional disturbance, nothing more was done than to remove all loose fragments of bone, pieces of clothing, and other foreign bodies, and to keep cold water applications on the wound. The man continued to do well, and was transported, with other wounded men, in a canoe for a distance of fifty miles, on a river in which obstructions and rapids were numerous, and he had a rough transit. He was then transported over more than fifty miles of precipitous mountain paths, on mule back, and three weeks after the reception of the wound, he was placed in good condition, in the post hospital at Ft. Orford, Or. During the first two months a number of small pieces of bone came away from the wound, which healed, and he made a good recovery, and subsequently he had an excellent use of his arm.

Restraint in Operating in Appendicitis.

[Washington Post:] A bill has been introduced in the Colorado Legislature by Representative E. E. Kennedy providing for a fine of not more than \$10,000 for the removal of an appendix by a surgeon, when it can be proved to have been unnecessary. The supporters of this bill say that not less than 90 per cent. of operations for appendicitis are unnecessary. Many physicians hold that the practice of operating for appendicitis should be systematically restrained by law. It would be well if the English practice were adopted, requiring that an operation be performed by a surgeon only on the advice of a physician, who is usually not a surgeon, and in the case of major operations the decision of more than one should be required. Many operations are necessary and beneficial, but all conservative physicians admit that many are unnecessary and permanently injurious.

Reduction of Typhoid Fever.

[Washington Star:] The medical records of the army show that so far there has not been a single case of typhoid fever at an army post within the continental limits of the United States since the beginning of the present calendar year. The army medical officers attribute this directly to the anti-typhoid vaccination. Last year there were only eighteen cases of the disease in the army in the United States, and it is expected that an even better showing will be made this year, notwithstanding the fact that a large number of troops are in camp in Texas, where the sanitary conditions are, of course, not so good as at permanent stations.

The army medical officers say that the reports of the typhoid preventive vaccination do not warrant the sensational charges that have been circulated in some medical journals, and attributed to an officer of the army medical corps, that there have been such harmful effects of the treatment as to cause the gravest anxiety and to suggest the necessity of abandoning the practice of vaccination. The army medical officers assert that the dangers of the anti-typhoid treatment adopted for the army are no greater than from vaccination against smallpox.

Neck and Back Broken, but R.
[New York Times:] Two years ago Esther Harris had her neck and back broken by a fall down the elevator shaft of the Triangle Shirtwaist Factory building during a fire in which 150 other employees lost their lives. Miss Harris, who was cashier of the shirtwaist company, became completely paralyzed from the neck down after her injuries, and her case was given up as hopeless. She is now in the Hospital for Deformities and Joint Diseases, where recently, she surprised the other patients by walking from ward to ward to greet them. For months the injured girl wore plaster collars on her neck with a twenty-five-pound weight pulling on her head and fifteen-pound weights on both her feet. She has now regained not only the use of her legs but also her arms.

During the Triangle fire Miss Harris slid down the elevator cable from the ninth floor to the fourth floor to escape the flames, then fell the rest of the distance, landing on top of the cage. More than twenty girls fell down the shaft fell on top of her, many of them being killed. It is expected that Miss Harris will soon be discharged from the hospital.

Wireless Causes Disease.

[New York Times:] To the list of adjuncts of modern life that bring new diseases is now added radiotelegraphy. The German physicians who have just discovered the disease call it wireless sickness. It consists of anaemia with a marked diminution in the number of red corpuscles in the blood. The doctors ascribe it partly to the unhygienic surroundings of wireless operators who generally work in tiny rooms, and partly to the overexertion of the air they breathe by reason of the alternating currents used to generate the waves.

Burned Out His Wife's Eyes.

[New York Sun:] Mrs. Lydia Custin is in the hospital at Ft. Worth, Tex., as a result of her husband's jealousy and remorse. Custin had been ill and out of work and could not bear to have his wife be the bread winner for his family. In a fit of madness he tied his wife to the bed and poured carbolic acid over her eyes.

"There!" he cried, "now you are blind. Grace can sing on the streets and make a living for you." Grace is a 12-year-old daughter.

The fend then committed suicide by firing a bullet into his head.

Put Radium in Man's Liver.

[New York Tribune:] Radium was used as a cure for cancer last week for the first time in Philadelphia. Inserted in a small silver tube, twenty milligrams of radium, valued at \$2500, was laid in a cancer on the liver of Malcom Watson, in the Methodist Hospital, by Dr. G. J. Schwartz, a Pittsburgh surgeon. It is believed the radium rays will act on the cancer as they do on a variety of skin diseases and gradually kill it. The only anesthesia used in the operation was cocaine applied locally.

Seeing the Digestive Process.

[New York Sun:] At St. Vincent's Hospital a demonstration was made to show the process of digestion. A combination of the X-ray and the cinematograph was used by Dr. Lewis Gregory Cole. Blismuth, which shows up opaque in an X-ray photograph, was introduced into the stomach of a patient. As this substance moved down along the stomach and the intestines its presence and passages were marked on the X-ray photographs which were taken at frequent intervals, thus showing the digestive canal in action.

BROOKS AND BROOKLETS

[From "Brain and Brawn," edited by Harry Ellington Brook, published by the Naturopathic Publishing Company, Los Angeles:]

A Bas the Closed Shop.

The days of the closed shop, both in business and medicine, are numbered. The people demand freedom to choose their own physicians as they choose their own parsons. State medicine is as odious as state religion—and much more dangerous, for while the one deals with facts, the other relates only to faith.

Diet in Tuberculosis.

With carefully regulated exercise, deep breathing, and living in the fresh air, the power to digest will gradually increase, and then the amount of food may be gradually—but very, very slowly—increased. If the amount is over-stepped only a little one day, the next day will tell the tale in increased fever. Every ounce of food eaten more than can be digested and assimilated is a poison.

The Commonest Cause of Disease.

Undoubtedly, the commonest cause of disease is gastro-intestinal fermentation, with the consequent production of large amounts of toxins and decomposition products. These toxins are absorbed into the blood and carried to every organ and tissue of the body. This must of necessity produce changes in the various organs and, through chemical action, exert a disturbing influence upon the functions of the organs.—[R. G. Shoults, Ph.C., N.D., M.D.]

Politics and Religion.

Why can so few men discuss politics or religion without getting excited, developing vindictive venom, and wanting to punch each others' heads, since, in occidental countries, it is no longer permissible to boil one's adversaries in oil? So much is this the case that the two subjects are usually taboo in polite society, except among intimates, while the average publication would as soon think of printing in bold lines "Damn the Irish," as of starting a religious discussion.

Vigor in Old Age.

At Santa Ana lives D. Edson Smith, 75 years of age. He has been a strict vegetarian for the greater part of his life, and of late years has lived entirely on raw food. He can scratch the back of his head with his toes, stoop down and drink from running water like a horse, without touching his hands to the ground, stand on his head, and do many other stunts that would faze ninety young men out of a hundred. His wife, a still more strict fruitarian, eating only six meals a week of raw food—one meal a day, and fasting one day a week—is also 75 years of age, full of vigor and enterprise, caring not only for a two-story house, but for a large piece of land. A few years ago she built with her own hands this two-story house, even constructing the fireplace.

Vegetarianism and Endurance.

It is now generally admitted among intelligent men, who have investigated the subject, that sustained strength and endurance are much more marked among vegetarians—or fruitarians—than among those who depend largely for nourishment on flesh foods. We find that men in various parts of the world who are able to trot all day long, day after day, over rough mountain trails, carrying on their backs heavy loads, do this on a few ounces of maize, or a handful of dates. They could never do such work on a diet of flesh food. In the Rocky Mountain range of Mexico is a tribe of Indians, living at an elevation of over 8000 feet. They are small in stature, but wonderful in endurance. A native has been known to carry a government dispatch a distance of 300 miles and back in five days, carrying his food with him, and threading his way among crags and peaks, along the sides of precipices, fording mountain torrents, never traversing a level place other than the beds of rivers, and using no stimulant of any sort. The diet of these mountain runners consists almost exclusively of maize. The negro porters of Africa, and the Turkish porters of Constantinople carry marvelous loads on an equally meager diet.

MILLION HEARTS
GRIEF-STRICKEN.
FORMER OFFICIAL CUPID IS SUMMONED BY CHIRON.
Chicago's Famous Marriage Broker, Chiron, has been summoned by the city of Chicago to appear in court to answer for the death of a young woman who had been seduced by him.

STAGE DRIBUT
AT EIGHTY-NINE.
VETERAN WILL MAKE INITIAL BOW AS COMEDIAN.
Former friend of Shakespeare, Ibsen, Chopin and Gounod, and himself a historical character, who cost his first role for Lincoln, ventures into New Field.

FOURTY THOUSAND
SOON OPEN.
(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE)
TIOPEKA (Kan.) May 2.—[Ex-Press Dispatch.] Facing the prospect of a wheat crop of more than 110,000,000 bushels—the lowest estimate based on Secretary Coburn's report of acreage and condition—the State employment bureau already has begun plans for bringing into Kansas.

Men, Women and Affairs in the Kaleidoscope.

By Genevieve Farnell-Bond.

Wind of the Night.

Out of what uncanny, weird abyss,
Wild Wind of the night,
Do you wing your flight?
With your sad, soft sigh, your deathly kiss
On the window pane—
Then you slowly wane,
The breath of a thwarted, maddening bliss.

From the pale, far glimmer through the trees
Comes whispering low
A shuddering woe,
With burd'nings of your mystic pleas;
E'en the Pleiad's pale
As your eerie wall
Floats over the clouds' dark billowy seas.

Do you come with a message from the dead?
Do you strive to speak
To a soul you seek,
As you pass each shadowy, sleep-stilled bed?
In your measured moan
Do you bear the tone
Of a voice now into the darkness fled?
The Girl of 12.

She is a queer little problem—the girl of 12. She is a child in years and stature, but in many ways she has passed far beyond the limitations of childhood. She still loves dolls, although she will not play with them in the same way that she did a year ago. She has commenced to design their dresses herself, and with some due regard for the present fables of fashion. Bits of turkey-red calico and lining fabrics are no longer good enough for dolly. She must have a novelty suit of silk, lace and beading, automobile coat and bonnet, and a bathing suit. And even thus elaborately equipped dolly has lost her interest—unless it is a great big baby doll that looks like the real thing, and is decked in a wonderfully literal baby wardrobe. Little Miss Twelve Year Old will condescend to play with this sort of doll, nurse it, and keep it lying in state in the middle of her little white maiden bed. Sometimes she will fuss over it, dressing and undressing it, cuddling and cooing to it as she has seen mothers do with their real babies, for an hour at a time.

But Little Miss finds her principal delight in reading—it may be, for the most part, young people's stories. But she is likely to take her first delightful dip into romances of the grown-ups, and after the first taste she is fairly launched on her sail toward womanhood. Her desire for romantic fiction is likely to become insatiable. She becomes extraordinarily attentive to the conversation of men and women, who are, perhaps, a bit careless of what they say in her presence because she is regarded as merely a little girl. But she is quietly absorbing the essence and meaning of all that they say and do. And one day mother is greatly surprised to hear the young lady make some offhand remark revealing a blase wisdom that fairly takes mother's breath away. With the usual diffidence of mothers and the desire to keep daughter's mind perfectly pure, this mother feels sure that her child has not gathered her knowledge directly from the maternal instructions. No—but girle has eyes and ears and reason. And many times when mother and others have supposed the child to be absorbed in her doll rags she has been gathering her knowledge bit by bit, piecing it together, taking it apart and reconstructing it until the consistent whole should be produced. There is no use getting in a panic over the matter. What girle knows she knows, and you would far better let her blurt it out in conversation at home than command her to silence. The silent ones are more apt to be into real mischief than those who are perfectly frank about what they know.

Your child has become a woman in her perceptions of things external, and she is beginning to thrust herself forward on an equality with you, as far as womanly prerogative is concerned. This becomes very annoying even in your own child upon many occasions. The young lady develops very decided tastes and opinions—much more decided than they will be later on. She quarrels with you, and will have her own way about the clothing she wears, the manner of dressing her hair. She will break in when you are trying to shop, and order the saleslady about in the voice of a woman.

She will force her way into conversation with the friend whom you meet on the street. She will not allow herself to be ignored or forgotten for a single moment. Your friend, not understanding the womanhood in the child, may call her "little girl," and laughingly make some patronizing remark. If she makes this blunder Little Miss is likely to come back with a pert reply in an effort to re-establish equality. There is a distinct resentment in the child's mind of assumption by the older person of inequality. If she is called a pretty little girl, or jokingly told she "ought to be spanked," or entreated to "run ahead with the children" something burns and rankles in the small woman's breast. Often she will spend much time and thought seeking a way in which to reinstate her dignity.

She insists upon her dresses being lengthened. She talks naively to the young men who visit the house—who, amused by her precocity and really entertained by her innocent charm, accord her an exaggerated degree of attention—much to older sister's disgust.

Socially she is surely a trial to mother. It is hard to know just what to do with her. Mother herself does not know exactly where the little thing belongs. The child is so helpful and womanly about the house. She has learned to cook of her own accord, and mother may trust baby brother to her care day and night. She is sympathetic, sweet, and unselfish. Let her be, as much as possible, good mother. When you are compelled to restrain her, try to explain to her why this must be so, and to make plain to her the fitness of things. But do not crush this budding consciousness of womanhood in her. She will be beset by the inevitable dainty bashfulness which comes to a maid a little later, and the present crudities will soften and lose themselves with the childish angles that melt into the contours of rounding womanhood.

Do's and Don'ts in "Getting There."

Don't fancy that, because you may have a thorough theoretical preparation for the lifework you may have chosen, you have reached the apex of knowledge, and that nothing further is needed to swing you forward to the apex of success.

Don't forget that in every science, profession and following changes are constantly taking place; improvements are constantly being made. The day after the completion of your course of study and equipment for a life's labor some new discovery may revolutionize its entire methods. If so plunge in and equip yourself with the new knowledge.

Don't imagine that mere equipment will be sufficient to bring proficiency and advancement.

Do realize that every theory, every idea, every atom of instruction that may have been poured into you is worthless until it is put into practice and tried out.

When you "get right down to it," don't be academic. Be quick to lay aside that which is useless, and to adopt what proves to be practicable, no matter how flagrantly precedent may be violated.

Don't sit still and wait for success to come to you. Learn to be a good press agent, to advertise yourself roundly and soundly, always with a due touch of impersonality and modesty.

Get out and start something. It is better to do things and make mistakes than it is to sit in inactivity for fear of making them. One learns quickly in action; first what he is up against, second what to avoid, third exactly what he wants to clinch when it comes round, and the way to clinch it.

Don't, for the sake of making an impression, pump out your stores of knowledge, and a good deal more that you do not know. The person for whose benefit you are pouring forth your wisdom might chance to be one who knows more and is more experienced than yourself.

Do learn the value of being silent upon occasions, and looking wise. You may make an impression, and "pull something off" which would have been impossible otherwise. Ignorance is sometimes more impressive by this portentous silence than by a flow of loquacity which it does not understand.

Know when to give flattering attention to what the other fellow is saying, even when his sayings are a cataract of profound nothingness—especially if he has the money. He

will give you credit for great perspicacity and clever insight, and you are likely to land him.

Don't try to discredit the work of anyone following the same art or profession as your own. You will always get credit for being jealous of your rival, and your listener will probably decide that his rival must be a great fellow to arouse such animosity, and be moved to investigate his work with most favorable results. Either damn him with faint but kindly praise, or drop him good-naturedly out of the conversation.

Don't ever believe that you will be able to come to the highest achievement in your profession without studying the works of others along the same lines—studying them not to criticize and discredit, but to find out if they have anything good which you have missed or overlooked. You need not fear that you will become an imitator unless you confine your studies to the works of some single individual, and make of it a sort of fetish.

Don't sit in inaction because of a multiplicity of gifts, so rich and numerous that they confuse you. Do something, and do it quick. By choosing the wrong road of activity you are often enabled to find the right one.

Because someone has hammered into you the fact that you are lazy, good for nothing, and of poor gifts, do not believe it. You may be very young—you may have been a bit uncertain as to what way you wish to go; and you may have been dreaming a little, too—and dreaming is good if you make the dreams come true.

Don't, under any circumstances, let your confidence be shaken in your own destiny. You have a right to tell yourself that you know you will succeed in making your way in the world, in expressing yourself, in accomplishing the work which you have set for yourself. But at the same time you do your knowing, keep swinging the hammer. Take soundings frequently. Broaden your mind in knowledge, and reason, learn by comparison to be your own most severe critic, because that with which you compare your accomplishment should be perfection. And self-criticism does not mean a lack of self-confidence.

When you've completed a work, let it stand or fall by its own merits, don't be a self-knocker; give the other fellow a chance.

What Would You Think?

What would you think of a man who declared that he still devotedly loved the wife who had divorced him, and yet made the fight of his life to prevent her from securing alimony?

What would you think of the would-be female sleuth who called her victim up on the telephone and, being asked by the said victim who she was, replied: "Mrs. Jones," and who, upon being asked further who was Mrs. Jones, replied: "Why, Mr. Jones's wife!"

What would you think of the girl who objects to mother's using a little bit of pink on her cheeks, but herself appears on the street her face seeming as if it had been dipped in a flour barrel, her eyebrows pencilled, and numberless little shop curls drooping from beneath her bonnet?

What would you think of my lady Dainty who screams if Cousin Charles blunders into the boudoir when she is attired in a modest little corset cover and skirt, but entertains Charles and his bachelor friends with perfect equanimity during the afternoon in her very short-skirted bathing suit, her open-work stockings displaying the prettiest of pink knees?

What would you think of Mr. Hubby when he comes home sad-faced and concerned over the terrible strain the buxom blonde must undergo standing in the demonstration booth of a department store, when he never has a word of sympathy for the wife who does all the housework, mending, cooking, washing, ironing, and even the gardening—and perhaps occasionally helps out in the expenses?

Busy On His Job.

[Detroit Free Press:] "Is he making good?"

"He must be. He never seems to have time to stop and tell anybody about it."

The Soul's Reckoning.

In that last day when you shall count your deeds,
And make your reckoning in the face of God,
He will not credit forms and man-made creeds,
Nor that slim path of virtue that you tread.

But as you stand in smug self-righteousness
His voice shall smite you silent and afraid,
When He shall ask in sudden loving earnest
"Where is that one who cried to you for aid?"

GENEVIEVE FARNELL-BOND.

What of the Night?

What of the night
And the eventual silences?
Art thou not cold with the knowledge of decay
And the uncompromising reaches of the earth?

What of the night
When the tune falters and the blood chills
When thou art one with the grass
And the underbrush of the world,
Wilt thou forget the names of flowers,
The rhythm of song and the lips still hushed
With the breasts of women?

When thou and the fog on the hillside
As brother and sister,
Wilt thou forget utterly the ways of men,
The clash of swords and the sting of pain,
The dim horizons and the grace of light
When thou art alone eternally
What of the night?

Where Will God Be

When thou art swathed in silence;
When the wreckage of dreams has crashed
And the lust for springtime dissolved
Wilt thou have visions only of the dawn
And autumn sunsets?

Will the memory of women's faces haunt thy grave?
Will the odor of blue flowers find thy way
When thou art choking on the calm indifference of youth
And the everlasting beauty of trees,
Wilt thou dream only of the June,
The love of women and the great racy of men?

When thou hast fought and failed,
And thy brow has withered laurel,
And thy name has been effaced by the satiate winds,
And thou hast gone out at the western gate
To join the laggards of the dead,
Wilt thou crave only the withheld sweet
The transitory fame of twilight years?
Wilt thy soul cry out only for the past,
The red dawn and the glad triumph of the future?

Wilt thou indeed forget the days of pain
The ineffectual prayers,
The lies of time and the bitterness of defeat?
Or, remembering these things,
Wilt thou forget the hands of women
The rude love of men,
And be glad of thy dark quietude?

When thou art part of the impending storm
I deem that life will seem to thee
In no such wise—
But rather thou wilt dream it as a whole
Not as a song, nor yet a broken ball;
But all that thou hast been—the great
The rain, the kisses and the tears,
The old sorrows and the hills at dawn,
Much laughter and much grief and the
fight.

And thou shalt know how all of life
gain—
The gold of youth, the gray defeat of age
How in the soul's inharmony there lies
The incoherent unity of things.

—[Willard Huntington Wright, in Forum]

[Montreal Star:] If one is housebound in the country and bothered by an ants upon the bread box, take a piece of chalk, such as children use for writing on a blackboard, and draw a line around the bread box with it; the ants never go over it. The same kind of drawing will keep them out of closets where dresses are hanging or away from shelves.

Illustrated

"H"

HOUSEHOLD

[Topeka State Journal:] Generally acknowledged as the best style of making coffee for this purpose the method has no equal. It is made in the standard cost of only 1½ cents. When creaming butter, add soft and creamy, gradually.

Use denatured alcohol for washing windows and, if possible, use cherry the window.

Five or six thick newspaper placed between cotton and covered and way make a warm, light quilt. Those who will be surprised at its ability. In these days of many will find this an ever-keeping warm.

In washing paint be sure water and as little soap as possible very quickly, dried and become strewn left resting on it. spots, rub with turpentine on the cloth. If the paint is cold tea. The first must not be wet mud should be dried quickly brush should ever be used.

MISTRESS AND

Cost of Uniforms.

A woman who makes most any other woman, who makes them as well as for house among other things, chamber uniforms, with not to the nurses taken to the Commission, is statement that a general dress in the season. And she two morning dresses a afternoon dress at \$1.00, of white at 50 cents, number of artist's aprons; two work caps at two or three sets of afternoon dresses and cuffs of net and one maid trim and many months if they were.

CARING FOR

Clean White Fur.

Before putting away white or white fox, clean with clean whisk broom and mop the fur well with soap, until the fur is soiled abundance of powdered four dredger fill the fur, working it down to the fingers. Then dry, and shut up in a box out the powder then a whisk, shake and clear of the starch. White furs may be effected them flat on a table bran moistened with until dry; then apply for the wet process of a piece of soft flannel; for muslin. After using powdered magnesia. Rub the fur.

THE MENDING

able Suggestions.

[Topeka State Journal:] Work in linen dolly work is worn out and remain good, stitch a drawn work. small steel crochet needle drawer will be found pulling bastings, rip thread, and other sewing.

The latest knotwork especially from G. This comes in ske-

City H

avenue, Toledo, his brother, Al, left home about who is believed to be a victim. His brother Al and his very last before he was asked the Mayor formation public in thing the missing

the fountain.

ago the old drunkard in the street of Temple, Spring got out of repair. Now come people removal, calling and honorable and restoration. The fountain yesterday the old fountain design on the side in the street, an location being con- to frame.

Woman Wanted.

division of the Police yesterday, it was the City Council to more police women to consent to the twenty-five police without pay. These force were re-commissioned, who says offers of such as- able women who are the city without pay. tion to the commission says: "My young girls and are willing to im- and knowledge to own sex, are ad- with male members, as the details are using and humili- former. I believe to the personnel will prove advan- worth the amount for same."

on Gas.

the Public Utilities and departments that with the fixing of gas when that serv- Los Angeles, held subject yesterday were discussed for information re- of this service. It there will be no re- rate-fixing for from days, and meanwhile will be gathered to then the rate-fixing

Fire Rate.

City of No. 953 street, filed a state- mayor yesterday, in against the rate of the Commission in this per foot for ex- California but- try with the board and declares water department made for giving to three houses of lar without cost, under the amount to \$100. served the statement of the Public Ser- and asks for a re-

Want More.

the police department with their monthly are applied to the in increase in pay, receiving \$75 per ask that this be same as is allowed ring their first year

Field Day.

will be scarce about day. The City Club this as a "field day" and as all of the Councilman An- get Williams are up day will be long in ments to present a why they should the fair people.

Northmen.

HOG-TIE

E COMPANY

REMAN CHARGE

SENTATION.

Twenty-five Thom-

leader He was in-

lock by President

et Nelson to Ap-

a cattleman of Ar-

he was induced

of the International

ay, an Arizona one

me and fraudulent

uit yesterday again

a corporation, New

J. Connor and I. J.

recovery of \$25,000.

stock. He also asks

appointed for the

at the defendants to

rehabilitating the prop-

ondo Beach Hotel

ing or appropriat-

and securities re-

holders of the stock

al.

lick refused to ap-

but issued a restrain-

able in Department

nal, the complaint

mounted with a

There are telegrams at the West- erna Union office for Dr. A. Burgess, George Mark, Isaac Pickering, Ethel Edwards, H. W. Short, Mrs. Horace Bowman, A. M. Villareal, J. D. Ni- son, R. L. Payne, Thomas Macrae, Ida L. McGraw, H. H. Sanford, E. R. Wright, Joseph Kosta, Leroy Fal- lon, Ely Bramson, Mrs. Georgia V. Baker, Mauricio de la Garza, L. J. Pender, C. O. Johnson, Eva Scott, Addie Wice, Mabel Frenzier, Albert Wilkins, Francis, Marie C. Anderson, Louis Rende, Francis A. Shriver, Mrs. William Ball, John Ford, David C.

circulated a petition among members of the home, asking of the railway company a substantial reduction of

Men's Famous Wear

FARM IMPLEMENTS WAGONS of good

231 S. Broadway

Opp. City Hall

oul's Reckoning.
when you shall count your
reckoning in the face of
credit forms and sects and
path of virtue that you tread
in smug self-righteousness
hall smite you silent and
sudden loving stress:
that one who cried to you
VIVIE FARNELL-BOND.

of the Night?
light
silences?
cold with the knowledge of
unpromising reaches of the
night
falters and the blood chills
one with the grass
brush of the world,
at the names of flowers,
long and the lips still balmy
reasts of women?

the fog on the hilltop are
and sister,
utterly the ways of men,
words and the sting of wine,
and the grace of girls?
alone eternally
light?

be
swathed in silence;
keage of dreams has crushed
er springtime dissolved their
visions only of the dawn
anets?

ry of women's faces have
of blue flowers find thy dusk
choking on the calm indifference
with
sting beauty of trees,
on only of the June,
omen and the great demon
en?

at fought and failed,
has withered laurelless,
has been effaced by the
buds,
gone out at the western gate
wards of the dead,
e only the withheld success
fame of twilight years?
ry out only for the song,
and the glad triumph of love

and forget the days of pain,
prayers,
time and the bitterness
ng these things,
et the hands of women
ove of men,
et thy dark quietude?

part of the impending gloom
e will seem to these
e—
u wilt dream it as a whole;
nor yet a broken bell;
on hast been—the great tear
kisses and the hutes,
ve and the hills at dawn,
and much grief and the st

lt know how all of life
uth, the gray defeat of age
al's inharmonious there lies
unity of things.
ntington Wright, in Forum.

ar:] If one is housekeeper
and bothered by an attack
bread box, take a common
t, such as children use
blackboard, and draw a
ed box with it; the ants
it. The same kind of ch
them out of closets wh
aging or away from shelves

"Home, Sweet Home" - For Wife and Mother. For Daughter and Maid.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

[Topeka State Journal:] Good cooks generally acknowledge that the French drip method of making coffee is the best method. For this purpose the electric coffee percolator has no equal. Six cups of coffee may be made in the standard-size percolator at cost of only 1½ cents.

When creaming butter and sugar for hard sauce, be sure to stir the butter until soft and creamy, then add the sugar gradually.

The denatured alcohol in the water used for washing windows in the winter time, if possible, use chamois to wash and dry the window.

Five or six thicknesses of common newspaper placed between light layers of muslin and covered and tacked in the usual way make a warm, light, cheap, and sanitary quilt. Those who have not tried it will be surprised at its warmth and durability. In these days of high-priced cotton, many will find this an economical means of staying warm.

When washing paint be sure to use clean, hot water and as little soap as possible. Dry the paint very quickly, as it will be in and become streaky by the water left resting on it. If there be dirt, rub with turpentine, using only a little on the cloth. If the paint be unvarnished, use whitening in the water, or wash with cold tea. The flannel for washing should not be wet much, and the paint should be dried quickly. No scrubbing should ever be used on paint.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

[Of Uniforms.] A woman who makes more uniforms than any other woman in the United States, who makes them for trained nurses, as well as for house servants, and who, among other things, supplied 1500 blue laundry uniforms, with white kerchiefs to the nurses taken to Panama by the United States Commission, is authority for the statement that a general housework maid is dressed in the uniform described below. And she ought to know.

The morning dresses at \$1.25 apiece and the afternoon dress at \$1.50; two morning dresses of white at 50 cents each and the number of artist's aprons at the same price; two work caps at 30 cents each and three sets of afternoon caps, collars, cuffs and of net at \$1 a set, would make a maid trim and well dressed for six months if they were carefully laundered.

CARING FOR FURS.

[San White Furs.] When putting away white furs, such as ermine or white fox, clean them. Dip a per- clean whisk broom in pure alcohol and rub the fur well with it, rewetting until the fur is soaked. Have ready abundance of powdered starch and with a duster fill the wet hairs full of starch, working it down to the skin with fingers. Then dry, powder again and shut up in a box for two days. Then the powder then in the open air, whisk, shake and toss the articles clear of the starch.

Furs may be effectively cleaned by laying them flat on a table, then rubbing with moistened with warm water. When dry, then apply dry bran. The wet process of applying bran use of soft flannel; for the dry method, use magnesia. Rub against the fur of the fur.

THE MENDING BASKET.

[Suggestions.] [Topeka State Journal:] When the work in linen dollies or any other work is worn out and the centers are good, stitch a row of insertion in the drawn work.

A steel crochet needle kept in your drawer will be found invaluable for mending bastings, ripping, catching thread, and other details incident to sewing.

The latest knotwork designs a braid, especially from Germany, is especially from Germany, is especially from Germany. It has the

advantage of making a more compact little bud than is obtainable with the ordinary cottons.

Another way of working knot stitch and other raised designs has been invented by an ingenious manufacturer for the woman that is pressed for time. Embroidery cotton has been twisted and mounted upon a curved wire covered to match the cotton, and this is to be laid upon the design and secured invisibly to the material.

For Carrying Money.

The following may be of help during this pocketless age, by making you feel safe when traveling, with regard to money and valuation: Take one and one-half yards of heavy black satin ribbon about three inches wide. On each end turn up three inches for a pocket, then sew another piece above the opening for the flap (envelope fashion) with a snap catch for a fastener. Place one-half the ribbon on the upper side and one-half on the under side of the undershirt, and fasten to the band by a safety pin. Money or valuables can always be carried without fear of losing. This can be made fancy by feather stitching it around the pocket with contrasting colors in silk floss.

SEWING-ROOM ITEMS.

Details of Machine Sewing.

[Washington, Star:] No one need expect good results in machine sewing if care has not been given to the selection of the needle, thread and stitch necessary for different materials. Do not use a coarse needle with fine thread or silk and a short stitch, nor too fine a needle and thread with a long stitch. Machine needles of recognized manufacture are graded in six or seven sizes, each size being suitable for certain sizes of thread or silk, for certain lengths of stitches and for certain materials.

Cheap qualities of thread are a delusion and a snare. This is not an article to be bought at the bargain counter. To make a smooth, even stitch it is necessary to use a good, firmly-twisted and smoothly-finished thread. What is true of cotton thread is equally true of silk thread. It must be good and selected with proper regard to needle, stitch and fabric.

While lack of oil will cause a machine to run heavily and jerkily, the use of too much oil is equally detrimental. The greatest fault in the use of oil on a sewing machine is the careless habit of taking any oil that may be handed out by an unscrupulous dealer. Good oil is an absolute necessity. Operate at Moderate Speed.

Every machine has a certain speed limit, just as an automobile or an engine has a

LEATHER PORTIERES

THIS BEAUTIFUL Genuine Leather Portiere Sent FREE on Approval

Direct from factory. Express or messenger charges prepaid; not a cent in advance. Hang it in place. You will say, "Better than expected." Then pay us \$5. If returned, send at our expense. 6 ft. by 6 ft., suitable for 6 or 8-foot widths. Colors either tan, red, brown or green. Add \$1 for each foot over above stated size. Order this No. 541, state color, approval mail orders, give bank reference. Headquarters Leather Portieres and Pillow Covers. Tooling Leather. Art skins make durable table covers as low as 50 cents. Lowest prices in city on Nets and Curtain Materials. Send for catalog. SUTAN LEATHER CO., Mfgs., 515 Broadway, Opposite Hamburger's, Los Angeles, California.

HARRY BROOK, N. D. former editor Times Health Dept., still tells how to cure chronic diseases, through health advice by mail. Send for pamphlet. Dr. Brook also edits BRAIN AND BROWN, monthly, one dollar a year, ten cents a copy. Chamber of Commerce Building, Los Angeles.

speed limit, and no effort on the part of the operator will increase this limit. Nothing can be gained by too rapidly operating the machine. A regular, even movement of the feet is more conducive of good results, is less harmful to the machine and less laborious to the operator. A jerky movement, starting with great rapidity and then lessening until it stops abruptly because of lack of endurance on the part of the operator, is a common fault and does not work for good to the machine, the work or the operator.

THE FAMILY LARDER.

Salads from "Left-overs."

Another simple salad may be made from cold asparagus left from the dinner of the night before, or extracted from a can on a hasty day. Beets, carefully cut into dice, also lend themselves readily to salad, as do lima beans, peas, cauliflower, and even baked beans. The left-over vegetables may usually be combined into a savory vegetable salad provided they have been cooked without milk. A touch of garlic adds to the "tastiness" of these salads. The rubbing of a clove of garlic round the dish in which the salad is mixed is enough to impart a flavor. Celery-roots form an acceptable salad. They require only to be boiled, cooled and cut into dice.

The familiar combination of apples and celery cut up together, with perhaps the addition of white grapes, is very delicious. A salad made of oranges and dates is equally appetizing. Oranges, bananas, and figs cut up together are also very good.

Mending Curtains.

"I find the mending of lace curtains simplified by the use of photographers' paper," says a contributor to the San Francisco Call. "It is better than starch paste. Cut in narrow strips photographers' paper, lay same across the hole to be mended and a piece of curtain net on top. Place blotter or a newspaper over all the press with moderately hot iron. The photographers' paper never comes off, and is the same color as the curtain."

Artificial Sunlight For Lighting



Quick Heat for Cooking

Ready at all hours—by just turning a key. Doesn't that sound good to you?

"PILOT"

The World's Standard

You Can Have It in Three Days

It takes us just that long to install, without inconvenience to you, a plant for making gas at home—including piping, handsome Chandeliers, self-lighting burners and cooking appliances.

No Country Home Complete Without It

Write us today and let us send you our free booklet telling all about this wonderful Home Made Gas and how comparatively small the cost of this great improvement to your home will be.

Oxweld Acetylene Co.

555 So. Los Angeles St., Los Angeles, Cal. [573]

HEARTSEASE.

A Springtime Talk.

[Riena Melcher Marquis, in Today's:] Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh with the morning. Winter may last for a few months, but spring will surely follow it. This is the "Scheme of Things Entire," written upon the face of the earth itself for us all to read. And more and more, as we live longer and feel more urgently the necessity of discovering beneficent intentions back of what often seems the luckless haphazard of our destinies, will we detect some meanings in the simple renewal of a flower in some garden bed, the blossoming of an orchard that stood ice-smitten but a little while before. It is all so brave and bright—this determined budding each year! The rose bush cries: "I CAN bloom again! I WILL bloom again." And on every side its cry is echoed until it becomes a mighty and significant chorus. Hearing it—with the ear of the soul—one cannot but feel a sudden profound confidence in one's own destiny, one's strength to "bloom again" with the roses!

(Brief Suggestions Invited from Practical Housekeepers.)

Women's Soft and Easy Shoes



Women's Fit Easy Shoes, hand sewed soles, tip or plain toes.

\$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00

Men's soft and easy plain toe shoes in Lace or Congress.

\$3.50 and \$4.00

\$2.50



Soft and Easy House Shoes, hand sewed soles, low heels.

Grover's Soft and Easy Shoes..... \$2.50 to \$3.50

James P. Burns

Standard of Quality

525 South Broadway

Send for Catalogue. No Branch Stores. Burns Building.

Attig Eczema and Pile Ointment



Worth its weight in gold—used also for dandruff—excellent for cuts and burns. Price 50c, coin or stamps. Guaranteed.

Reference: Barker Bros., Citizens' National Bank. JOHN H. ATTIG, 325 Consolidated Realty Bldg., Los Angeles.

Kneipp's Nature Treatment

Electric Light, Pine Needle, Mud, Mineral and Herb Baths, Massage, Electricity and Vibration. C. J. KRATT, Masseur. Lady Attendant Masseuse. Phone F7835. 119½ S. BROADWAY.

City H

avenue, Toledo, his brother, Al, left home about who is believed to be in the vicinity. His mother is very anxious before her taking the Mayor's information public in the missing

From the old drink- ing in the street Temple, Spring out out of repair Now come pro- removal, calling and honorable its restoration. The old fountain sign on the side- on the street, as a being con- to traffic.

Woman Wanted. len of the Police yesterday. It was City Council to be police women to consent to the twenty-five police about pay. These women were recom- mendation, who were offers of such as- city without pay. tion to the com- mission says: young girls and are willing to im- and knowledge to own sex, are ad- with male members as the details are and humili- rmer. I believe to the personnel will prove advan- worth the amount for some."

on Gas. Public Utilities departments that with the fixing of when that sur- Los Angeles, held subject yesterday were discussed for information re- of this service. It are will be no re- fixing for from a, and meanwhile will be gathered to the rate-fixing

at Bank. ay of No. 965 met, filed a state- ment yesterday, in against the rule of Commission in its per foot for ex- Ochiltree's out- with the board and declare water department made for giving to three houses of without cost, section under the mounted in \$100. the Public Serv- asks for a re-

Want More. police department with their monthly appealed to the in increase in pay, moving \$15 per ask that this be same as is allow- ing their first year

Field Day. be scarce about y. The City Club as "field day" as all of the Councilman An- t Williams are un- will be busy in ants to present at why they should be the dear people.

OG-TIE E COMPANY

MAN CHARGE ENTATION.

Twenty-five Thun- ing He Was In- ck by President t Refuse to Ap-

cattleman of Ar- he was induced y the International y, an Arizona on and fraudulent it yesterday against corporation, New J. Connor and I. J. covary of \$25,000.

He also was appointed for the the defendants be chasing the prop- ado Beach Hotel ing or appropriat- and securities re- versers of the stock L.

al, the complaint

Bishop's Graham Crackers



—Play days are the "growing days." The days when a good Graham Cracker like **Bishop's** means much to the children's strength and development; means much in their growth both upward and outward. **Bishop's** Graham has the nourishment the growing child needs and supplies that nourishment in a most attractive form. Just enough sweetness in the Graham to satisfy the child.



Better keep a number of packages of **Bishop's** Graham conveniently at hand. After school, after the romp, with their milk—during the day and often at night they need to nibble on a nourishing cracker like **Bishop's** Graham. —They keep fresh and good in their sanitary package; they're so nourishing because made from only the very best materials. They're at every good grocer's, and sell for ten cents a package. Order several packages at a time.

10¢ everywhere

BISHOP & COMPANY
CALIFORNIA

While we manufacture any style of built-in

Bed

IN OUR MODERN FACTORY, THE

Holmes Patent Disappearing Bed

IS OUR SPECIALTY.

The Popularity of the Goods We Make

is shown by the increase in our business, which makes it necessary to enlarge our factory. To see for yourself

All Styles of Built-In Beds

CALL AT

Holmes Disappearing Bed Exhibit

Ground Floor P. E. Building
618 So. Main St.

Newmark's
pure
High Grade
Coffee
is the finest
your grocer
carries

NEWMARK'S
PURE
HIGH GRADE
COFFEE

[576]

231 S. Broadway

Opp. City Hall

ished from the city yesterday when Judge Wilbur turned her over to her husband, who is employed near Monrovia. Mrs. Kreis received a suspended sentence of one year in jail for having contributed to the dependency of Hans Blum, aged 16. She was then placed on probation for three years.

Kreis agreed to let his wife, overlooking past offenses. While on probation previously he provided a good home for her, but one day the old life called him and she left, taking of her husband's money.

There are telegrams at the Western Union office for Dr. A. Burman, George Mark, Isaac Pickering, Ethel Edwards, H. W. Short, Mrs. Horace Bowman, A. M. Villars, J. D. Elson, R. L. Payne, Thomas Macrae, Ida L. McGarry, H. E. Buford, E. E. Wright, Joseph Korman, Leroy Fallon, Elv Branson, Mrs. George V. Baker, Emile de la Garra, L. J. Fender, C. O. Johnson, Eva Scott, Addie Wiza, Mabel Freckler, Albert Wilkins, Francis, Marie C. Anderson, Louis Sando, Fannie A. Shriver, Mrs. William Bull, John Fred, David C.

circulated a petition among members of the home, asking of the railway

Men's Famous Wear

FARM IMPLEMENTS
WAGONS

SUNDAY

FINISH HIS

Bryan La Wash

Secretary, Modification of Quits Sac

Looks to People to Veto the Ac endum

Assembly Puts Up to Johnson Signa

ST. A. F. LIGHT WING

SACRAMENTO. The administration also had responsibility of handling by allowing handling, was that from the night, and his signature. becomes a law. One were cast against in the "Lower" Democratic and an members appear on the final passage will vote at 11:15 than tonight. The final passage of the Senate early

SACRAMENTO. M under suspended rule up the land

(Continued on

THE

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